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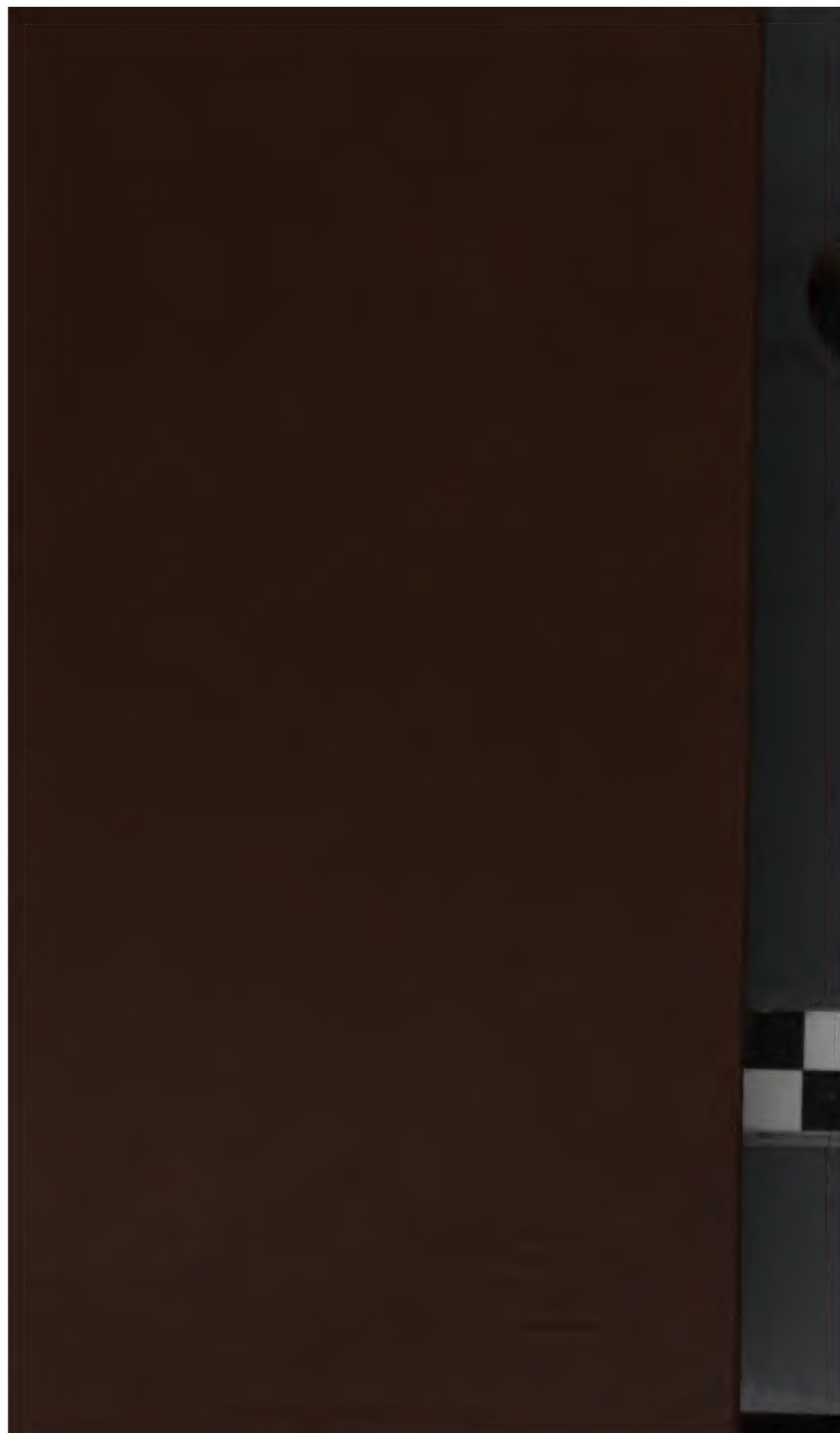
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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

VOL. IV.

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

ROBERT BROWNING.

FIRST PAPER.

IT is now thirty years since the publication of the first poem that bore Mr. Browning's name on its title-page, and, with the one exception of the Laureate, no reputation has during that period advanced so steadily. If his popularity does not as yet approach that of Mr. Tennyson, if the readers of "Paracelsus" or the "Dramatis Personæ" are to be counted by thousands, and those of the "Idyls of the King" and "Enoch Arden" by tens of thousands, there are yet not wanting judges who, recognising the characteristic excellences of each, see in Mr. Browning, with all the drawbacks of obscurity, abruptness, and an indifference to beauty of form or subject amounting almost to scorn, some elements of a higher poetic greatness than they find even in the high thoughts and perfect melody of his great rival. If we may venture to forecast the history of English poetry during the coming quarter of a century, we are tempted to predict that, if the followers of the one are likely to be the more numerous, those of the other will take a higher place and exercise a more lasting influence. If echoes of Tennysonian melodies float through the groves of Parnassus and are caught up by the young aspirants who

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by which Homer and Virgil contributed yet no doubt that he was far other than they not written, and that much of what he able to them; and in like manner, it may be, the century will be able to point out the influence, and Keble on some bard who may at long clothes, or reading for honours by the at the farthest, waiting with tremulous expectation of a publisher.

As to do, on an estimate of the writings of stands at the head of this article, it must be such as it is, has been attained under favourable. His first poem, "Paracelsus," indeed promise of the highest excellence, recognised by many critics, but "Strafford," in spite of all Mr. Macready's efforts to on the stage, was unquestionably a failure he said to have succeeded as a book; and in 1840, "Sordello," was then, and contrivance of its plot and the obscurity of its ment of all his poems, perhaps of all poems of true poetic power. In vain, once and again, the delusive promise of the opening line,

Still may hear Sordello's story told,"

ask; in vain he tries to use the page-headings, him an analysis of the history, as clues to guide nth; in vain he gets glimpses here and there of master's hand, or even into that which forms the the inner life of a character oscillating between l and a soldier, writing poems or acting them. embarrassed and confused, uncertain as to the Ferrara and Mantua, of Ecelin and Azzo and so as to the human life which is portrayed as the stage and among these surroundings. It presents problem to an inquiring intellect, What would examination paper in "Sordello," set before competitors of the Indian Civil Service, of average intellect and offered their choice of that or the "Mahabharata," now notice this characteristic as giving an adequate itself, but as helping us to estimate its effect on reputation. This, we think it will be allowed, was same as a *minus*, not a *plus* quantity, on his side readers and critics. They look, for the most part,

to a writer's second and third works as decisive of his future career, indicating whether the first, if that were successful, was the beginning or the end, the promise of the work of a strong man or the exhausting effort of a precocious and fevered intellect; whether the author has had the wisdom to profit by experience, correcting his faults and developing his excellences, or takes to an evil mannerism in which the weeds of affectation and unreality choke the good seed of genius. What is most promising in the opening career of Mr. Robert Buchanan is that each volume that he has published since the first has been really an advance on its predecessor, and has been recognised as such. It will take Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, a long quarantine, even after the brilliant and deserved success of his "*Atalanta in Calydon*," before he regains the position which he has forfeited by the pruriency of "*Chastelard*," and the mingled misotheism and Messalinism of the volume which his first publishers wisely withdrew from a circulation on which they ought never to have ventured. "*Sordello*," it need hardly be said, showed neither feebleness nor pruriency, but the defiance offered in it, not only to the conventional standard of form and structure and beauty, but to the craving of the reader for something more than a Chinese puzzle, enigma within enigma, was likely to be quite as perilous to the reputation of the writer.

The next stage in Mr. Browning's progress, though it included many of his noblest works, had even less in its favour, as regards the usual outward conditions of success. Few poems of equal worth, probably, have ever presented themselves, for the first time, with so little regard to outward comeliness as those published between 1842 and 1846 under the quaint title of "*Bells and Pomegranates*." Shilling numbers, appearing at irregular intervals, in yellow paper covers, with the small type and double columns which we just tolerate in collected editions of the works of great poets, but which we never learn to love;—it was in spite of these that Mr. Browning's reputation had to struggle forward till it became fame. When we think of the care and cost lavished by Messrs. Moxon, and Strahan, and Macmillan, on the volumes of poetry which have issued from their presses during the last few years, it is hard to suppress a wish that a like attractiveness had been given to the works of a far greater poet than any they have lately introduced to us, still harder not to admire the genius and strength which could afford to do without it.

As it was, however, the years covered by the publication of "*Bells and Pomegranates*" were years, every way, of growth. They included many of the poems which his admirers most love, the whole series of the dramas and dramatic lyrics, which have since been

republished,* and though as yet the circulation was not large, the writer's name became more and more known, and a welcome was secured for anything that might follow. In 1849, "Paracelsus" and most, if not all, of the poems which had appeared in "Bells and Pomegranates" were republished, without that somewhat affected title, and they were followed, in 1850, by what are in some respects the most characteristic and the highest in their aim of all, "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day." After an interval of five years, in 1855, with every mark of full maturity and power, appeared two volumes, under the title of "Men and Women," including, among other memorable poems, the "Epistle of Karshish," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," and the wonderful completion of "Saul." Then came another collected republication of these, and all previously printed, in 1863, followed by the "Dramatis Personæ" in 1864. The strength of one who is not impatient for popularity and can afford to wait, while others of far inferior power catch the clamorous applause of the day, had at last done its work. The more authoritative Reviews, which are supposed to constitute the highest critical tribunal† in our courts of literature, at last, with various degrees of heartiness and discernment, recognised the fame which had been won without them; and though Longfellow and Tupper are still, perhaps, the favourite poets of middle-class readers, there is hardly a sixth-form boy or undergraduate of any culture who would not bracket together the names of Tennyson and Browning as the great poets of our time, and discuss with his fellows, in study talks or at debating clubs, which of the two stands on the highest level of excellence.

Mr. Browning has himself portrayed with his usual vividness, in

* It may interest those who only know the poems in their later forms to learn in what order they appeared in this series:—

I. Pippa passes.

II. King Victor and King Charles.

III. Dramatic Lyrics.

IV. The Revolt of the Druses.

V. The Blot on the 'Scutcheon.

VI. Colombe's Birthday.

VII. Romances and Lyrics.

VIII. Luria and the Soul's Tragedy.

It may be noted further (1) that some of the shorter poems thus published, "Rudel" and "Cristina," were then grouped under the head of "Queen-Worship," and are now printed far apart; (2) that one of the most startling of all Mr. Browning's writings, "Porphyria," which is now left to explain itself, then appeared in Part III. as one of a series of poems under the title of "Madhouse Cells," and so had its tale half-told in advance; (3) that Part VII. included the magnificent fragment of "Saul," which, with a rare felicity, the author afterwards completed, so that it became, as we venture to think, the noblest utterance of his genius.

† By far the ablest of these notices, in many respects a satisfying critical estimate of Mr. Browning's characteristics as a poet, is to be found in the *National Review*, vol. xlvii. The *Edinburgh Review*, in 1861, has "a sincere respect for Mr. Browning's literary industry," but finds it "a subject of amazement that poems of so obscure and uninviting a character should find numerous readers;" and thinking "his works deficient in the qualities we should desire to find (in) them," does not believe they "will survive, except as a curiosity and a puzzle."

what, so far as we know, is the one prose publication that bears his name, the desire which we feel to be able to connect a public career like that which has just been traced with the facts of the writer's life. Speaking of one whose genius, like his own, is essentially creative, he says:—

“We ask, did a soul's delight in its own extended sphere of vision set it, for the gratification of an insuppressible power, on labour, as other men are set on rest? Or did a sense of duty or of love lead it to communicate its own sensations to mankind? Did an irresistible sympathy with men compel it to bring down and suit its own provision of knowledge or of beauty to their narrow scope? Did the personality of such an one stand like an open watch-tower in the midst of the territory it is erected to gaze on, and were the storms and calms, the stars and meteors its watchman was wont to report of, the habitual variegations of his every-day life, as they glanced across its open roof, or lay reflected on its four-square parapet?” *

For us, however, strong as may be the wish to know—stronger in proportion to the rare fortune which brought together in this case, as husband and wife, two minds so singularly gifted,—reverence for the sanctity of home-life, and for the sorrow of one who is still living in the midst of us, is stronger still; and, much as we may speculate in our thoughts on the influence which the poet and poetess, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, exercised on each other's minds, we must pass, after one tribute of mournful admiration to the memory of the one, to deal with the other, with no other knowledge and on no other *data* than such as are *publici juris* in his writings.

We are disposed to commence this inquiry with the solitary prose essay from which we have already quoted rather than from any of Mr. Browning's poems. It is characteristic of his genius (if we may be permitted to use one of the cant words of the day) that he is the least *subjective*, in other words, the least egoistic of poets. He impersonates a thousand characters. He seldom speaks to us in his own. His verse does not tell us (except as the result of a wide induction) what he aims at, what are his thoughts as to the *calling* of a poet, and the conditions of the highest excellence attainable by him. The paper of which we speak in part fills up the blank. Writing of Shelley, the English poet of whom he speaks with most reverence,—

“Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you?”—

he is led to treat of poetry in general, and of the relation in which a great poet stands to his predecessors, contemporaries, and followers.

* “Introductory Essay to Shelley's Letters,” published by Moxon in 1852. The letters afterwards turned out to be forgeries—hardly, we think, clever ones; but the value of the Essay remains unaffected by the discovery.

From this preface, accordingly, we learn what Mr. Browning has deliberately recognised as the principles of his art, just as we learn from Wordsworth's "Preface to the Lyrical Ballads" what determined him in his choice of subjects and mode of treatment, or find in Mr. Keble's "Praelations" on the "Vis medica" the "healing and soothing influence" of true poetry, or his article on Sacred Poetry in the *Quarterly Review*, No. lxiii.,* what he deliberately aimed at in his tenderness and beauty. In each case a comparison of the principles with the results attained will show some successes and some failures. Possibly the failures will be found to be fewest, the successes most complete, when the writer was thinking least about his principles, and when therefore they were fashioning his thoughts and language most entirely.

Thus, to take one instance, Mr. Browning, speaking of the class of writers to which he himself belongs,—objective, dramatic, realistic,—dwells on "the poet's double faculty of seeing external objects more clearly, widely, and deeply than is possible to the average mind; at the same time that he is so acquainted and in sympathy with its narrower comprehension as to be careful to supply it with no other materials than it can combine into an intelligible whole." It is of course true that this faculty is a condition of excellence, that a poet who is not understood fails of his end; but one is tempted to ask whether Mr. Browning's estimate of the "average mind" leads him to think that it is capable of "combining into an intelligible whole" the materials with which he has presented it in "Sordello"? Perhaps, however, the Augustinian rule, *distingue tempora*, will come to our aid in answering this question. This may, we think, be fairly regarded as of the nature of a Palinodia, an indirect confession that he had learned wisdom from the comparative failure of what had almost every merit but this one of being intelligible, and was resolved for the future, not indeed to take the beaten paths, but to mount up on slopes, and by crags, where adventurous readers could at least

* It seems worth while to give a few characteristic *excerpta* from the article in question:—"If grave, simple, sustained melodies—if tones of deep but subdued emotion, are what our minds naturally suggest to us upon the mention of sacred music, why should there not be something analogous, a kind of plain chant, in sacred poetry also? fervent, yet sober; awful, but engaging. . . . The worshippers of Baal may be rude and frantic in their cries and gestures; but the true Prophet, speaking to or of the true God, is all dignity and calmness. . . . One great business of sacred poetry, as of sacred music, is to quiet and sober the feelings of the penitent." Of all English poets, Spenser is for him "pre-eminently the sacred poet of his country." The "Fairy Queen" is "a continual deliberate endeavour to enlist the restless intellect and chivalrous feeling of an inquiring and romantic age, on the side of goodness and faith, of purity and justice." Milton he characterizes as "partaking largely of the vindictive and republican spirit which he has assigned to Satan," and showing "a want of purity and spirituality in his conception of heaven and its joys."

follow him. They may still have Alps to climb, but they are no longer defied and baffled by a Matterhorn.

Having thus spoken of the objective poet, he passes on to the idealist. Of him Mr. Browning speaks in words which have somewhat of the Æschylean grandeur of his own verse:—

“Not what man sees but what God sees, the ideas of Plato, seeds of creation lying burningly on the Divine hand,—it is towards these he struggles. . . . He is a seer rather than a fashioner, and what he produces will be less a work than an affluence.”

There is, he adds, “no reason why these two modes of poetic faculty may not issue hereafter from the same poet in *successive* perfect works.”

He is constrained to add, however, that as yet there has been no example of this union. The two elements have mingled in different proportions in many writers. No one has yet produced from the same pen the highest masterpieces. Mr. Browning might, we think, have pointed to the wonderful myriad-minded objectivity of the plays of Shakspeare as contrasted with the intense subjectivity of the sonnets, as the nearest approach in the history of literature to the union or succession of which he speaks.* We venture to express the hope that the passing notice that such a thing was possible implies that he himself was aiming at it—that he thought, at least, that he might one day thus complete his task. Few gifts would be more precious than a book in which he would lay aside the mask for once, resist the temptation to add to the endless series of his “*Dramatis Personæ*,” and tell us, as Mr. Tennyson has done in “*In Memoriam*,” what he himself has thought, and felt, and believed on the problems of man’s life and of the universe. One great charm of his later poems is, as we shall see, that they approximate more closely to this excellence than did the earlier.

* On Mr. Gerald Massey’s theory as to the Sonnets, they, of course, are themselves, for the most part, essentially and intensely dramatic, and reveal but little of Shakspeare’s own history and feeling. But that theory, ingenious as it is, and much as we are disposed to believe what professes to clear a dark and painful mystery, seems to us to fail when we bring it to a crucial instance. It is hardly credible that Sonnet XX. could have been written for Elizabeth Vernon, or indeed for any woman, as “an interested and loving listener;” and we are compelled to fall back, however reluctantly, on Mr. Hallam’s judgment (“*History of Literature*,” iii., chap. 5), that the whole series, marvellous as are its melody of language and subtle grace of thought, belongs to a strange and morbid phase of feeling. So interpreted, they exhibit, we believe, a coherent, though a sufficiently painful history. The period to which the “*Venus and Adonis*” and the “*Rape of Lucrece*” belong, was obviously one of sensuousness and lubricity of thought; and with him, especially in his earlier plays, as with the other dramatists of his time, there is a strange delight in dwelling even on the more repulsive features of impure life, and allusive jesting, such as passed current in the stews, crops up too frequently everywhere. Even when the fermentation was over, and the good wine was cleared, there was a twang of the old life in it.

Not less suggestive, as unconsciously autobiographical, are the words in which he describes the gradual degeneracy that follows on the absence of originating and creative power. A "school" gets formed on the model of a great poet, "living on the tradition of a fact, the convention of a moral, the straw of last year's harvest." Then, at last, unless there is absolutely no hope of recovery from this imbecility, a new poet rises up, "prodigal of objects for men's outer and not inner sight," replacing, with his fresh imagery and new objects, "this intellectual rumination of food swallowed long ago." Few readers, we think, will fail to recognise in Mr. Browning one whose influence on their minds has been of this character; and far removed as we believe the egotism of thus writing of himself would be from his character, the words point, we believe, also to what he aimed at, still more at what he purposed resolutely to avoid, and so throw light on what is most characteristic in his poetry. The poets of a past generation, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, had passed away, and young men of thought and culture, to whom the words of this one or that among them had been as a spell, unsealing their eyes and teaching them to look on nature and on man, or into their own souls, with

• Few better examples of the difference in form and feeling between our two greatest living poets can be given than the short poems in which they have respectively embodied almost identically the same thought. Mr. Tennyson, in "The Flower," says gracefully of himself what others have often said of him,—

"Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed;
Up there came a flower,
The people said a weed.

To and fro they went
Through my garden bower,
And muttering discontent,—
'Curst me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall,
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night."

Sowed it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
'Splendid is the flower!'

Read my little fable,
He that runs may read,
Most can raise the flower now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed,
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.'

Mr. Browning, in his "Popularity," starts with a different parable:—

"I'll say—a fisher on the sand
By Tyre the old, with ocean plunder
A netful brought to hand.

Who has not heard how Tyrian shells
Enlaced the blue, that dyed of dye a
Whereof one drop worked miracles,
And coloured like Astarte's eyes
Raw silk the merchant sells?

Enough to furnish Solomon
Such naugahs for his cedar-house,
That, when gold robed he took the throne
In that abyss of blue, the Spouse
Might swear his presence shone
Most like the centre spike of gold
Which burns deep in the bluebell's womb,

What time with ardours manifold,
The bee goes singing to her groom,
Drunken and over bold.
Mere conchs' not fit for warp or woof'
Till cunning comes to pound and squeeze
And clarify,—define to proof
The liquor filtered by degrees,
While the world stands aloof.
And there's the extract, flaked and fine,
And pressed and aleable at last
And Holda, Nooka, Stokes and Nooka combine
To paint the Future from the Past,
Put blue into their line.
Holda hints blue,—straight he turtle eats.
Nooka prints blue,—claret crowns his cup;
Nooka outbids Stokes to seure feats,—
Both gorge. Who dished the murex up?
What porridge got John Keats?'

new insight, were fashioning themselves after their model, as men of like calibre are reproducing the tones of Tennyson and Browning now. But he, for his part, resolved to be no gatherer of sheaves in fields which had been sown by others, no disciple of any Rabbi or Rabban in the schools of literature; and he brought with him the power to see and speak, which made the resolve, not, as it too often is, a spasmodic straining after a spurious originality, but the source and spring of a new excellence. Of all the poets of our time he is the least imitative, the least conventional. Sometimes, we may be allowed to think, he seems, like the school of artists who have been most conspicuous for their protest against the traditions of routine, to have "o'erleapt the mark and fallen on the other side," outraging the love of beauty, which is more than a mere acquiescence in decorum, by a deliberate preference for the ugly, the grotesque, the horrible.

There is much truth, at any rate, in the warning words in which he paints the results of the absence of any true originality:—

"All the bad poetry in the world . . . shows a thing, not as it is to mankind generally, nor as it is to the particular describer" (*sc.*, has neither the excellence of objective nor that of subjective poetry), "but as it is supposed to be for some unreal, neutral mood, midway between both, and of value to neither, and living its brief minute through the indolence of whoever accepts it, or his incapacity to denounce a cheat."

We must find room, before we pass on to Mr. Browning's poetry, for yet another extract, in which—in words which, if they are sometimes obscure, are throughout noble—he tells us what are his thoughts as to the calling and office of a poet. Here also we seem to trace the secret of much that is most characteristic in him, indications of the ideal at which he aimed, and nothing short of which can ultimately satisfy him. If readers find the length of the one sentence which forms the extract somewhat unmanageable and oppressive, we may plead that we have given them little more than the half of that sentence as it appears in the original. He speaks there of—

"The whole poet's function of beholding with an understanding keenness the universe, nature, and man in their actual state of perfection in imperfection; the whole poet's virtue of being untempted by the manifold partial development of beauty and good on every side into leaving them the ultimates he found them, induced by the facility of the gratification of his own sense of those qualities, or by the pleasure of acquiescence in the shortcomings of his predecessors and the pain of disturbing their conventionalisms; the whole poet's virtue, I repeat, of looking higher than any manifestation yet made of both beauty and good in order to suggest from the utmost actual realization of the one a corresponding capability in the other, and out of the calm, purity, and energy of nature, to reconstitute and store up for the forthcoming stage of man's being, a gift in repayment of that former gift, in which man's own thought and passion had been lavished by the

poet on the else incompleated magnificence of the sunrise, the else uninterpreted mystery of the lake, so drawing out, lifting up, and assimilating this ideal of a future man, thus desiered as possible, to the present reality of the poet's soul already arrived at the higher state of development, and still aspirant to elevate and extend itself, in conformity with its still improving perceptions of, no longer the eventual human, but the actual Divine."

Whatever doubt may hang upon the meaning of parts of this; however strong may be our wish that some practised hand would break it up into shorter and more intelligible sentences, we feel as we read it that our hearts burn within us. The man who so speaks, if he is true to himself, will have no light thoughts or poor estimate of the work which he has gifts to accomplish. He is "the heir of all the ages," and he is bound to transmit that inheritance, enlarged, widened, and enriched, to those that follow him. And in proportion as he rises to the thought of a human excellence higher than any he has known, he learns also not to lose himself in a dream of merely human progress and perfectibility, but to rest in the thought of what God is and what He works, to find Him "not far from every one of us." A new light is thrown upon nature when it is thought of as the veil through which we see glimpses of His glory. A new light is thrown upon the life of man when we think of it as part of a Divine order, working out His will.

We pass to Mr. Browning's better known works. And here, difficult as it is to label and group works which are not written to be classified in a museum, we think it will help us to attempt some kind of generic division. Mr. Browning's own classification of his shorter poems under "Lyrics," "Romances," "Men and Women," does not seem to us a very felicitous one. The romances and lyrics might change places almost *ad libitum*, and every one of them might legitimately come under the last title. It will not be thought altogether an artificial arrangement if we take them in the following order:—

I. Poems dramatic in their structure.

II. Lyrics and Romances, dramatic in character though not in structure, and dealing chiefly with passions which have man, as such, for their object.

III. Poems representing forms, true or false, healthy or morbid, of religious life.

Wishing, as we do, to attempt an estimate of the influence which Mr. Browning is likely to exercise on the thought and feeling of our own time in that which is of deepest moment, and to compare it with that of the other two poets whom we have named as "equalled with him," we do not say in power, but at least in "renown" and the extent of their influence, we shall venture to treat of the last-named group with what would otherwise be a disproportionate fulness.

I. In the one instance in which, so far as we know, Mr. Browning encountered the ordeal of dramatic representation, the result was confessedly a failure, and most readers of his other dramas will probably agree in feeling that they would rather read them than see them acted; that they require more effort of thought than is compatible with the conditions of the stage; that, even as dramas to be read, they move somewhat heavily. The special excellence of his genius is not that which enables him to exhibit the thoughts and passions of men in continuous action one upon another, or even to present the story which forms the framework of a drama with the clearness for which a spectator or reader naturally looks. Given a character with some marked idiosyncrasy, the more morbid and exceptional the better, and a combination of circumstances, also exceptional and strange, and the soliloquy in which he will paint all the marvellous windings and shiftings of thought, the intensities and ferocities of passion, the mingling of high and low, noble and base, will hold us spell-bound by its subtle power and startling truthfulness. But when soliloquy passes into dialogue, we feel that this morbid anatomy interferes with its life and naturalness. He shows us how people think rather than how they speak. The privilege of a dramatic "aside" is stretched to its utmost tether in order to enable hearers to watch with a minute introspection the inner workings of each agent's mind. We are kept perpetually on the stretch, piecing together half-dropped hints and fragmentary sentences, watching for the links of the story which form the plot, and too often getting but a dim notion of it at last. Wearisome and monotonous as is the Euripidean plan of opening a tragedy with a *précis* of the state of affairs in general up to the commencement of the action of the drama, we are at times tempted to wish for some such clue to guide us through the mazes of Mr. Browning's labyrinths. The popularity of "Pippa passes" as compared with the "Revolt of the Druses" or the "Blot on the 'Scutcheon," is, we think, an illustration of what has just been said. For here there is no plot, but only a series of pictures, and short, almost momentary action in each of them, and there is a prologue which announces the whole structure of the coming poem. Pippa, a girl of Asolo, wakes to her New Year's holiday. She will make the most of it:—

" This one day I have leave to go,
And play out my fancy's fullest games;
I may fancy all day—and it shall be so
That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
Of the Happiest Four in Asolo."

And she tells the story of these Four as she sees it, and then goes forth on her day's enjoyment. Each scene is brought before us, all the hot passion, and wild mirth, and yearning sorrow, and treacherous world-

liness, of which the girl knew so little; and as she "passes," singing in her innocent, unconscious joy, her words fall on men's hearts with a strange power to bless, as calling them to purity, truth, courage, reverence. She has come into closest contact with passions which she never knew, with vileness from which her purity would have shrunk; she has altered the whole current of lives which seemed at an infinite distance from her, and she returns to her room at night, little knowing what she has done, and sings herself to sleep with the hymn with which she began the day, and of which its events since the morning have been so wonderful an illustration:—

"All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first."

Next to this in clearness, with nothing but the simplest of plots, and with hardly more than two characters, one playing on and unfolding the weakness of the other, is "A Soul's Tragedy." A mob-leader, claiming the merit of a deed of patriotic vengeance which was not his, trading on the fame of it, rising to supreme power, then losing in that falsehood all true nobleness, becoming sensual, corrupt, servile, till at last the astute Machiavellian politician who has seen "twenty-three leaders of revolutions" entraps him in his own snare, puts him to shame, and registers him as the "twenty-fourth;"—this moves on simply and naturally enough, and the reader is never embarrassed, as in the other plays, by vain efforts to recollect what has gone before, and connect it with what is coming next. In one point, however, the "Soul's Tragedy" stands almost alone in its departure from the conventional type of tragedy. It has, of course, been common enough to mingle blank verse and prose in the same drama, leaving the latter to the less noble, assigning the former to the more heroic characters. Here, however, Mr. Browning wishes to symbolize the truth that the noble aspirations of the patriot degenerate into the ignoble baseness of the ambitious demagogue, and he does so by making everybody discourse in verse in the first part of the play, and, with an equal uniformity, talk prose in the second. As with every bold stroke of art, there is, at first, a certain effectiveness in this, but the second and permanent impression which it leaves is that there is something of the nature of a trick in it, true neither to the ideal of poetry nor the reality of actual life. We are compelled to look on it as an *exemplar vitiis imitabile*.

We would fain speak more fully of our author's other dramas, but our limits warn us that we must be brief, and we must leave all but "Strafford" and "Paracelsus" unnoticed. These are at once the most interesting in their subjects, and the most conspicuous for their power. The former has the additional interest of challenging com-

parison with a tragedy on the same subject by another writer, who, if his life had been prolonged, and energy and brightness had ripened into strength, might have occupied one of the foremost places in the literature of our time. As it is, those who were not his personal friends remember John Sterling chiefly in connection with other names, with those of Hare and Carlyle, and Maurice and Trench; but had his tragedy of "Strafford," published in 1843,* been the first of a progressive series instead of standing by itself, he would have won, long ere this, the fame which his early associates seem to have so confidently expected for him. As it is, we think, most readers will find his "Strafford" at least the easier of the two. Living as are many touches of Mr. Browning's portraiture of the stern but not relentless Wentworth, and interesting as are the features to which he gives prominence of an early friendship between him and Pym, and of passionate devotion to him on the part of Lady Carlisle, the play suffers from the intricacy of plot, the multitude of half-spoken thoughts, and dark hints, which we have before noticed as characteristic of all Mr. Browning's dramas. We question, however, whether the subject was well chosen by either dramatist. Attractive as are the great characters and great events of history to a writer of essentially dramatic genius, he needs to remember that these are precisely the subjects which are most familiar to his readers, and in which therefore they expect most, and are most likely to be disappointed, whether the author reproduces what they know already, or startles long-cherished feelings by a divergence from it. We know the great scenes of Strafford's life,—how he wrote to Laud and Charles (neither writer, by the way, seems to have utilized the "thorough" correspondence with the former as he might have done),—what he spoke at his trial; and the dramatist is therefore exposed to the risk of telling a twice-told tale, or, if he seeks to escape that difficulty by fixing on an episode in his life, of giving a factitious importance to what is in itself subordinate. History must absolutely, or relatively, be remote enough to have lost somewhat of the precision of its outline before it can safely be taken by any but a poet of the highest order—even if by him—as the subject-matter of a drama. In proportion to the greater fulness with which we know the history of the last three centuries in all their details is the difficulty of so treating them. The Revolution of 1688 would be a far more difficult subject for a dramatic writer of our own time than the Wars of the Roses were for Shakspere.

* It is singular that a writer like Sterling, living in close contact with the current literature of the time, should have brought out his "Strafford" without any reference to Mr. Browning's, though the latter had been published six years before. If this apparent ignorance were also real, it is a striking instance of the slow progress of Mr. Browning's reputation.

"Paracelsus" stands on a very different footing, and is a singularly happy result, at once of close research into the life of a comparatively unknown thinker, and of the power, out of a few scattered hints, to exhibit at least an ideally true portrait of the man. A byword, hitherto, for the worst forms of charlatanry, so that his very name, Bombastus, has been stamped on the inflated language of impostors and braggadocios,—just keeping his place in biographical dictionaries as having introduced the medicinal use of antimony and calomel and laudanum, he becomes, in Mr. Browning's hands, the type of genius, with its high hopes and ambitions struggling upwards, and its love of fame, power, enjoyment dragging it downwards; oscillating this way and that; turning to the memory of friendship with purer and simpler souls, sympathizing with the power to enjoy which he himself has lost. In many respects, of course, the dramatic development of such a character reminds us of the opening scenes of "Faust," and it is hard to think that Mr. Browning would have written as he did but for the influence of the marvellous and, if one may so speak, quickening and generative power of that poem. In Mr. Browning's drama, however, there is a special feature, and one of great beauty. The love of knowledge in "Paracelsus" is contrasted, not as in "Faust" with the mocking demon of sensuality and scepticism, and the simple, child-like innocence of Margaret, but, as in the character of Aprile, with a soul loving art and beauty for their own sakes, resting in them as ends with a passionate and intense delight. We know of no portraiture, in the whole range of Mr. Browning's poetry, more unique and original than this, and it is drawn not only, as are all his characters, with a Shaksperian power, but with a wonderful tenderness and beauty.

(To be continued.)



MONETARY CONVENTIONS AND ENGLISH COINAGE.

I HAVE written at the head of this paper a title which is perhaps badly chosen, because it has a harsh technical sound, and may possibly deter some persons from reading the paper whose attention I should be glad to gain. I am very desirous of putting the subject which is to be discussed in so plain and intelligible a form that readers in general may understand it, and take an interest in it, and so be moved to the practical step of endeavouring to bring about an improvement in the English system of money, which would be much to the benefit and honour of England, and a great advantage to the world at large.

The name *Monetary Convention* is that which is affixed to a most important public document which was published in the *Times* newspaper of the 8th September last. This document is a treaty between France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland, concerning the coinage of these countries; and the provisions of the treaty, putting aside points of detail, are simply these:—That, until January 1880, and subsequently if agreed upon, the coinage of the above four countries shall be one and the same. Each country agrees to receive into its treasury the gold and silver coins of either of the others, subject to certain conditions respecting wear and tear; and each country agrees to make its coins of a certain weight and size, and of a certain fineness, so that in travelling through these countries no change will

have to be made in monetary arrangements. As far as money is concerned, the four countries will be one.

This is certainly a step in civilization, and it is pleasant to find treaties which unite one country with another, and which are the result, not of bloody battles and needle-guns, but of calm consideration of what is for the general good. It would seem that a still further union is contemplated, and in the preamble to the treaty we find the sovereigns of the four countries saying they are moved to make a convention by two reasons,—“to remedy the inconveniences which press upon the communications and transactions between the inhabitants of their respective states in consequence of the diverse values of their coined monies,” and “to contribute, by the formation of a monetary union, to the progress of uniformity in *weights, measures, and currency.*” Uniformity in weights and measures would no doubt be a still further step in the union of nations; unity of language would be the crown of all: but as unity of language is probably an impossibility, so other unities have their respective degrees of difficulty; and we may certainly feel indebted to those four nations with whom good sense has triumphed in the case of coinage, and with whom the difficulties of this particular case have been made to vanish.

I have already referred to the *Times* of September 8th, 1866, as containing the monetary convention which has been signed by France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland. In the leading article called forth by the convention, the writer says many things such as we might expect would be said, and ought to be said, upon the occasion; but when he comes to the consideration of the duty of England with regard to money, he makes a remark which, if I understand it, does not deserve to be accepted. He says,—

“A universal adoption of the same system is neither to be expected, nor perhaps desired. The assimilation, for example, of our own coinage, weights, and measures, to the French system, would not bring us advantages sufficient to compensate for the immense inconvenience of the change. So long as there are but a few distinct and well-adjusted systems, we shall have all that we can desire.”

Now this seems to imply that we English people *have* a well-adjusted system, and that therefore we may let well alone. Is this true? And to take the case of coinage only,—for I do not intend here to consider weights and measures,—would it not be worth while to make some changes in our coinage, and then ask leave to join the four countries who have led the way in a monetary convention?

These are the questions which I intend to discuss; and although in case of a monetary reform it would be desirable to begin at home, and reform our own system of coinage before we requested to be taken

into partnership with the four countries already referred to, still it will be more convenient for my purpose to take the other question first, and, assuming that our own coinage is reformed, to consider what would be necessary in order to bring ourselves within the possibility of a monetary convention with our neighbours.

The simplest plan would, of course, be to abolish our sovereigns, and adopt napoleons. But it is manifest that this would be a most unpopular measure, and practically impossible for any ministry to carry; nor would it be necessary. That which the writer in the *Times* above quoted has said is perfectly true, namely, that it is not necessary that there should be an actual uniformity of coinage; but it is, if not necessary, at least very desirable that the principal coins of the different countries should bear a simple relation to each other, so that they may be current without difficulty in all the countries indifferently. For instance, in actual practice the English sovereign is now current in France: it passes for twenty-five francs, and you not unfrequently hear it called a *pièce de vingt-cinq*. There is no wonder in this, for the English sovereign is, in fact, worth rather more than the sum for which it passes; the excess in value being generally about twopence. Now, this being so, it seems a great pity that the sovereign should not be made exactly equal to twenty-five francs, or (to compare gold with gold) to one napoleon and a quarter. The diminution in the sovereign would be almost inappreciably small, and the convenience great. (It would be necessary to make a change also in the amount of alloy, as the amounts employed in England and France at present are slightly different; but this is a matter of which the public would know nothing, and with which therefore I need not complicate this paper.) Suppose this change made; the sovereign could then be made legal throughout France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, while, on the other hand, the napoleon would pass in this country for sixteen shillings, and though it would not be admitted as a coin of account, it would be by no means an inconvenient coin of currency.

It is really a fortunate circumstance that, without any premeditation or intention, the gold coinage of England and that of France should stand so nearly in a convenient relation to each other as they do; and as chance has done so much for us, it seems worth a small effort to complete what chance has begun, and bring the two coinages into exact numerical relation. I shall not enter further into details as to what it would be necessary to do; in fact, there is some opening for difference of opinion as to the best method of bringing about the result; but English common sense will easily arrive at the conclusion that scientific men and the legislature together could have no great difficulty in bringing about the result of diminishing the sovereign by

the value of about twopence. And this, be it observed, is all that we have to do in order to make the gold currency of England and the four countries of the convention, to all practical intents and purposes, equivalent.

Nor, if this were all that had to be done in the matter of English coinage, would there be much reason to despair of success. The real difficulty is to be found, not in foreign relations, but in our internal arrangements: every child knows the misery of learning the pence-table, and every grown person must feel ashamed of the barbarism of his country whenever he casts up an account. For accounts few arrangements could be worse than that which we have: four farthings to the penny, twelve pence to the shilling, twenty shillings to the pound, are as awkward a basis for a system of accounts as well can be. For currency,—and the reader should ever bear in mind the difference between currency and accounts, between what is convenient for small monetary transactions and what is convenient for the books of a merchant, banker, or shopkeeper,—for currency, I say, the above divisions of coins are not so awkward; indeed there is much to be said for them, and it is in this convenience of currency that the chief strength of the existing system is to be found. For instance, if the small coin the penny, which may be taken as the representative of small commercial transactions, is to be divided at all, it can hardly be divided better than into four parts, with two smaller coins, the half-penny and the farthing: any more minute subdivision would be almost absurd. Thus, if it should be divided into ten parts, and coins should be made to represent the tenths, the value would be so small as to be almost inappreciable: and we find, in fact, that in France, where the franc is divided into 100 centimes, the two smallest coins in ordinary currency are the ten centime and five centime pieces. Hence, as a matter of coinage, there would be no advantage in decimalizing the penny; the halfpenny and farthing are all we want. Then, with regard to the shilling, the existing division into twelve pence is, apart from the question of accounts, a very good division. Twelve is divisible by 2, 3, 4, and 6; and this amount of divisibility is to be regarded as an advantage in small transactions; so that, looking only to coinage, it is probable that the duodecimal division of the shilling is to be regarded as superior to the decimal. Lastly, with regard to the pound, it would be difficult to argue that twelve was the best number of pence to make a shilling, and then to argue that twenty was the best number of shillings to make a pound: but this may certainly be said, that twenty is by no means an inconvenient number: it has four divisors, 2, 4, 5, 10, the same number as twelve, though different ones; and it may be further said that, looking to coinage only, there would be no advantage in a change.

It is when we come to the question of *accounts* that we see the defect of the monetary system which has just been described. The essential clumsiness of a system of accounts based upon such a coinage is evident to every one who considers the principle of ordinary notation. Suppose we have a large number of any articles, apples, nuts, or anything else, and we wish to write down the number of them. The principle of counting them, and then writing down their number, is that of putting them in heaps; we must determine how many shall constitute a heap, and the physical fact that men have ten fingers—or eight fingers and two thumbs, which is the same thing—has, as it would seem, caused *ten* to be the number: accordingly, we gather our apples into heaps of *ten*, and we find a few over, say *six*. Next we take ten of our heaps and put them together so as to form heaps of a hundred, and we find a few small heaps over, say *four*. In the same way we take ten of our heaps of a hundred and put them together so as to make heaps of a thousand; suppose there are *three* such heaps, and *seven* of the heaps of a hundred over. Then the result is that we have *three* of our largest heaps, *seven* of the next size, *four* of the next, and *six* over; and accordingly we write down the number 3746. In this simple principle of always counting by tens is to be found the simplicity of ordinary arithmetic. Now what do we do with regard to money? Suppose the 3746 things above spoken of were *farthings* instead of *apples*; how would this modify the process? In the most serious manner possible. Instead of making heaps of ten, we must first make heaps of *four*, in order to find how many *pence* we have got; then we must take twelve of the *pence* heaps in order to find how many *shillings*; next we must take twenty of the *shilling* heaps to find how many *pounds*; and lastly, when we come to the *pounds*, we for the first time adopt the method of counting, namely, that of putting ten together in a heap, which in the case of apples we should have adopted from the first. And when we write the result upon paper, instead of putting the numbers of the different heaps down side by side, with the convention that each figure shall denote a heap ten times as large as that to the right of it, we are obliged either to separate pounds from shillings and shillings from pence by dots, or to rule lines from top to bottom of our paper, to prevent confusion, and to make addition even possible. The process is palpably barbarous; it ought to belong to a bygone age, like flint guns and manuscript books; it is not a mere question of the number of clerks that would be saved in large banking-houses, but it is a question of doing a thing in the right way or the wrong way, a question of barbarism or civilization, a question of mercy and consideration towards every child that has to learn the mysteries of that absurd thing called compound addition.

But if the present system is so absurd and clumsy, how is it that the efforts which have been made to do away with it have failed? We have had commissions on the subject, motions in Parliament about it, a society established for the special purpose of carrying out improvements in this and kindred matters. How is it that nothing has been done beyond the coining of florins, which we were told was the first step towards decimalizing our coinage?

I believe that this question is easily answered, and further, that as long as attempts are made in the directions in which hitherto they have been made, failure will be the necessary result. This I wish to explain as clearly as possible.

It will be observed that if the question were merely one of accounts, there would be no great difficulty involved in it; and if the question were merely one of coins, it would not be very important to move in the matter for a reform. The difficulty consists in reforming accounts and coinage together, and in doing so through the agency, not of an autocrat, but of a British House of Commons. An amusing instance of the difficulty which arises in such matters from popular institutions, and of the facility given by autocracy, is to be found in the fact that only a few months ago the Pope, who seems to be able to reform nothing else, issued an order for the decimalization of his coinage. In order to carry a reform through the British legislature it would be necessary to show, not only that the system proposed is theoretically good, but that no considerable practical advantages will be lost, and that no considerable personal inconveniences will be sustained, in passing from the old system to the new. I think that the efforts which have been made hitherto have failed because these conditions have not been satisfied. Let us just consider what the systems are that have been proposed.

In the Report of the Council of the "International Association for obtaining a uniform decimal system of measures, weights, and coins," adopted at a General Meeting, held on March 1, 1865, I find the following passage (p. 14):—

"Our Association includes the uniformity of coins in all countries as one of its principal objects; and in the mind of the community generally, the decimalization of the coinage always stood first in importance. It must be confessed, however, that as far as it has gone, the public discussion of the subject has left the question quite undecided. The advocates of decimalization were generally divided into three leading parties, viz., first, those who favoured the pound and mil scheme, which comprised a large number of leading Members of Parliament, and many connected with commerce and banking. This scheme had the great advantage of preserving the sovereign as the unit. It did not disturb the question of the gold standard, and seemed to possess the ready means of decimalization in the tenth part, or florin; but it destroyed the identity of the penny, and rendered it necessary to introduce the cent, a coin rather too large. Second were those who

advocated the tenpenny scheme, viz., the maintenance of the penny as it is, and the issue of a silver coin of 10d., and another of gold of 100d.: whilst the third scheme contemplated taking the farthing as the unit, and multiplying that by 10, 100, and 1,000; having thus a sovereign of 1,000 instead of 960 farthings, or £1 0s. 10d. Besides these schemes many other suggestions were made. One of these was to take the franc as a unit, introducing the French system as a whole. Another proposed to coin a dollar of 4s. 2d. or 50d., and make the unit of 100 halfpennies, the coin being thus nearly equivalent to the dollar of the United States, the five-franc piece of France, and the dollars circulating in China, India, and other countries."

Of the schemes here mentioned, the only one which has been brought very prominently forward—indeed, the only one which there would be the faintest hope of carrying into effect—is that which stands first in the list, and which is popularly called the *pound and mil* scheme. It seems to me that the explanation of the failure of our money reformers is to be found, to a great extent, in the fact that they have concentrated their attention so much upon this scheme: popularly, the notion of a reform of the English monetary system has been almost identified with that of pounds and mils; and when the scheme failed to commend itself to certain influential persons, whose co-operation was absolutely necessary for its success, its failure damaged the whole question of monetary reform. I purpose to examine the causes of the failure of the pound and mil scheme, which are briefly touched upon in the above extract, and then to show that a scheme may be propounded having all the advantages of the pound and mil scheme, and none of its disadvantages.

The principle of taking the pound sterling as the unit, and then cutting it up into tenth and hundredth parts, seems so simple and elegant, that, looking at it merely from the theoretical and scientific side, we may be disposed to wonder why it has not met with universal acceptance; but, on the other hand, looking upon it from the practical side, the objections are so great that we rather wonder how any wise men could have been so run away with by their theoretical and scientific notions as to believe that the country could be induced to adopt it. Let us just observe what it involves. The pound sterling contains 20 shillings; consequently the second coin of account will be 2 shillings, or the florin. The florin contains 24 pence; consequently the next coin of account will be 2½ pence, or very nearly twopence-halfpenny; this we must call the cent. Fractions of this coin would be too large to be omitted in accounts; it would not be possible for bankers to make the rule which they do now with regard to pence, namely, that they will not encumber their books with halfpence and farthings; consequently we must have another coin of account, the mil, which will be ¼ of a penny, or very nearly a farthing.

The first thing to be noted in this arrangement is, that, with the exception of the pound, not one of the coins in which it is proposed that accounts should be kept is amongst the coins with which we are familiar; the penny and the shilling are both displaced, and the cent and florin substituted for them. Now, inasmuch as the penny and the shilling are found by experience to be coins of very convenient magnitude, they are not likely to go out of circulation; at all events, coins more or less representing them would be a matter of absolute necessity; for instance, we might keep the shilling as the half-florin, and we might have a coin representing a half-cent, which would not differ much from a penny; but then there would be an almost absolute divergence between ordinary coins and accounts; and though it would be theoretically possible to have a system in which this should be the case, it is hardly to be expected that a free people will, of their own accord, introduce it. This is a consideration which is much strengthened by observing that the inconvenience of the proposed change would fall with immensely greater weight upon the poor than upon the rich: the rich man, dealing with hundreds and thousands, looks to his pounds, and practically adopts the principle of taking care of the pounds and leaving the pence to take care of themselves; but the poor man, who has been brought up upon the reverse and current form of this maxim, finds that in the course of the so-called reform his pence have vanished; there are none left for him to take care of, and the pounds are out of his reach. Take the case of the small village shop; pence and shillings, or something like them, must be the ordinary coins of exchange; but as soon as ever the shopkeeper has to make out a small bill, shillings and pence must be forgotten, and florins and cents substituted. This would be doubtless a great inconvenience, and ought not to be imposed lightly upon a large portion of the community.

The fact is, that the interests of the poorer classes have been forgotten, doubtless unintentionally, by the advocates of the pound and mil scheme. The poor man's penny has been sacrificed to the rich man's pound, and this pound has broken the back of the whole project. It is of no use to talk of theoretical advantages, especially when those advantages are coupled with the appalling thought of having to learn decimals, so long as the great practical inconveniences of ignoring the common coins of common people are involved in the scheme. Especially is it unnecessary to incur these inconveniences if the advantages of the pound and mil scheme can be secured by another which does not involve them.

Now it seems to me that there is a basis upon which the monetary system of England may be re-formed with all the advantages of the pound and mil scheme, and none of its disadvantages. The plan

which I propose is so obvious that it must almost certainly have occurred to many others besides myself, and yet it is not even alluded to in the extract from the report of the International Association which I have given above. The principle of the plan is this: Take a half-sovereign instead of a sovereign as the first coin of account; that is to say, let sums of money be counted by half-pounds instead of pounds. This would in no way affect the coinage; the sovereigns would be coined as before, and be current as before; the difference would be that a sum of money represented now by 1,000 would then be represented by 2,000, and so on. What would be the consequence of this change?

The first and principal consequence would be that the shilling would be the tenth part of our first coin, and therefore we should have the decimal system without introducing the florin. But how about the pence? The penny would still be the twelfth part of a shilling, but it could be made without any very great violence to be the tenth part. If this change were made, no alteration would be required in the coinage; for as it is, the copper coins are merely tokens, and might as well represent the tenth of a shilling as the twelfth. Suppose that this were done, then the new penny would be the tenth part of twelve old pence, or we should have—

$$\begin{aligned}\text{New penny} &= 1\cdot2 \text{ old pence,} \\ &\text{or} = 1\frac{1}{5} \text{ old pence.}\end{aligned}$$

The result would be that common articles sold for a penny would be made one-fifth larger than before; the penny loaf, the muffin, the captain's biscuit, would all be increased in this proportion, and no inconvenience would be felt. The poor man's penny would still be the poor man's penny, but it would be a little more valuable than hitherto.

It will be seen that this scheme would leave the coinage absolutely intact, except that sixpenny pieces would have to be marked five-pence, and threepenny pieces would have to be marked twopence-halfpenny. As to the effect upon accounts, let us try it by an example. Suppose we had the following account to cast up:—

£	s.	d.
156	: 14	: 3
87	: 13	: 10
283	: 9	: 4
507	: 17	:

Compare this with the following:—

173·54
26·27
204·95
—
404·76

The superior neatness is obvious, and if we wish to know how many *pounds* are represented, the process of dividing by 2 is so

simple that it need trouble no one. For example, in the above case 494 represents 247 pounds.

But it may be said, "Few people understand decimals." The fact is that most persons would understand decimals if they were not called by that name, and if the notion were not thus introduced that ordinary arithmetic is not decimal arithmetic: for instance, the addition sum given above is written as if it were what is called a decimal sum; but it might be written like a sum in ordinary compound addition, thus:—

£	s.	d.
173	: 5	: 4
26	: 2	: 7
294	: 9	: 5
494	: 7	: 6

And then it may be presumed that no one would feel any difficulty in the matter; but if coins were divided as I have proposed, people would soon find out that the usual formidable array of dots was unnecessary, and that one dot, to show where the shillings begin, would be quite sufficient for all purposes. In fact, people would work decimals as the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* talked prose, without knowing it.

This remark leads to this further one,—namely, that the reform proposed in this paper could be introduced very easily, and so as to shock no one with the notion of unlimited innovation, and still worse with the fear of decimals. The way in which I should propose practically to carry out the reform is as follows:—

Let an Act be passed to the effect that all public accounts shall be kept in half-sovereigns instead of sovereigns, and that the penny shall be the tenth part of a shilling instead of the twelfth as heretofore. Everything is included in these two simple enactments.

If the public accounts were kept as suggested, private persons would doubtless soon follow the example; there would be no need of compulsion. And with regard to the change of value in the penny, it would not be so great as to make the new penny inapplicable to the purposes for which the present penny is useful, and the relation of the new to the old would be simple and intelligible: in fact, the poor man's coin would be in no way sacrificed to gain a theoretical advantage for the wealthy; the penny would be practically as much the lowest coin of account and the poor man's standard of value as it is now.

I have said that small penny commodities would increase in magnitude; it is right to observe that in such a case as that of a penny stamp, the expense would be raised 20 per cent. without any possibility of direct compensation; but perhaps it may be fairly argued as a set-off to this inconvenience, that the revenue of the country from this source would be increased, or at all events an indirect compensation might easily be made by the lowering of some tax.

On the whole, it appears to me, after thinking a good deal upon the subject, that this is the only feasible method of reforming our English money; the reform might be effected almost imperceptibly; indeed, it would be possible (if thought desirable) to make the two steps in legislation of which I have spoken, not simultaneous, but successive. The advantage of this would be that the simplification of accounts, as between pounds and shillings, would tend to a desire for a corresponding simplification as between shillings and pence, and so prepare the way for the more violent step of decimalizing the penny.

But in order to carry out this reform there must be unanimity amongst those who seek change. As long as it is possible to say that some four or five different systems find supporters, so long it is scarcely to be expected that a Government will earnestly take the matter up; and especially as long as the pound and mil scheme is the favourite, I feel little hope of any real movement: but let it be stated that we want not a single new coin, either gold, silver, or copper, and that the only change desired is the increase of the value assigned to the penny by the amount of 20 per cent., and let all monetary reformers agree to this as their *platform*, and then I think that a Chancellor of the Exchequer might be persuaded to propose, and the House of Commons to adopt, the reform.

If England were the only country in the world, I think she ought to reform her money and accounts; but it is additionally necessary in the light of the important truth that she is not the only country in the world. Already, as we have seen, there is a uniform coinage, and that a very good one, through four countries on the continent of Europe; why should we be behind them in civilization? why should we appear barbarous in their eyes? and why should we not enter the monetary fraternity, to the great convenience both of them and of ourselves?

Before taking leave of the reader I will just set down the leading points of the necessary money Reform Bill; and committing the subject to his best consideration, I will ask him, if he is convinced of the feasibility of the proposed reform, to agitate for it in all constitutional ways.

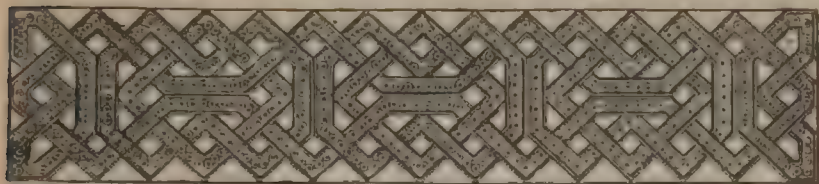
I. Adjust the value of the English sovereign and French napoleon, so that one shall be to the other precisely in the proportion of 5 to 4; which involves a change in the value of a sovereign of about twopence.

II. Enact that all public accounts shall be kept in half-sovereigns instead of sovereigns.

III. Enact that the penny shall be the tenth part of a shilling instead of the twelfth.

The farthings I should leave alone. *De minimis non curat lex.*

H. GOODWIN.



THE ORDINANCE OF PREACHING.

IN an article on "Recent Nonconformist Sermons," which appeared in our July number of last year, some remarks were made upon the survival of the ordinance of preaching in the English Church. In the belief that persistent agitation of this subject must in the end bring about a much-needed reform, and that it is the duty of Churchmen to do their best to contribute to such a result, we venture to put forward a few thoughts upon the causes and effects of the existing practice, and to offer a few suggestions as to the nature of the reform which is to be desired.

We will begin by asking our readers to call to mind what is the state of affairs in the majority of our churches. The congregation includes, let us say, one-fourth of the adults of the parish; though how often would the clergyman be glad to compound for a much smaller proportion! In towns the church-going population consists almost exclusively of the middle and upper classes, with a great preponderance of women. Whether in town or country, they are persons who have been in the habit of receiving religious instruction from their childhood. It is to such an audience that the preacher delivers an address of half an hour, written apparently as a general exposition of evangelical doctrine suited to the capacity of some newly discovered savage tribe, and concluding, as in the well-known story of the candidate for orders preaching before the bishop and examining chaplain, with the division of the congregation into the two classes of con-

verted and unconverted. If we suppose that the preacher is a gentleman, that the sermon is well expressed and well delivered, with no fault of taste, with no irreverence or flippancy, every one will allow that we have chosen a far from unfavourable case. And yet in the outset this fails of the very test article of evangelical preaching, "to the *poor* the Gospel is preached." But in what church are the poor of our large towns to be found? what sermons are listened to by them? They are certainly the class by whom instruction is most needed, to whom public worship ought to be most welcome, as they are those who have least opportunity for private meditation, and who would be least able to supply the place of sermons by reading to themselves at home.

But this question of the divorce between the church and the poor would occupy too much space; we must forget the absent, and confine ourselves to considering the effect of the sermon on those who are present. We will select three types as representing large classes of hearers,—the educated layman, the fine lady, the district visitor,—and finally we will consider the effect of preaching upon the preacher himself.

The first, perhaps, looks up to the pulpit with an amused surprise, as he recognises an old college acquaintance, famous, it may be, on the river, but not in other respects distinguished from the herd of poll-men, ignorant of any literature beyond that which is required for pass examinations, entirely uninterested in general questions of politics or theology, incapable of writing an essay on any subject in the world, yet with all this a man of good sense and modesty, of high principle and kind heart. How has this man now come to declaim his truisms with such an air of self-complacent confidence before men older and wiser than himself, laying claim to a sort of special inspiration, and rebuking as scoffers all who venture to find fault with the matter or manner of the sermon? Thus the effect upon most laymen is simple weariness and disgust; the feelings awakened by the prayers are often destroyed by the irritation excited at the bad logic, the offensive dogmatism, the vulgarizing of divine things, which they hear from the pulpit. And this we believe to be the cause of much of that dislike for church matters, that contempt for ecclesiastical things and persons, which shows itself in many of the leading papers.

It will be said, and very truly, that much of the present agitation against sermons springs from a dislike to religious services altogether; that as Lord Ebury's youthful sons were acute enough to fix upon the repetition of the Lord's Prayer as the cause of their yawning in church on a certain eventful Good Friday, so the "educated layman," fretting at social rules which compel his attendance at church on Sunday, finds a colour for his murmurs in the prevailing dissatisfaction on the subject of preaching.

But though this is true, and accounts, let us say, for the greater part of the sneers which may be heard against sermons, it is no less true that many find pleasure and profit from the services of the church who would gladly escape from the sermon. Does it then follow that for such men there should be no sermon? We know that the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; and if this be true of the observance of a day of rest in any form, far more must it be true of a particular mode of giving instruction on that day. Utility is the only ground on which sermons can stand. If they are useless, the Bible itself is our warrant for doing away with them. But the language of the author of "*Ecce Homo*" may be taken as a proof that it is not sermons, as such, that these men would object to, but the particular sermons to which they are called upon to listen. They know well the power which lies in the living utterance of an earnest and thoughtful man; none of them would have dreamt of stifling the voice of a Chalmers, or an Arnold, or a Robertson. Nor is it needed that the preacher should be a man of special genius; he should be equal to his hearers in general cultivation, and superior to them in his own particular department of the interpretation of Scripture; he should have something of that enthusiasm of goodness, that strength of faith, which would enable him to win the confidence and sympathy of his hearers; and experience warrants our belief that even the most educated would find such sermons of real benefit. Even educated men are not unaware that they need at times to be stirred up and encouraged. They are prone, no less than others, to sink into insensibility, and lower their standard of what human nature ought to be and may be,—of its duties, its dignity, its capacity for happiness; and it is the proper office of the preacher or prophet to revive these feelings and reawaken this consciousness.

We proceed to ask, What is likely to be the effect of preaching on the ordinary fine lady, with whom we may class for this purpose the majority of the female part of the congregation? If sometimes they may mimic male audacity, and profess to speak slightly of sermons, yet in their hearts they would feel very uncomfortable at having to go without them, partly from mere repugnance to change, partly from the religious awe which attaches to the sermon, partly from really liking to listen. Then here at least, it may be said, there is no occasion for reform. On the contrary, we doubt whether the change is not more needed for this class than for any other. The great fault of these "professing Christians" is that they make such a broad separation between their religion and their daily life. In their mode of life there is no difference between them and their neighbours; they are just as selfish, as passionate, as frivolous, and as worldly: yet on the strength of their religious observances, and a stray asceticism or two, they feel themselves elevated to a proud pre-eminence over the

rest of mankind, and have apparently shaken off those habits of self-questioning and self-reproach to which others are liable who have failed to attain to the same reassuring doctrines. What is wanted is to convince these people that *that* cannot be true religion which does not exert an influence over the whole life. The repetition of the well-known words of the formularies, like some old melody, is sufficient to rouse a pleasant emotion, without exciting any definite thought in the mind; and the fact of that emotion may be looked back upon with satisfaction afterwards, though it has led to no practical result. Such being the danger which necessarily attends the use of established forms, it would seem right that it should be specially guarded against in the sermon; we should expect that the truths which are stated generally in the former part of the service should be clenched and driven home in the latter, that sin should be shown in its every-day dress, that the righteous indignation of the hearer should be forcibly turned inwards, instead of being allowed to expend itself on "dead men's crimes and Jews' idolatries." On the contrary, we too often find that where the language of the sermon departs from the style of the formularies, it is to keep at a safer distance from the facts of life, changing the concrete into the abstract, and dwelling on theories of salvation rather than on the personal Saviour, on imputation of sin or of righteousness, not on actual good and evil as they are now wrought in the world about us. Nay, we may even go farther, and say that the account of human motives which is given in sermons is often as purely fictitious as that on which the conclusions of political economy are based according to Mr. J. S. Mill. How often are we told that men despise the offer of mercy because they are too proud to receive salvation as a gift, because they desire something more difficult of acquisition, because it is too simple, too humbling to human nature! Contrast the utter unreality of all this with the plain straightforward facts as they are represented to us in the parable of the sower, and borne witness to by each man's personal experience. Thus people become accustomed to use the most sacred words without attaching any meaning to them; they fancy the Bible contains nothing but the dull scheme presented to them Sunday after Sunday; they think it a kind of profanity to touch on matters of every-day life in the pulpit, and are ready to raise the cry of heresy if they hear any variation from the old sing-song by which their ears are wont to be charmed.

As our third representative hearer we selected the district visitor, with whom may be classed the religious poor of the congregation. In all probability she is an excellent, self-denying, humble-minded woman, who listens meekly to the sermon with a sort of blind faith that she is to get good from it, and does indeed often obtain it by that divine alchemy which turns dross into gold. Yet in her case too, and more than all in the case of the poor, it is the heart rather

than the head that profits: she has received no practical guidance, she has no further insight into spiritual truth, she has had no lessons in human character, her mind has not been opened to see good where she once saw only evil; she is still incapable of understanding that there should be any real religion outside the narrow circle to which she herself belongs.

Such being the effect of the sermon upon the hearers, we have next to ask how it affects the preacher himself. Some of the more cynical assailants of preaching have thought that it continued to exist merely to feed the vanity of the younger clergy, and that the pulpit is to the curate (or at any rate was, before the invention of clerical millinery) what the review or the ball-room is to the ensign. But, to do him justice, we believe that the feeling with which the newly ordained minister looks forward to writing two sermons a week is usually that of simple dismay. He is generally, as we have said, a man of no great reading or ability, probably owning a higher moral standard, but not always imbued with stronger religious feeling than other men. He has, however, for the most part been educated with a view to the ministry; he feels that this is his vocation in life, and he would gladly spend himself for the good of his people. When such a one comes to his first parish, though he may not have the tact or experience which can make his advice of great value to the poor, yet his sympathy is easily moved, and kind deeds and kind words come naturally to him, so that he soon finds himself at home in the cottage, and still more so among the children in the school; but he would give anything to avoid that hopeless *penny-a-lining* of the pulpit. To write when he has nothing to say; to assume the position of teacher when he feels that he himself most needs to be taught; worst of all, to have to declaim what he knows to be worthless before the assembled parish,—all this is at first a terrible weight upon his mind. Of course he gets used to it in time. He finds that by dropping his private reading, by curtailing his visits to the school and to the sick, by careful adherence to the rule that the poor must have the same thing repeated over and over again before they will understand it, by copious and indiscriminating quotation, he can manage to eke out sufficient for the two half-hours on the Sunday. As he gets accustomed to the stock passages which reappear in sermon after sermon, they seem to him to gain something of the authority of formularies. As the sermon itself becomes more and more a matter of form, he becomes more and more satisfied with his own performance, and like other people, failing to raise his practice to the level of his ideal, he lowers his ideal to the level of his practice.

Or it may be he has recourse to the sermons of others. Some prolific father or uncle may have left behind a convenient store of orthodoxy. If not, there are those tempting MS. sermons which

meet his eye in the advertisements of the clerical journals. Or he can copy out a discourse from some good commonplace divine, the danger of the latter proceeding being that the same sermon may have already been introduced to his congregation by some previous curate, and then farewell to his hopes of usefulness. We no longer exact extempore sermons, nor can we be strictly said to exact original sermons; but woe to the preacher who is bold enough to confess that his sermon is not his own! and still more woe to him if he is detected in preaching another man's sermons! So that the alternative we put before our young clergy is this,—Either preach your own sermon, bad as you may feel it to be; or, if that is really impossible, borrow some one else's and pretend that it is your own. What is likely to be the moral effect of such borrowing upon the preacher, and what good the people are likely to get from sermons so preached, we leave our readers to judge.

From all that we have said (and we believe that our description errs rather on the side of defect than of exaggeration) it would seem to follow that in ordinary cases sermons do more harm than good. Perhaps we might except country parishes, in which the congregation consists almost entirely of the poor; but even this may be a matter for discussion. The question then arises, How did such a state of things originate, or how has it been allowed to continue? Without entering into any history of preaching, it is evident that this ordinance was of much greater importance at some former periods than it is now. It is scarcely too much to say that the mightiest revolutions have had their origin, or have been mainly carried on, by means of sermons. Dr. Neale and Mr. Baring Gould would have us believe that good preaching is confined to Roman Catholics,* but there can at any rate be no doubt that one great instrument by which the Reformation was brought about in England was the preaching of such men as Latimer. It was necessary to use every effort to bring round the nation as a body to a purer faith, and prevent the unfortunate schism which arose in Ireland from the neglect of the unlettered Irish-speaking inhabitants. Catechisms, primers, prayer-books, and homilies were disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the country; every engine was employed which could aid in bringing the new opinions before the minds of the people. As books were dear and few could read, preaching was the most effective of these aids; it was

* Mr. Baring Gould even tells us that the most striking difference between Romanist and Protestant sermons among post-medieval preachers is the fuller knowledge of the Bible which appears in the former. In his interesting work he has omitted all notice of English preachers, because, as he says, "they are for the most part hopelessly dull." It seems, however, that it is in the power of the dullest of preachers to produce "a profitable and even striking" discourse by consulting "the vast encyclopædias and dictionaries," "the collections of anecdote and simile" which are to be found amongst the Roman Catholics!

therefore especially ordered that children should be brought to hear sermons, in order that they might be instructed in Christian doctrine and practice. And it was the party who were most opposed to the mediæval Church who laid the greatest stress upon sermons; as we learn from Hooker, that the Puritans, insisting on the letter of such texts as, "How shall they hear without a preacher?" held that ordinarily God wrought conversion by means of (extempore) preaching, and only by miracle in any other way.

It was no doubt from a sort of revival of this Puritanic tradition, as well as from the feeling that they had fresh new truths to declare, that Wesley, Whitfield, and generally the old Evangelicals, had recourse to preaching as the great weapon of the movement party. The modern Evangelicals still profess the same esteem for this ordinance; they attend church in order to hear "the Gospel preached;" in their family prayers they ask for a blessing on the "preached word" exclusively. But their hands are no longer strong enough to bend that bow. With rare exceptions the preaching power has passed to the new movement party, to which belong the names of Robertson and Arnold and Hare, of Kingsley, of Stanley, and of Maurice. It would be well if our liberal reviewers, in their sweeping denunciation of sermons, would remember that, after all, the sermon represents this progressive element in the Church of England, that it is the sermon which to the outward eye differences our parochial clergy from Carlyle's cast-iron officials. As a matter of theory one might even wish that this element of variety could be introduced into other parts of the Church service, and that the minister should have discretion to omit certain prayers, or to exchange them for others. The prayers would probably be worse, but it might atone for this if the novelty of them could break through the drowsy half-consciousness with which people are too apt to listen to more familiar sounds.

But to return to the sermon. We fear it can be but seldom defended on this plea of novelty or variety. It continues to exist merely because it has existed. Habit has nowhere a more overpowering weight than in matters of religion. It might perhaps reconcile some to what they think the follies of the ritualist, if they would reflect that one change helps on another, and that the liberty conceded to superstitious fancy may be equally claimed by the opposite party when the reaction sets in in favour of common sense.

We have now pointed out the evil effects of the present state of things both on preachers and hearers, and we have shown briefly how the system originated: it remains that we should consider whether it is possible by any reform to get rid of the bad effects of preaching, and to retain those which are undeniably good. The first thing we would suggest is to diminish the number and length of ser-

mons; the second, to diminish the number of preachers. We will afterwards proceed to inquire whether anything further can be done to improve the quality of the sermon itself.

First, then, is there any reason why there should be two or three sermons every Sunday? Is there any reason why each sermon should last for half an hour? If it be said the poor will have it so, or they will leave the church—why, we have sometimes been told the poor like hard words which they cannot understand, or they like shouting and vulgarity, and therefore flock to chapel,—are we to give people what we know to be bad for them because they like it? May we not hope gradually to educate them to something better? One well-thought sermon is of more use than three of the ordinary compilations of the overworked minister; or if there should be oddly constituted minds, which profit more by good when well diluted with bad, are we to sacrifice to these the preacher himself and all the normal minds of the congregation? At least let the latter have a chance of escape; leave a short pause after the prayers, during which persons might be allowed to exercise the right of going in or out of church as their inclination for sermons might direct. Dr. Arnold set the example, which has been wisely followed in many schools since his time, of preaching to his scholars only once a day for not more than a quarter of an hour; and yet (we will not say *in consequence of this*) there has probably never been a school in which the influence of the chapel services was so widely and deeply felt as it was in the Rugby of Arnold. No doubt there are subjects and occasions on which long sermons are appropriate, and there are preachers, like the late Archdeacon Hare, who are fitted to deal with such subjects and occasions; as there are others who are endowed with a natural eloquence which enchains the hearers though there should be no special propriety of subject or time; but it is a safe rule to lay down that most subjects in the hands of most men are treated far more effectively in a discourse of ten minutes than in a discourse of treble that time. As to the number of sermons, if it be thought too much to hope for the entire abolition of the second sermon in ordinary churches, we would strongly urge the restoration of catechizing* in country places, and the adoption in towns of a lecture or exposition instead of the afternoon or evening sermon.

Our next suggestion has reference to the preacher. Why is every clergyman licensed to preach? In the Ordination Service it seems to be implied that deacons as a rule should not preach, and we think it would be far better to be chary of this licence in their case, and not to admit them as a matter of course to the order of priesthood. Many who are most useful clergymen in the parish are

* We read that Evelyn used to keep his family away from church in the afternoons because sermons had taken the place of the old catechizing (A.D. 1655).

anything but useful in the pulpit, as there are others who can preach well, but have no business habits, and are wanting in the tact and geniality which they would need for personal intercourse with their parishioners. The mediæval Church understood well how to utilize these special qualifications of the clergy. The Church of this nineteenth century, the century of free trade and division of labour, still digs with a razor and shaves with a spade, sending its lack-Latins to the West-end church, and burying the refined scholar in some remote country district. Is it utterly impossible that we may see a revival of the itinerant friar in a shape suited to modern times? * May we not hope that the proposed institution of a subdiaconate will eventually lead, among other good things, to the recruiting of our preaching staff from the ranks of the laity?

Without dwelling upon this, it is evident that if we silence a considerable proportion of the clergy, the congregations will look for some substitute in place of the preaching to which they are accustomed. We believe that we may borrow a hint from the reformers of the sixteenth century, as we have just done from their predecessors of the unreformed Church. Our English reformers were not so unreasonable as to assume that every "poore persone of a toun" could preach his own sermons. They put forth homilies suited to the wants of those times, which the clergy had to read to their people from the pulpit. At a later period Saunderson, and after him Tillotson, urged the publication of a new collection of homilies, "in consequence of the unmethodical, useless, needless notions in many sermons." It would of course be vain to hope for a new volume of homilies in the present day; perhaps it is not even to be desired; but would it be impossible to obtain the sanction of each bishop for the reading of certain selected sermons by the deacons of his own diocese? Why might not such pulpit readings come in time to be as popular as the penny readings? If the authority of the bishop could persuade country people to lay aside their horror of the printed book, we might hope in this way to put a stop to the scandalous sale of MS. sermons. As regards the great towns, if any clergyman would have the boldness to announce a course of sermons taken from the Fathers, or the Reformers, or the Germans, or the Mediævalists, or Post-mediævalists, or any of the best English divines of modern times, we will venture to promise him a large and educated audience.

We believe that the adoption of some such changes as have been suggested would do much to remedy the faults of our present style of preaching. Still there remains one important branch of the subject

* The following passage from the Life of Gilpin, "the Apostle of the North," will show the mischief which followed on the suppression of the friars:—"Some people have not heard four sermons these sixteen years since the friars left their limitations."

upon which we can only touch on the present occasion, and that is the training of the preacher. It is less necessary to dilate on this now, in consequence of the interesting article by Dr. Reichel in a former number of the *Contemporary*, entitled "University Reform in Relation to Theological Study." Dr. Reichel has, however, omitted to notice a late change in the Cambridge system, which will probably lead to a considerable extension of theological study among the undergraduates. By the new scheme, the mathematical and classical examinations for the ordinary degree are finished before the end of the second year of residence, and the student has his choice of several subjects, such as natural science, moral science, law, theology, to one of which he is required to devote his attention during the third year, and the examination in which will form his final examination for the ordinary B.A. degree. There can be little doubt that theology will be the subject selected by almost all poll-men who look forward to being ordained; and if the Theological Board are careful not to allow too much weight to the cramming up of articles and heresies, if Greek Testament and English composition are made the main subjects of the examination, we have great hopes that the new scheme may prove an important step in the way of educating our preachers. One lesson, at least, we hope they will derive from instruction in English composition,—how to use simple every-day language in the pulpit. It is another of Dr. Arnold's many claims to the gratitude of Churchmen, that he broke through the stereotyped phraseology which was alone thought appropriate for the solemnity of religious discourses, making it his aim to use in the pulpit the same words which would be used in private life by one man speaking earnestly to another. The great advantage of this is that common words compel a man to have some meaning: technical or traditional language hides the absence of thought both from speaker and hearers, at the same time that it deadens the force of direct appeals to the conscience, weakens the cogency of arguments, and to some minds leaves an air of misty uncertainty, or at least of unpracticalness, about the whole subject-matter of religion.

A few words in conclusion as to the manner in which any reform must be brought about. It can only be by free expression of opinion on the part of the laity, and by energetic backing up of those clergy who venture to make the first move. Bishops can hardly be expected to take the initiative in the matter, and Convocation is of course busy with Bishop Colenso; but whatever help may be desired from either quarter will no doubt be forthcoming when it is seen that there is a strong body of opinion in favour of a small number of definite alterations such as those which we have described above.

J. B. M.



POPULAR GEOLOGY.

Geology for General Readers: a Series of Popular Sketches in Geology and Palaeontology. By DAVID PAGE, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., &c. London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

IT was at the Sages' Congress at Nottingham that the complaint was made, that at the present time an educated man may go forth into the world with all the *prestige* that education gives, and may yet, without a blush, confess to utter, gross ignorance of the most familiar household words of science, nay, even of the *rationale* of the most common applications of science to the affairs of common life. The complaint is a very just one. Its truth was attested by Mr. Bernal Osborne's undisguised plea of guilty to this grave indictment of ignorance. But who is to blame? We venture to say, the men of science themselves. We all know that there is no royal road to learning in any branch of knowledge; but while fully admitting this, we must also admit that there is a woeful dearth of books, in the different walks of science, which hit the happy mean between repellant abstruseness and equally repellant childishness. Mr. Page has admirably hit this happy mean in one of the most attractive of the sciences,—perhaps the youngest of them all, certainly that which, humanly speaking, is destined to undergo most reconsideration if not reconstruction,—the science of Geology. It is something to be able to place in the hands of an entire novice a book which cannot fail to clear his ideas, and give him a vast amount of lucid, well-arranged information on a subject of such necessarily comprehensive scope; and which, without making or professing to make him a geologist, will give him precisely that insight into a strange subject

which the amateur needs, and will enable him to attack with advantage those heavier books,—the classics of geological science,—Lyell, Murchison, Phillips, and the like. Mr. Page's name has long been favourably known to teachers as the author of two excellent text-books on geology. They are, however, professedly educational in their scope, and, excellent though they are, they repel those who, whether from lack of time or other circumstances, do not care to enlist themselves as regular students of geology. This volume is especially designed for the intelligent amateur; its author professes to "discard technicalities as much as possible, and to avoid the formality of a text-book." The different topics of geology are treated consecutively, while, at the same time, "each sketch is complete in itself, and contains, as far as it goes, an outline of our present knowledge of the matter to which it refers."

The book is prefaced by two tabular conspectuses, exhibiting respectively the arrangement of the British stratified rocks according to their systems and broad subdivisions, and the vertical range of the different families of plants and animals in geological time. In casting one's eyes down the former of these, one cannot help asking what evil genius it is that haunts geology, that its nomenclature should persist in being more heterogeneous, and more framed in defiance of all principles of etymology, than that of any other of the natural sciences. In the names of the great systems, indeed, something a little more approaching to uniformity of principle has been arrived at, but only something. The terms Laurentian, Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian (though Mr. Page, not without reason, reverts to the term Old Red Sandstone), and Permian, do mean something and teach something: they point to typical localities; either to the classic ground on which the intricacies of the particular rock system were first unravelled, or to the region of the world in which it is most clearly and amply developed. So, again, the terms Carboniferous, Oolitic (why not Oolithic?) and Cretaceous, do point to certain lithological peculiarities; they bear on the face of them the truth that coal, chalk, and that peculiar granular limestone which resembles the roe of a fish, are undoubtedly characteristic of these several formations. But can anything be devised more unhappy than the term "Triassic" to represent our New Red Sandstone group, especially in these islands, where "the triad" does not exist as a triad, the Muschelkalk, its middle member, being confessedly absent? And on what possible principle does the term Tertiary still hold its own, to describe the strata which overlie the chalk, now that its old companions, the Primary, Transition, and Secondary, have been consigned with universal applause to the limbo of forgotten things. But, "O soul of Sir John Cheke!" where shall words be found to describe

fitly the last egg that the geologists have laid? It was bad enough to have quarrymen's jargon mixed up with local names and German terms for our rocks; to have *Grauwacke*, and *Gneiss*, and *Muschelkalk* alternating with *Cornbrash*, and *Chalk*, and *Lias*, and *Wealden*, and *Millstone Grit*; it was worse to have the barbarisms, now become classic, and, so to say, veiled from censure under the mantle of their great author's reputation,—the terms *Eocene*, *Miocene*, *Pliocene*, and *Pleistocene* (*proh pudor!*),—but who thought we could have lived to talk of *Quaternary*! The term does not, apparently, mean "a group of four," as any one would expect from its only possible derivation, but is devised as a fitting pendant to the *Tertiary* system. Of a truth, it is high time that the schoolmaster were abroad among the men of science, for example of life, and instruction of (etymological) manners!

Mr. Page's two opening chapters are necessarily introductory,—*"The Crust we dwell upon,"* and *"Waste and Reconstruction."* It is sufficient to say of them that they are eminently lucid, and, unlike the beginnings of most scientific books, attractive and pleasant reading. Why, however, does so good a writer of English permit himself to fall into such slipshod writing as the following:—"In course of time, by pressure, chemical and other means," &c.? A little farther on we have, "And the clearer we can render this history the more minute our analysis of the earth's crust" (p. 11), which looks like a sentence wrong side foremost. Is it English, too, to talk of coals "burning away *without leaving scarcely* a trace of ashes;" or of an ancient harbour being a *goodly* mile inland; or of an island being uplifted "to the height of six feet or *thereby*;" or of "the *ordinings* of the universe"? As a counterpoise to these "*paucæ macule quæ incuria fudit*," it is but fair to show that Mr. Page can write English, by a quotation from his excellent chapter on Vulcanism, its nature and function:—

"Than the earthquake, volcano, and great crust pulsation, we have no lesser manifestations of natural force, no phenomena before whose power man's weakness becomes more apparent. There are, no doubt, other terrific agencies in nature,—the ocean when lashed into fury by storms, the flooded and howling river, the hurricane and the thunderstorm. Man, however, learns to brave and battle with these. The hairy islander dares the ocean storm in his little skiff; civilized nations build their piers and breakwaters, that their fleets and navies may ride behind them in defiance of the storm. Man dams and diverts the river current, restrains it within bounds, or even turns it to account as the moving power of his machinery. His strength and weight of material he can resist the fiercest sweep of the wind blast, or, if need be, can yoke it to his wheels, subserve and service him. He even toys with the thunder, and brings the lightning down from the storm cloud. But before the shock of the earthquake, and the throes of the volcano, man—savage or civilized—shrinks, altogether abject and helpless.

With them, however frequently they may occur, he never becomes familiar. The earth, with which all his ideas of stability are associated, rocks and reels beneath him; his proudest cities become an instantaneous mass of ruin and rubbish; himself falls prostrate, or, if he flees, he flees only to accelerate his fate. The volcano casts forth its scorching showers of scorix and ashes, his pastures and vineyards are utterly consumed, and his homesteads and villages—like Pompeii and Herculaneum—are buried, so that for centuries their very places are unknown. Or the red river of lava spreads slowly and irresistibly down the mountain-side, crushing and consuming the forest growth like stubble, damming and diverting river courses, engulfing villas and towns, and converting the fair face of nature into a wilderness of blistering slag and ‘the blackness of desolation.’—(P. 48.)

As an example of the lucid yet succinct way in which Mr. Page explains an abstruse scientific question, we quote the following note on metamorphism:—

“This conversion, or *metamorphism*, as it is technically termed, by which chalk, for example, can be changed into crystalline marble, or clay into glistening roofing-slate, forms one of the most abstruse problems in geology. As it is often referred to in geological writings, it may be of use to the general reader to indicate the principal causes which seem to be concerned in its production. These are,—1. *Heat by contact*, as when any igneous mass, like lava, indurates, crystallizes, or otherwise changes the strata over or through which it passes. 2. *Heat by transmission, conduction, or absorption*, which may also produce metamorphism, according to the temperature of the heated mass, the continuance of the heat, and the conducting powers of the strata affected. 3. *Heat by permeation* of hot water, steam, and other vapours, all of which, at great depths, may produce vast changes among the strata, when we recollect that steam, under sufficient pressure, may acquire the temperature of molten lava. 4. *Electric and galvanic currents* in the stratified crust, which may, as the experiments of Mr. Fox and Mr. Hunt suggest (passing galvanic currents through masses of moistened pottery clay), produce cleavage and semi-crystalline re-arrangement of particles. 5. *Chemical action and reaction*, which, both in the dry and moist way, are incessantly producing atomic change, and all the more readily when aided by an increasing temperature among the deeper seated strata. 6. *Molecular arrangement by pressure and motion*,—a silent but efficient agent of change as yet little understood, but capable of producing curious alterations in internal structure, especially when accompanied by heat, as we daily see in the manufacture of the metals, glass, and earthenware. Such are the more general and likely causes of rock metamorphism; and as it is possible that several of these may be operating at the same time, the reader will perceive that no hypothesis that limits itself to any one agent can be accepted as sufficient and satisfactory.”—(P. 56.)

One of the difficulties which lie on the threshold of geology is the acquaintance which it necessarily presupposes with other branches of natural science. The geologist must not only have some acquaintance with physics and chemistry, he must have some tolerable familiarity with mineralogy, and—so closely interwoven is palæontology with geology—he must have a fair acquaintance with zoological and botanical classification. This fact is constantly lost sight of in geological manuals and treatises. They presuppose a knowledge which

too often has no existence; hence the wide divergence between the field geologist and the book geologist—between the man who knows and recognises as friends and acquaintances the fossils he lights on, and the man whose knowledge of the paleontological side of geology is limited to an enumeration of barren names.

Mr. Page's chapter on Fossils wisely makes provision for this ignorance on the part of his general readers, by a clear tabular classification of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. And though no amount of tabulations will supply the want of ocular familiarity with the things themselves, yet such helps go far to making the paleontology of any given formation less of an unintelligible jargon to the amateur, than it is wont to be in treatises which presuppose this knowledge on his part.

Perhaps the most masterly chapters in the book are the two on Ice; the one giving an absolutely exhaustive account of ice in the many forms under which it occurs in existing nature, whether on sea or land, the other summing up the conclusions which have been arrived at on the great Glacial or Ice epoch. It has rather been the custom with geologists to speak of this as if it had been the one epoch, in geological time, in which ice was an efficient agent in modifying the earlier surfaces of the globe. Doubtless it was so *par excellence*; but Mr. Page's conjecture is worth attention when he extends the operation of ice to the older formations. In speaking of the Old Red conglomerates, and their enormous extent and thickness, he says that, granting that

"In many parts of the world there are pebbly and shingly beaches* of vast extent, and that in some instances the rounded blocks are hundreds of pounds in weight, there is, nevertheless, something so peculiar in the aggregation of the Old Red conglomerates, with their striated pebbles, their irregular imbeddings of fine-grained sandstones, and the like, that they suggest the idea of masses floated and packed up by shore-ice; and perhaps to some such condition their enormous accumulations may yet be ascribed."—(P. 91.)

He adds in a foot-note,—

"Whoever has examined the bouldery conglomerates of the Scottish Old Red, with their large irregular blocks, their peculiar unassorted aggregation, the nature of the cementing matrix, and the frequent 'nestings,' or interlaminated patches of fine argillaceous sandstone, must have had suggested to his mind the idea of ice-action. And this notion must have been strengthened when he turned to the sandstones, and found them imbedding angular fragments of rock, shale, and even clay, which could scarcely have suffered transport unless enclosed in drifting ice-floes."

It is at least a subject worthy of investigation, how far we can at all trace the operations of ice, with anything like certainty, in any of the older formations anterior to the great epoch in which it was the great force which altered the configuration of the globe, and left its

* Confessedly not Glacial.

impress alike on almost every mountain-side and river-valley of the world we live in. This universal prevalence of the phenomena produced by the great ice epoch is very remarkable. There are few persons who go about with eyes who have not seen it in the mountain gorges of all our British Alpine and sub-Alpine scenery. Every observant tourist has seen it for himself, in the well-known spot (indicated by Dean Buckland) at Pont Aberglaslyn, or at the falls of Benglog, at the head of Nant Frangon. But, as a friend once remarked to us, "You geologists see things with larger, other eyes than ours;" and, we may add, sometimes see things which do not exist. There is some necessity for caution to be observed in pronouncing every rounded, scored, and furrowed rock to be the work of a glacier. An incidental remark of Mr. Page's may suggest caution in drawing such conclusions. In speaking of the part played by blown sand in altering the configuration of the country, he adds:—"Gentle as it may seem, the drifting of sand over the surface of granite and basalt has been known to wear and polish down their asperities, and even to grind out grooves and furrows like those produced by the long-continued motion of glacier ice, or the flow of running water" (p. 22). Such, we doubt not, is the history of the grooves and scratches of the rounded granite surfaces which crop up from the wild moorland which intervenes between the base of Errigal and the sea-coast at Bunbeg, near Gweedore, in County Donegal, though it bears all the appearance of glacial action: the fatal objection to a glacial explanation being, among other things, the wide extent of country over which this furrowing and scoring may be traced.

Reverting, however, to the true glacial epoch, we cannot but think that there remains much to be done and observed, before we can pretend to have arrived at any satisfactory conclusion on the subject. The polishing on more faces than one, and the scratching in more directions than one, of small boulders imbedded in thick clay beds of this geological period, seem to furnish problems not easily solved by the common theory of glacial transportation of rock *débris*: and yet precisely such rounded, polished, doubly scratched lumps of carboniferous limestone the writer has repeatedly disinterred from the dark boulder clay of the hills to the west of the city of Durham.

Mr. Page has done wisely in grouping together in his chapter upon coal and coal formations, a full account of those other carboniferous deposits which do not belong to the Carboniferous period, properly so called. From the vast importance and development of the true Carboniferous rocks of Great Britain, as well as from the comparative insignificance in our islands of other deposits of coal and lignite among the later formations, the term Coal with us has become almost restricted to the produce of the coal measures. Even in our own

islands, the coal of other formations either has been or is being worked. Tertiary lignites were worked at Bovey in Devonshire; and coal-fields in the Secondary rocks are to this day worked, as, for example, in the oolite of Brora in Sutherland, and Whithy in Yorkshire. With us, it is true, such seams are not very extensive, either as to area or vertical thickness. In the New World, however, things are very different. The Richmond coal-field, in Virginia, belongs to the Secondary period, and even surpasses, in richness and thickness of seams, the true coal measures of the British and Old World basins. One of the seams in this coal-field is in some places from thirty to forty feet thick, and composed of pure bituminous coal, which, Sir C. Lyell tells us,—

“When analysed, yields the same proportions of carbon and hydrogen as the Newcastle coal; a fact worthy of notice, when we consider that this fuel has been derived from an assemblage of plants very distinct specifically, and in part generically, from those which have contributed to the formation of the ancient or Palæozoic coal.”*

Still, important though these later coal formations may be, it cannot be denied that the great coal-fields of the world, both old and new, belong to the Palæozoic rocks; and certain it is, whatever may be the reason, that “these Palæozoic coal-fields are more regular, more uniform over large areas, and in that sense more to be depended on, than those of newer date.” Below the coal measures proper, the fossilized vegetable remains are scanty. With the exception of some insignificant bands in Canada, the Old Red Sandstone is altogether barren of coal, though vegetable fragments occur in its shales and flagstones. In the still older rocks, Silurian, Cambrian, and Laurentian, where metamorphism has been largely at work, we find thin bands of anthracite and graphite (black lead). In these, however, the mineralization has been so perfect, and all traces of vegetable structure have been so effectually obliterated, that it is impossible even to speculate as to their marine or terrestrial origin, or even in all cases to be perfectly sure that it ever was a vegetable organism at all. The probability is that it is of vegetable origin, and that in it we have simply the most thoroughly mineralized form in which we find masses of vegetable *débris*, just as in the peat-moss we find it in its least compact and least altered form; for, to quote from Mr. Page,—

“The truth is, coal occurs in the earth’s crust in every stage of development; from the peat-mosses and swamp-growths still in process of accumulation on the surface, down through the Tertiary brown coals to the bituminous stone coals of the Secondary and Primary periods, and from these again down to the still older non-bituminous anthracites and graphites. All, in fact, have had a similar origin. They are mere vegetable masses that have undergone different degrees of mineralization,—the recent vege-

* “Manual of Elementary Geology” (1855), p. 332.

impress alike on almost every mountain-side of the world we live in. This universal prevalence of the rounded and scored rocks produced by the great ice epoch is very remarkable. Persons who go about with eyes who have not seen the gorges of all our British Alpine and sub-Alpine mountains, an observant tourist has seen it for himself, in the great gorges (indicated by Dean Buckland) at Pont Abernethy, of Benglog, at the head of Nant Frangon. Mr. Page remarked to us, "You geologists see things with your eyes; we, on the other hand, see things with our hands;" and, we may add, sometimes see things with our feet. There is some necessity for caution to be observed in drawing conclusions from every rounded, scored, and furrowed rock to be seen. An incidental remark of Mr. Page's may suggest such conclusions. In speaking of the part played by the ice in altering the configuration of the country, he says that it may seem, the drifting of sand over the surface of the rocks has been known to wear and polish down their surfaces, and grind out grooves and furrows like those produced by the continued motion of glacier ice, or the flow of running water. Such, we doubt not, is the history of the grooved and rounded granite surfaces which crop up from the surface of the country between the base of Errigal and the base of Gweedore, in County Donegal, though it be objected that of glacial action: the fatal objection to a glacial origin for many of other things, the wide extent of country over which the rounding and scoring may be traced.

Reverting, however, to the true glacial epoch, much that there remains much to be done and observed before we can pretend to have arrived at any satisfactory conclusions. The polishing on more faces than one, and the rounding in more directions than one, of small boulders imbedded in the rocks of this geological period, seem to furnish problems which the common theory of glacial transportation of boulders does not precisely such rounded, polished, doubly stratified, and ofteniferous limestone the writer has repeatedly described in the boulder clay of the hills to the west of the city.

Mr. Page has done wisely in grouping together the coal and coal formations, a full account of those deposits which do not belong to the Carboniferous period. From the vast importance and development of the carboniferous rocks of Great Britain, as well as from the insignificance in our islands of other deposits among the later formations, the term Coal with its meaning restricted to the produce of the coal measure

the valley of the St. Lawrence, which have received the name of the Laurentian System. It forms a range of hills of some altitude,—mountains we should call them in England,—and attains a thickness of some 30,000 feet. The whole of it has undergone entire metamorphism; its limestones have been converted into serpentines (like those of the Connemara mountains in the west of Ireland), and its lines of stratification all but obliterated. But this serpentinous limestone has been destined apparently to revolutionize all our cherished beliefs as to the beginning of organic life. We had long acquiesced in the conviction that at least all below the Cambrian was Azoic. The very Cambrian rocks themselves were pronounced, at least in their lowest beds, such as the Barmouth schists of North Wales, the chlorite schists of Anglesea, and the Longmynd or bottom rocks of Shropshire, to yield not a trace of a fossil, and to be as destitute of organic life as the gneissic and mica-schist successions that underlie them. In the corresponding beds, indeed, at Bray in Ireland, there was found a zoophyte, a real unmistakable fossil, which was christened *Oldhamia*. It seems but the other day that Sir R. Murchison bade us look with reverence upon this zoophyte; "for, notwithstanding the most assiduous researches, it is the only animal relic yet known in this very low stage of unequivocal sedimentary matter."* Cautious words, and spoken like a true philosopher; but *ὡς βόρεια πράγματα*,—alas for the vicissitudes of fossils! The *Oldhamia* is deposed from its pre-eminence; it adds one more to the list of dethroned monarchs. The so-called Azoic rocks, of immeasurably greater antiquity even than it, have yielded a fossil, well named the *Eozoon*. If it really be a fossil,—for its organic nature has been called in question, though the evidence and the opinion of competent judges incline strongly in its favour,—it belongs to the very lowest forms of life. It is one of the foraminifera, those minute specks of *sarcodæ*,—for one can scarcely describe them as flesh,—which make themselves tiny silicious or calcareous cells, pierced with still tinier holes (*foramina*, whence their name), and which only become conspicuous to the naked eye when they are aggregated in masses. It is well known that a large part of the chalk of England consists of the exuvie of such lowly organisms: the same is true of a deposit now forming at the bottom of the Atlantic: and here we find the same thing at work in these strata of primeval antiquity,—an antiquity so remote that the usual measure of time fails to convey any notion whatever to the mind. And who knows whether we have yet really arrived at "the dawn of life"?

But after all, the greatest revolutionizing of all our foregone conclusions in geology has taken place in the more recent deposits, the

* "*Siluria*" (1854), p. 32.

impress alike on almost every mountain-side of the world we live in. This universal prevalence produced by the great ice epoch is very remarkable to persons who go about with eyes who have not seen the gorges of all our British Alpine and sub-Alpine. An observant tourist has seen it for himself, in the gorges (indicated by Dean Buckland) at Pont Aberystwyth, of Benglog, at the head of Nant Frangon. Mr. Page remarked to us, "You geologists see things with your eyes; ours;" and, we may add, sometimes see things with our minds. There is some necessity for caution to be observed in every rounded, scored, and furrowed rock to which such conclusions are applied. An incidental remark of Mr. Page's may suggest such conclusions. In speaking of the part played by the ice in altering the configuration of the country, he says, "It may seem, the drifting of sand over the surface has been known to wear and polish down the surface, and grind out grooves and furrows like those produced by the continued motion of glacier ice, or the flow of a river." Such, we doubt not, is the history of the grooved and rounded granite surfaces which crop up from the surface. It intervenes between the base of Errigal and the base of the near Gweedore, in County Donegal, though it is not the result of glacial action: the fatal objection to a glacial origin among other things, the wide extent of country over which the scoring and scoring may be traced.

Reverting, however, to the true glacial epoch, it is clear that there remains much to be done and observed. We do not pretend to have arrived at any satisfactory conclusions. The polishing on more faces than one, and the scoring in more directions than one, of small boulders imbedded in the rocks of this geological period, seem to furnish problems which the common theory of glacial transportation does not explain. Precisely such rounded, polished, doubly stratified limestone the writer has repeatedly discovered in the boulder clay of the hills to the west of the city.

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distinctions are confessedly, by comparison, slight, and little likely to arrest the attention of an unscientific age: while, on the other hand, it is dangerous to argue a *very* remote antiquity even from association with the mammoth and extinct rhinoceros. Surely the discovery of the frozen rhinoceros carcase in 1772, and of the hairy mammoth in 1800 (see Owen's "British Fossil Mammalia," pp. 264 and 351), while it points to a *pre-historic* fauna in those boreal latitudes, forbids us to relegate the lifetime of these monsters to an unlimited antiquity.

The evidence derived from man himself and his works resolves itself into an investigation of sepulchral barrows, shell-mounds,—“kitchen-middens” as they are called by the Danes—the scenes of primeval feastings of the northern aborigines,—pile-dwellings in lakes, and implements, whether for war or the chase, made of chipped flints, carved horns, bronze, or iron. The conclusions hitherto arrived at, based on the fair assumption that greater skill—as evidenced, for example, in metallurgy—implies greater civilization, and that civilization is a tardy process, and requires length of time, group man's history into three ages, the *stone*, the *bronze*, and the *iron*, and fix his appearance among the forms of life on the globe in the Pleistocene period at the close of the Tertiary epoch. But the question is still in its infancy, and before the regions of Asia, which may be presumed to have been man's home before he migrated into the far West and North, have been explored and interpreted, it is idle to speculate as to the chronology of his pre-historic history, or to assign any number of years to the period within which he has been a tenant of this our earth.

As a conclusion to the strictly geological part of his work, Mr. Page proceeds to sum up the teaching of the rocks as to the order and succession of life. Without charging him with misstatement, or even with conscious *suppressio veri*, we cannot but think that the succession, as he finds it, squares a little more obligingly with his foregone conclusions than the facts of the case warrant. He seems to ignore the sudden jumps and gaps which take place in the history of life as chronicled by Paleontology. As an example of the former, compare the scanty fauna of the Lingula schists, with the teeming and varied life of the Llandeilo flags which immediately succeed. To illustrate the latter, we have but to trace the *origines* of the mammal tribe. Starting with the *Microlestes* of the upper Trias of Würtemberg, we come upon a nest of mammalian jaws in the Stonesfield slate, *i.e.*, at the bottom of the Oolite. Some of these are undoubtedly Marsupial, others are presumably Insectivorous, and belong to the placental group. Then we have no more mammals, till the Purbeck beds (upper oolite) yield us more Insectivores. Then comes another long pause, and at last, with the Tertiaries, we are at once inundated with a host of mammals, beginning in the lower Eocene with remains

of *Quadrumanæ*,—the highest member of the group, with the sole exception of man. Surely the teaching of the rocks, in the present state of our knowledge, seems rather to point to something like a theory of *representation* than to progressive development. In the Palæozoic age fish all but monopolize the domain of vertebrate life. In the Mesozoic period reptile life is in the ascendant, assuming forms that make it alike the denizen of earth, air, and sea, and so, as it were, discharge the function of beast, bird, and fish: while in the Tertiary age the true balance of vertebrate life is first adjusted. The sequel of the chapter, however, which states temperately and clearly the favourite modern hypothesis of vital development, betrays the reason why Mr. Page is disturbed by none of these breaks of continuity in his scheme of geological life-succession. The geological argument is to be used as a main prop to support the development theory. One cannot but regret that so philosophical a geologist should have suffered himself thus unconsciously to follow the fatal, insidious, and now, alas! common propensity to theorize, when he should be patiently collecting and digesting facts.

Nor can we agree with him in his righteous indignation at the "senseless and unworthy outcry which has been raised against these hypotheses of vital development." "Investigators," he tells us, "perceive that certain plans pervade the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and that the whole is inseparably associated in one vital scheme. . . . They learn from geology that it has taken a certain order of ascent in time, from lower to higher forms" (p. 247). But do we learn this from geology? Does the testimony of the rocks, *as they are*,—for we have nothing to do with filling up the gaps in the order conjecturally, we cannot admit that further investigation would *probably* supply the missing links,—does the testimony of the rocks lead the unbiassed mind to this conclusion? We venture to say, No. And this is the weak point in the development theory. It *may* be true; it is very ingenious; it is an exceedingly beautiful speculation. But its evidence is utterly fragmentary, and its postulates are extortionate. This strikes one most forcibly and painfully when our author applies the theory to the future prospects of the human race. "Physiology," he says, "can prove a tendency to variations in existing genera and species, and if such a tendency can be demonstrated, no matter how slight and slow, the widest subsequent divergence, even to the extent of new families and orders, is only a question of time and continuation" (p. 258). But while this tendency to variation is a truth of physiology, is it not also true that there is an equal,—nay, overpowering,—tendency in the variety to return to the original type? And what particle of evidence is there of varieties ever having in fact drifted into new species, genera, or orders, either within the scope of

history or as fairly deducible from the geologic record as it exists. But, he tells us, it is vain to argue against it from the silence of history, for history after all goes back but a short way, and scientific observation goes back little more than half a century. If it is vain to argue against it, surely it is unphilosophical to argue for it, unsupported by any attestation of man's observation; surely the argument is two-edged, and will not bear grasping. He proceeds,—

"But if the introduction of new genera and species cannot be positively proven, we know that numerous forms have disappeared from certain localities, and that several (the *dinornis*, *dodo*, &c.), within a comparatively recent period, have become altogether extinct. As extinction and creation ever went side by side in the past, so the fair presumption is that extinction is attended by a similar creation in the present."

Is there, we reply, any single instance authenticated, or even suspected, of such new creation, or of the appearance of anything like a new species among the existing forms of life, except we so describe the varieties which man by artificial culture and breeding has produced, which are outside of the domain of nature altogether? Truly it is lamentable that science should have come to this. It is all hypothesis,—all presumption. Cicero tells us that the Academies were content to have reached *quod probabile*; but we also read, on respectable authority, *παραπλήσιον φαίνεται μαθηματικῷ τε πιθανολογοῦντος ἀποδέχισθαι καὶ ῥητορικὸν ἀποδείξεις ἀπαιτεῖν*.^{*} "Tis as bad to require demonstration from the rhetorician, as to allow the mathematician—(may we not add, the scientific man?)—to talk probabilities." This is nothing better than the "romance of science." The only criticism one can make on it is, "*c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la science*."

It is indeed to be regretted that Mr. Page did not rule his propensity to speculate, by the wise maxim he laid down in the outset (p. 43),—"Our object in these sketches is rather to explain what is known, than to discuss what is questionable." It is a pity he ever "rose upon a wind of prophecy," and thought of asking, "What of the future?" What is the future to us? Our business is with the past and its teachings,—

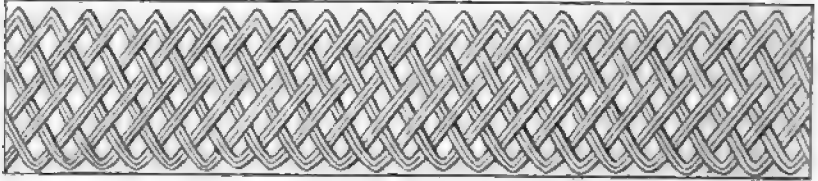
τὸ δὲ προκλύειν,
ἐπεὶ γένοιτ' ἂν ἡλυσίς, προχαιρέτω
ἵσον δὲ τῷ προστένειν.

We wish, indeed, he could be induced to make an absolute excision of at least his last chapter, if not of the last two, in his next editions, for they are, in our opinion, the one serious blot on perhaps the most lucid, attractive, and readable scientific book it has ever been our good fortune to fall in with.

J. MITCHINSON.

^{*} Arist., "Eth. Nic.," i., § 3.

[†] Esch., "Ag.," 251.



THE ZEND-AVESTA.

Avesta: die Heiligen Schriften der Parsen. Aus dem Grundtexte übersetzt mit steter Rücksicht auf die Tradition. Von Dr. FRIEDRICH SPIEGEL. 3 Bände, 8vo. Leipzig. 1852—1863.

Zoroastriische Studien. Abhandlungen zur Mythologie und Sagen Geschichte des alten Iran. Von FR. WINDISCHMANN. Nach dem Tode des Verfassers herausgegeben von FR. SPIEGEL. 8vo. Berlin. 1833.

Die Gölths des Zarathustra. Übersetzt und erläutert. Von MARTIN HAUG. 8vo. Leipzig. 1853—1860.

Avesta: the Religious Books of the Parsees. From Professor Spiegel's German Translation of the Original MSS. By ARTHUR HENRY BLEZCK, Author of a Persian Grammar. Printed for Muncherjee Hormusjee Cama, by S. AUSTIN. Hertford. 1864.

Zendavesta; or, the Religious Books of the Zoroastrians. Edited and Translated, with a Dictionary, Grammar, &c., by N. L. WESTERGAARD, &c. Vol. I., "The Zend Texts." Folio. Copenhagen. 1852—1854.

The Pārsi Religion as contained in the Zand-Avasta, and Propounded and Defended by the Zoroastrians of India and Persia, unfolded, refuted, and contrasted with Christianity. By JOHN WILSON, D.D., M.R.A.S., Missionary of the Church of Scotland, Bombay. 8vo. Bombay. 1843.

EXTREMES, according to an old adage, usually meet. And there are few things in which the contrast is stronger than between the extreme scepticism of a certain school in regard to all the contents of the Bible, and its easy faith in some other departments of literature. There is generally floating about the world some detached or semi-detached question, on which this ready faith is exhibited. At one time, the severe critics, who refused to acknowledge Moses as the author of the Pentateuch—which they would relegate to the time of the Captivity,—would swallow Ossian quite whole, and believe that thousands of lines had been correctly transmitted by oral tradition for thirteen centuries.

This rejection of the strongest evidence is quite compatible with

the acceptance of the weakest ; and we are always prepared to expect any evidence, however weak, to be admitted, provided its tendency is adverse to the Bible, or capable of affording some argumentative capital to those who rejoice to impugn the truth of Scripture history.

Ossian had his day as the symbol of the credulity of this school, but he is rather out of fashion at present ; and even the Sybilline oracles, which appeared likely to put in a claim for a hearing, have almost universally been nonsuited.

The *cheval de bataille* at present is the Zend-Avesta ; and on the whole, we ought to be much obliged to this school of critics for asserting the claims of so interesting a work, which really repays the time and trouble expended on its examination, by disclosing views of great importance in the history of religious belief in different nations of the world.

The particular point on which the Zend-Avesta is considered as very damaging to the evidence for Scripture truth, is chiefly the Jewish angelology. It happens that the attendant spirits on the Supreme Being, or rather on the noblest of the two Supreme Beings, are represented as six. We have only to add Ahura-Mazda, the Principle of Light, to his six Amshaspands, and it becomes at once *lucè clarius*, that the seven spirits of God, of whom Scripture speaks, must have been borrowed from the Zend-Avesta, and the Persian angelology imported wholesale into Judæa about the time of the Captivity.

This is at present one of the strongholds of those who deny the authenticity and dispute the historical truth of the Hebrew Scriptures. The circumstance that so much capital is extracted from the materials thus brought into our stock of knowledge by the laborious researches of Zend scholars such as Rask, Burnouf, Lassen, Haug, Spiegel, and Westergaard, &c., has induced many Christian students to examine the question with great care ; and the present account of the Zend-Avesta is due to the circumstance that the writer found it absolutely necessary to enter very closely into the investigation of this remarkable work in order to ascertain the truth of certain arguments against Scripture.

The Zend-Avesta itself, though now it commands more credit than it will probably enjoy some years hence, was treated, on its first appearance in Europe in a complete form, with an undue degree of scepticism. Sir W. Jones, and Richardson, the author of the Persian Dictionary, would hardly allow that it was anything but an imposture. Now, men are claiming for it an antiquity which will, we doubt not, disappear before more critical inquiries and better knowledge. We mean, its antiquity as it stands at present ; for we believe parts of it to be very ancient. We have, however, we think, arrived at a period in

the study of the Zend texts at which, although we are still far from having attained the position of comparative certainty and sure footing which may possibly be arrived at in a few years, we have made considerable advances towards it. A kind of *résumé*, therefore, of the present state of our acquaintance with this very remarkable department of knowledge may have some interest at this time.

We are not aware of any really good and sufficient account of the later researches into the Zend-Avesta which is easily accessible to English students. The best summary which we know of the information which has been obtained on the ancient religion of Zoroaster, and its representation in the Zend-Avesta, is the chapter in the third volume of Professor Rawlinson's "History of the Five Great Monarchies." But as this is naturally occupied with results rather than with the evidence on which they rest, we consider that there is room for another account, which shall look to this latter point, as well as gather up some of the results, which appear so firmly fixed as to be in no danger from future researches.

It may, perhaps, be interesting to cast a glance upon the knowledge of the religion of Zoroaster which was floating about in the learned world until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the Zend-Avesta was brought to Europe, and translated, by the exertions of Anquetil du Perron. The chief authorities on the subject were Hyde's "Religio Veterum Persarum," and Beausobre's "Histoire Critique de Maniché," &c. The real knowledge of Zoroastrianism in its ancient condition, to be derived from these sources, is by no means great. Dr. Hyde was a man of vast learning, but his judgment was hardly equal to his learning. His materials were almost entirely modern, consisting of treatises in Persian; while his knowledge of the actual practice and doctrines of the religion of Zoroaster was derived chiefly from the *Sad-der*, a summary of them drawn up by a *destur*, or priest of the sect, for the use of the unlearned, about two hundred years before the time of Hyde, *i. e.*, somewhere about the fifteenth century. When we compare the results, as delivered in this summary, with the general results of polytheistic heathendom, they redound much to the credit of the followers of Zoroaster. But Hyde views all in too favourable a light—it is too much *couleur de rose* with him! His learning, however, and his diligence will make his book, "De Religione Veterum Persarum," always valuable as a book of reference.

On the personal history of Zoroaster he is very obscure. He considers him a contemporary of Darius Hystaspis, which now can hardly be maintained. And his account of the doctrines of the Magian religion appeared so obscure to Beausobre, that he speaks of it in the following terms:—

"I should be desirous here to develop the true system of Zoroaster, but the extracts which M. Hyde has given from his Arabic [and Persian] authors are so obscure, and so embarrassed with ideas which appear contradictory, that I can hardly flatter myself that I have caught their import. Some principles are clear enough, but the rest is a riddle which must be guessed."—(P. 175.)

The purpose of Beausobre was, of course, to deduce from the Zoroastrian doctrines anything which might illustrate the views of Manes and the Manicheans; and it was not difficult to find points on which a certain agreement could be found, more especially as both maintained the dualistic principle. Whilst the knowledge of Zoroaster was in this state of obscurity, a young Frenchman was suddenly inspired with an irrepressible desire to go into the East for the purpose of acquiring Zend manuscripts, and obtaining some certain key to their interpretation. To this young man, Hyacinthe Anquetil du Perron, we owe a great debt of gratitude, which ought not to suffer any diminution from the circumstance that he appears to have been a person of inordinate vanity, and hardly worthy of the confidence and kindness which he met with from many distinguished men—a confidence which he repaid by holding them up to ridicule. But, waiving all this for the present, we simply concern ourselves with the result of his labours. Mr. Bleek, indeed, the translator of the Zend-Avesta into English from the German of Spiegel, thinks it worth while to observe that—

"He published his translation of the Avesta with as triumphant an air as if he had discovered two or three new worlds; and at the same time he filled nearly a quarto volume with his own adventures (written in a bad style, and for the most part excessively uninteresting), even inserting puerile anecdotes bearing upon his personal appearance, and hinting that he was a very handsome fellow, especially before '*son teint rose*' had been spoiled by an Indian sun."—*Bleek, Introduction*, p. 14.

Mr. Bleek goes on to mention that his slighting notice of the University of Oxford led Sir W. Jones to write against him in French, as it was, says Sir William, "the *only* language of which M. A—— du P—— understood *a little*;" and he further declares that the work is so damaged by M. A. du P.'s bad translation, that he hardly wonders that Sir W. Jones should have argued against the genuineness of the original work. This, we think, is rather hard measure on the first translator of a very difficult book, in a language till then almost unknown. At all events, the young Frenchman, after years of toil and labour, brought back a large number of MSS., and published the first translation of the Zend-Avesta into any European language. It was no small undertaking, and it is no small praise to have carried it through very great difficulties to a successful ter-

mination. But as his translation, and even the revision of the work by Kleuker, belong to a condition of our knowledge in these matters which has passed away, it is needless to enter into any detailed account of them. A new period in these studies arose when Eugène Burnouf applied his philological and linguistic powers to the elucidation of the language and the matter of the Avesta.

But before we examine the present state of our knowledge on this subject, it is only right to pay a tribute of respect to an English missionary, who in the early part of the seventeenth century became acquainted in the East with the original work, the Avesta, and published in English a very brief summary of its contents. This was Henry Lord, a chaplain to "The Honourable Company of Merchants Trading to the East Indies," who in 1630 published both an account of the Brahmins and also of the Parsees. The very title of his work, which was dedicated to Archbishop Abbot, is quaint and interesting. The second part of it, which relates to the Parsees, has this title-page,—"*The Religion of the Persees. As it was compiled from a book of theirs, containing the Form of their Worshipp, written in the Persian Character, and by them called their Zundavastaw. Wherein is shewed the Superstitious Ceremonies used amongst them. More especially their Idolatrous worshipp of Fire.*"

This chaplain to the East India Company in the early days of our trade with the East, deserves honourable mention whenever these subjects are discussed, in connection either with missionary efforts or with the literary history of the Eastern religions. But it would be a waste of time and space to enumerate the results of so imperfect an investigation. We therefore pass on to the present condition of the Avesta studies.

Mr. Bleeck's Introduction is here very useful. After mentioning that Anquetil returned from the East in 1762, and published his translation in 1771, and that Kleuker's was published in 1781, he thus proceeds:—

"For many years after this, the study of Zend made scarcely any progress. Erskine and some other scholars regarded it as merely a corruption of Sanscrit; and this opinion was pretty generally received until Professor Rask completely overturned it, and proved that Zend, though allied to Sanscrit, was a distinct language; and, further, that modern Persian was derived from Zend, as Italian is from Latin."

Mr. Bleeck then calls attention to the most valuable works of great philologists on this subject, assigning to Burnouf the merit of being the real founder of Zend philology by two works on the subject (his "*Commentaire sur le Yaçna*," and his "*Etudes sur la Langue et*

les Textes Zends"). He afterwards enumerates some of the later contributions to the literature of the Avesta.*

These labours, however, are for scholars only; and that, too, for scholars who can devote their time to studies which do not pay in a worldly sense. We must now turn to those who have made the results thus obtained available to the world at large, and we have here to record the labours of two very eminent scholars—Haug and Spiegel. Unhappily, however, they are very much at variance with each other, and Bleeck thinks it necessary to protest against the severity with which Haug has written against his rival scholar. Professor Rawlinson, Mr. Fuller, and others, appear to prefer Haug; but one of the most competent Oriental scholars of our acquaintance has spoken to us, from personal knowledge of the two men, of Spiegel as the man in whose results he should place the most confidence. Haug has had the advantage of living among the Parsees in Bombay, and this may confer some familiarity with existing practices and traditions which may not be possessed by Spiegel; but the lifelong study of the Zend texts, and the critical acquaintance of Spiegel with the Huzvaresh and other auxiliary languages, supply him also with many claims to our confidence, not easily to be set aside. There is another work, which although a book of controversy rather than of literary investigation, is of very great use in the consideration of the questions connected with the Zend-Avesta. We mean Dr. John Wilson's volume, entitled, "*The Parsi Religion as contained in the Zand-Avasta, &c., Unfolded, Refuted, and Contrasted with Christianity*," published at Bombay in 1840. The author was at that time a missionary of the Scottish Church, residing at Bombay, and an excellent Oriental scholar. Of him Professor Westergaard speaks in the highest terms, acknowledging the assistance he derived from him, and stating that he holds a prominent place among Oriental philologists, and has signally contributed to the furtherance of our acquaintance with the Zoroastrian lore.

These preliminary notices, however, though necessary to illustrate the present position of Zend studies, do not touch the main question, the matter of real interest. That is, and ever must be, What are the doctrines and the nature of this book, and what is the evidence on which it is asserted to be the genuine representative of the ancient faith of Zoroaster and his disciples? These are questions of very grave import, and deserving of the calmest and most searching inquiry. And these are the questions to which we now wish to direct attention.

* He specifies particularly Burnouf's "*Vendidad-Sadé*," 1829—1843; Brockhaus's edition of the same in Roman letters, with a Glossary; and Professor Westergaard's complete edition of the Avesta. This latter work has a most valuable English preface, and the editor proposes to complete the work by a translation of the Avesta.

We have already indicated the time and mode in which this book became known to Europe. But the great question after all is, What is its age? when was it composed? To these inquiries, perhaps, it is impossible at present to reply with the confidence with which we should desire to speak on a question of such very deep interest and importance; but certain facts must always be borne in mind when we attempt to investigate it. We will first describe the nature and the contents of the book itself.

The name, *Zend-Avesta*, by which it is commonly known, is incorrect. Professor Spiegel, as well as Professor Westergaard, state that the proper meaning of the word *Zend* is, commentary or translation. And accordingly we should rather use the simple term *Avesta*, or rather *Apasta* (Westergaard), which more nearly corresponds with *Apistak*, the Pehlavi form of the word, meaning text or scripture.

The reader who looks into a translation of this book into German or English, will find a number of names entirely strange to him, and not recognised in any other work. The easiest and most convenient mode of acquiring a general view of the contents of the volume would be by means of Bleek's English translation, and from that we will just indicate the chief divisions of the work.

On first examining the volume we find it divided into three principal books. These are—1. The *Vendidad*; 2. The *Vispered*; 3. The *Khordah-Avesta*, or *Little Avesta*. We ought rather to make four principal divisions, as *Yaçna* is equally entitled with *Vispered* to this rank, or rather stands on a higher footing.

The whole work professes to be an arrangement of devotional offices for the priests of the Zoroastrian religion, called technically by them the *Mazdayaṇian* faith, or faith of the worshippers of *Ahura-Mazda* (= *Ormuzd*). The whole was to be recited daily by the priests—a task even beyond the burden imposed on Roman Catholic priests in regard to the *Breviary*.

"The *Vispered* and the *Yaçna*," says Bleek, "constitute what may be called the *Mazdayaṇian Liturgy*. The former, which is very short, must not be regarded as a distinct book, as it consists merely of liturgical additions to the *Yaçna*, and can never be recited alone." The sacred texts are arranged (see Spiegel, "Einleitung" to the *Vispered*, p. lxxv.) in such a manner that the *Vispered* is recited between the first and the fifty-third *Yaçnas*, while the *Vendidad* falls between the twenty-eighth and fifty-third; both the *Vendidad* and the *Vispered* being broken into several divisions, which fall between different *Yaçnas*. The *Khordah-Avesta* is not included in this arrangement, being chiefly intended for the laity—a portion of the prayers which it contains being even in the Parsee language.

The *Vendidad* is divided into chapters called *Fargards*.

The *Yagna* contains the *Gāthās*, which are written, it is said, in a more ancient dialect than the rest of the Avesta.

The *Khordah-Avesta* contains several sections called *Yashts*, or invocations; and at the end, a number of prayers, called *Patets*, written in Parsee.

This is sufficient to describe the general outline of the book and its divisions; we may afterwards refer to some of its minor divisions. The *Vendidad*—so called from *Vidaeva-data*, the law against the *daevas*, or evil spirits—contains geographical and quasi-historical details, as well as the regulations about purification, &c. The *Yagna* and the *Vispered* are more strictly devotional, while the *Khordah-Avesta* partakes both of the devotional and mythological character.

Such is the nature and such are the contents of this remarkable book, when viewed at a general glance. It will be more convenient to state its doctrines, and the nature of its teaching, when we have traced its history as far as it is known to us. We are anxious to make our statements with all the fairness which ought to characterize an inquiry into a work of so much importance. That, having formed a very strong opinion against the very early dates, and against the highly coloured pictures of the purity of the Mazdayasnian religion, we desire to lay before the reading and thinking portion of our countrymen the conclusions at which we have arrived, and the grounds on which we maintain them, is chiefly owing to the injudicious eulogies bestowed upon it by its modern advocates. The existence of the religion itself, and the preservation of its doctrines as embodied in the Avesta, are phenomena remarkable enough to command our attention, without setting up the Avesta as a rival to the Bible, which is simply ridiculous.

The religion of the ancient Persians has always been popularly considered that of the fire-worshippers, and to one Zoroaster has been assigned, for the most part, the foundation of this religion. But who he was, and when he lived, is involved in the darkest obscurity. He has not been fortunate enough, in this general obscurity, to escape considerable mutilation and confusion in regard to his very name. The Zoroaster of Plato and Aristotle is the *Zertusht*, *Zerdoosht*, *Zeratusht*, &c., of the Persians; and after being known by all these names, he comes forth in his own book, or rather the book which professes to deliver his doctrine, as *Zarathustra*. Whether there were two or more Zoroasters, or whether this *πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφή μία* was really only one individual, is a matter of considerable dispute even now; and some are inclined to believe that *Zarathustra* is the name of an order and not of an individual. We believe that, upon the whole, the most consistent supposition is, that at a comparatively remote

period there was a great leader of the national faith whose name was Zarathustra; and that while much in the later religion is due to him, much also which is the accretion of centuries has also been attributed to him without any real foundation in truth. But we are still open to any new light and any new combination of older materials, which may serve to illustrate this view. The prevailing notion is that Bactria was the home of this religion, in which case we should expect that Zarathustra was very probably a native of that land. But at all events, we think Hyde's opinion that he was a contemporary of Darius Hystaspis wholly untenable.

Great uncertainty, therefore, appears to prevail as to the person of Zarathustra, nor does it seem likely to be entirely set aside.

The history of the Avesta itself is also full of difficulties. But they cannot be fully unfolded without a reference to some of the leading facts in the history of Persia.

On the defeat of Darius at Arbela, the Achæmenian dynasty passed away, and with it the supremacy of Persia in the East. This was in the year 331 B.C., and from that day to the accession of the Sassanide dynasty under Ardeshir Babegan in A.D. 226, the history of Persia is a mere blank. Indeed all *Persian* literature is posterior even to the fall of this dynasty, which took place in the middle of the seventh century of our era, Yezdegird III. having lost the crown A.D. 641, and having been murdered A.D. 651, when the power of Persia fell into the hands of the Mohammedan conquerors. All Persian literature being subsequent to this conquest, and all religions hostile to Mohammed being oppressed, and that of Zarathustra all but annihilated, and the Parsees driven away and "confined to the oasis of Yezd,"—we see how slender evidence the very land of Zarathustra's own religion can give to the genuineness of the books attributed, at least in part, to him. We find, therefore, that for five centuries (331 B.C. to A.D. 226) the history of Persia is a blank. We hear occasionally in the Roman writers of Parthian rebellions, but Persia was unknown to the Romans as a power of this world. But further than this, *its literature is a blank* for four centuries more; so that for 900 years and more we have no trace of the existence of these books, and all that we can know of their history and preservation is from authorities *posterior* to the sixth century of our era. These are simple elementary facts in the investigation of the questions connected with the Avesta, of which we must never lose sight. The book is a book of very great value and interest when rightly viewed and judiciously used, but "it has," as Dr. Pusey justly observes, "*no history.*" The Greeks persecuted the sect of the Magians and the fire-worshippers, but their persecution was mild and faint compared with that of the Mohammedans in the seventh century.

These considerations at once place the volume in such a position that no internal evidence, resting only on linguistic induction, is sufficient to rehabilitate the book as a whole, or even to warrant any part of it as a genuine treatise of the great antiquity which is sometimes ascribed to it. We think that, even if the inferences which Professor Rawlinson draws from the geographical notices of the first Fargard could be entirely relied upon, they would hardly warrant more than that this Fargard was the representative of very ancient traditions, and that it is hardly consistent with strict views of evidence to assign an antiquity of 1,100 years previous to our first evidence of the document as committed to writing, even to this small portion of the Avesta. The caution and judgment which commonly characterize this work of Professor Rawlinson render us the more jealous of any support given in it to evidence of a weaker character. It appears from his statement that he leans very much to Haug's views, and here the professor seems to follow his authority. But Haug is not always happy in his historical deductions from philology, and Professor Rawlinson is obliged to point out the inconsequence of one of those very deductions which repose on this evidence. We confess that we can feel but little confidence in history based, not upon recorded facts, but upon philological deductions, and inferences from slight geographical notices. We will give an instance of the class of deduction which we consider to rest upon an insecure basis. Professor Rawlinson maintains that Zoroastrianism was not originally dualistic, but he admits that in some of the earlier portions of the Avesta the dualistic principle clearly appears. Thus he observes,—

“In the first Fargard or chapter of the Vendidad—the historical chapter, in which are traced the early movements of the Iranian peoples, and which, —from the geographical point whereat it stops, must belong to a time when the Arians had not reached Media Magna—the dualistic belief clearly shows itself.”—(P. 107.)

This is further explained by a note to the purport “that the Iranian settlements enumerated in the document extend no further westward than Rhages, or at the utmost to Media Atropatênc, which *may* be indicated by the Varena of § 18;” and from this the author draws the conclusion that the document “must be anterior to the time of the first Shalmaneser (859—824 B.C.), who found Medes and Persians beyond the Zagros range.”—(P. 107.)

It will be seen at once that this deduction from the omission of all regions lying more westward, presupposes, not only that we know the intention of the author in this Fargard, but that his intention was positively to mention all the countries then peopled by the Arian race—which is, after all, rather a gratuitous assumption. It is a weak argument to rest upon, in attributing to this work an antiquity

of about a thousand years before the time at which it is known to have been committed to writing,—and that thousand years a season in which the history of the country is a blank for at least five centuries! The Avesta, it is now generally admitted by the best authorities, was not collected together and committed to writing until the time of the Sassanide dynasty, *i. e.*, after A.D. 226. We have *no trace* of the existence of these writings during this long period, and we must be content to receive them with all their imperfections, as the remains of a faith which had survived this dark period with a vitality which may well excite our wonder! How these writings had been composed, how long they had assumed in any degree their present form, are questions, with many other similar ones, which we must be content to ask of history without hoping for a full answer. And we believe that it is quite premature to attempt any history of Zoroastrianism previous to its appearance in its present form in the Avesta. Whether some shadowy skeleton outlines of its history may be elicited by philosophical and philological inquiries, we cannot say; but we have seen nothing as yet which proceeds from any satisfactory data to establish any propositions in which we can place real confidence. Haug considers it to have been originally monotheistic, but the supposition is quite gratuitous. In the Gâthâs—the oldest portion of the Avesta, it is decidedly dualistic; and the first Fargard of the Vendidad, for which we have just seen that an antiquity of from nine to twelve hundred years B.C. is claimed, rests entirely upon the dualistic principle. Ahura-Mazda creates a beautiful region, which Angro-Manyus (= Ahriman) immediately spoils; on which Ormuzd creates another, which Ahriman spoils again; and so through sixteen regions it is a simple game of chess, move and countermove, between these two powers. We confess that it surprises us when we see the very remote antiquity attributed to this Fargard, or chapter, and then hear that it represents only the second stage of this religion. And all this inference in regard to a book the text of which can be traced no higher than to the third century after Christ. We desire to place the matter in a fair point of view, and to use nothing but the fairest arguments, but men seem really to indulge in such licence of speculation, and then to argue on inferences as if they were historical facts with such freedom, that it is necessary to recall attention to the slender evidence we possess in regard to the early condition of this faith, and the countries in which it was professed. Dr. Pusey entirely repudiates this inference—for it is only an inference, without any positive evidence—even more distinctly, for he observes,—

“The original purity of Zoroastrianism is a theory of Haug’s, contrary to the facts, in regard to Monotheism, since the Gâthâs are distinctly dualistic, and

in regard to inferior gods, since those borrowed from Vedism must always have belonged to it."—(P. 512, *note*.)

In another passage also he says,—

"The Zend religion is anything but an original religion. It broke off at some unknown time from the religion of the Vedas in mutual and deadly hatred, which burst out into war, simultaneously with a change from the nomad to the agricultural life."—(P. 528.)

We think that here Dr. Pusey has rather stretched the evidence before us in the inferences which he draws from it. The fact that the Vedic word *Deva* for the gods, is used by the Parsees for *evil* spirits, will hardly warrant so large and definite an inference. We ought, in fact, to be more content than we are to acknowledge the lack of means for forming any history of the earliest condition of Zoroastrianism. All that can be done is to offer some conjectures as to probabilities, but it ought only to be done with the greatest caution, and with a distinct intimation that it is only as a deduction from very imperfect and unsatisfactory data.* When this is done, and the evidence fairly stated, no one will be misled into taking that which is only conjecture for history.

In the English preface to Professor Westergaard's edition of the Avesta the subject is treated with great clearness and candour. The conclusion to which this eminent Zend scholar has come is, that the collection of the ancient writings is due to the time of the Sassanides (from the third to the seventh century A.D.); and that probably they may have been collected, as tradition asserts, by the first king of this dynasty. From the fragmentary nature of these remains Professor Westergaard thinks that they were honestly and carefully collected, and that they represent the genuine works as existing at that time among the Parsees. He says, very justly, "But the question arises, How had the antique texts been preserved during the many centuries that had elapsed from their original composition down to this time? Hereon history is silent" (p. 18). And this is really the weak point of the whole matter. But Professor Westergaard honestly admits that in five centuries much might have been lost, and that, in fact, tradition confesses that "most of the ancient texts were lost." The Parsee tradition asserts that Alexander the Great destroyed all their books, but this tradition, the record of which must be subsequent to 226 A.D., is of little value, except to show that they think it necessary to apologize for having no books of very great antiquity. Professor Wester-

* We are told, indeed (see Heeren, "Indians," pp. 134-5, English translation), "that the worship," in the Veda, "concerns a religious system, which, according to the unanimous opinion of all those who have studied the subject, has for its foundation the belief in one God." But at the same time, the powers of nature were all deified and worshipped !!

gaard argues, from the silence of the ancient texts as to Media and Persia, &c., that we have some grounds for attributing these remains, at least in their substance, to a period anterior to the Achæmenian dynasty, and perhaps anterior even to Dejoces. He subsequently admits, that in the course of centuries previous to the collection of these "remnants," the Zoroastrian faith had undergone essential modifications; that at that time on many points it differed materially from the original as represented in the texts collected, and contained the germs of sects that soon sprang up; and from these circumstances he argues the fidelity of the Moveds in making this collection. *Valeat quantum* is the only remark we would venture on this argument.

We think it needless to press these points further at present, but we cannot forbear pointing out their great weight in the estimation of the Avesta fragments, and the faith they teach. In the Bible we have a regular series of writers, from an early period to the fourth century before Christ, when Zoroastrianism was entering on a phase of obscurity for five centuries. In the interval between the close of the Hebrew canon and the birth of our Saviour, these writings were translated into Greek. The Zoroastrian writings are not known to have been committed to writing till near three hundred years after these had all been translated into Greek. That simple contrast expresses the difference between the two, and yet those who contest every date of the Bible are willing to give almost unlimited antiquity to the Avesta.

Let us now come to the language in which it is written. This is said to be Bactrian, as that country is the home of the religion; but how far this may be proved is doubtful. The language is allied to the Sanscrit, but it is also said the modern Persian is derived from it, as the Italian from the Latin. It is not identical with the Persian of the cuneiform inscriptions (*c. g.*, the Behistun inscription of Darius Hystaspis), but whether its difference in dialect is due to a difference of age or locality, is not absolutely determined. On this point, therefore, we do not wish to dilate; but we may observe that the argument for the antiquity of the whole work, derived from the supposed impossibility that the Parsees, from the time of Alexander to that of Ardeshir, could compose anything in it, loses much of its weight from the fact that the history of these ages in regard to Persia is a mere blank. Having, therefore, as we think, fairly stated the condition in which, and the evidence on which, we receive the Avesta, we proceed to make some extracts from the book itself, and to give some account of its contents.*

* The following synoptical view may assist those who are not familiar with the Avesta, in understanding its arrangement:—

It has already been stated, that the work consists of three principal divisions, if we reckon the Vispered and the Yagna together as one division. (See above.) Of these three, only the Vendidad, the Vispered, and Yagna, are intended for the priesthood; the Khordah-Avesta (Little Avesta) is intended for the laity.

The Vendidad contains twenty-two chapters, called Fargards. Its chief subject is the mode of atoning for certain transgressions, and removing the legal impurities acquired by certain actions, such as touching a dead body, &c. The instruction, for the most part, is conveyed in a dialogue between Zarathustra and Ahura-Mazda. We have all, in a popular manner, been familiar with the names of Ormuzd and Ahriman as represented in the Manichean system, where Ormuzd is the principle of light, Ahriman that of darkness. Here we are introduced to the same two principles in an earlier stage of their existence, and we find their names in an earlier stage of development. Ahura-Mazda is variously translated "wise spirit," "very wise Lord;" and Ahriman becomes known to us as Airo-Manyus.

These two powers are constantly opposed, although they are the twin children of Zervana-akarana,* *time-without-bounds*. Ahura-Mazda creates beautiful localities, and Airo-Manyus spoils them, as we have before observed, with the regularity of move and countermove at chess. Mr. Bleeck observes, that the first and second Fargards do not appear originally to have belonged to the Vendidad, the proper object of which is to impart legal ordinances against uncleanness, and to give rules for purification.

I. VENPIDAD-SADAH. [For the priests.]

- i. *Vendidad*, twenty-two *Fargards* or chapters; laws of purification, &c.
- ii. 1. *Vispered*, prayers.

2. *Yagna* (called also *Izshne* and *Yama*), including the five prayers, *Gdhd*, another prayer, and the *Crosh-Yasht*. (*Yasht* = invocation.)

II. KHORDAH-AVESTA (Little Avesta). [For the laity.]

This comprises,—

1. Certain prayers (such as the usual short prayer, *Ashem-Vohu*), together with rubrical directions in Parsee.
2. Certain prayers called *Nyayis*, or exhortations to prayer.
3. The *Gdhs*, or prayers for certain hours of the day; also other prayers.
4. The *Yashts*, or invocations.
5. Other prayers called *Afrins* and *Afrigāns*, of which the Afrigān Gahanbār is the most important; Gahanbār being the name for the six holy seasons—festivals in commemoration of the creation.
6. *Sirozah*, or arrangement of the names of the thirty days of the month, with the genius who presides over each.
7. The *Patets*, or prayers in Parsee; and other prayers also.

* This word, like all the names in Zend, Pehlevi, &c., is spelt in so many different ways in English letters, that it must feel its consciousness of its own identity very much shaken!

The methods of purification are somewhat singular. Earth and cow's urine are the chief elements, to the cleansing effects of which the Vendidad is considerate enough to add water—which recommends itself as the most efficacious of the three, to unsophisticated natures. Certain crimes are punishable with blows from a horse-goad, and from an instrument called the *craosha-charana*, the nature of which is not precisely known. There is great minuteness in the regulations laid down, both as to the occasions of the contraction of uncleanness, and also as to the mode of purification. The *barsom*, or *bereçma*, consisting of a few twigs of certain trees (either palm trees, pomegranates, or tamarisks), is also a very holy instrument in the purification of the unclean.

The dog, contrary to his usual reputation in the East, is considered very holy. This may be owing to the value of dogs in a pasture country; and it seems that the early days of the Zoroastrian people belonged to such a land. This is the cause generally assigned for the great honour done to dogs, but we hardly consider it sufficient to account for the fact. In some of the Fargards there are regulations as to the treatment of a dog whose *accouchement* has taken place in or near to the property of some Mazdayačnian. These regulations would do credit to any Board of Guardians in the kingdom. The owner of the nearest shed, or of the stable in which the propitious event takes place, is bound to maintain this lady and her litter until the puppies are able to shift for themselves.

Another remarkable portion of the Vendidad is that which gives directions for the expulsion of one of the Dævas—or rather, to speak more particularly, an evil spirit called the Drukhs Naçus—from the body of one of the faithful. This Drukhs, rushing to dead men from the North in the form of a fly, especially when death befalls a man in company with others, defiles the survivors, or two of them, by settling upon one. The circumstances under which this Drukhs Naçus victimizes a faithful Mazdayačnian are detailed in the Seventh Fargard, and in the Eighth the embarrassment caused to this troublesome intruder by the purification of the body, first by cow's urine and then by pure water, is detailed at great length. This agreeable visitor, it appears, as soon as one part of the body is sprinkled to dislodge him, flies to another; and at length, after exhausting every conceivable subdivision of the limbs, his last resting-place is under the left toe; and the flesh being sprinkled there, he is compelled to return to his dreary quarters in the North. Two of the Fargards of the Vendidad are almost exclusively occupied with the details of the invasion of the Drukhs Naçus, and the means employed to dislodge him. We give a specimen of the treatment of this unhappy but troublesome evil spirit. The Ninth Fargard begins thus:—

"1. Zarathustra asked Ahura-Mazda : 'Ahura-Mazda ! Heavenly, holiest, Creator of the corporeal world, Pure !

"2. 'How shall the men in the corporeal world provide themselves (with a person)

"3. 'Who will purify the body of one who is affected with iniquity, who has come in contact with dead bodies ?'

"4. Then answered Ahura-Mazda, '(They shall look about) for a pure man, O holy Zarathustra,

"5. 'Who speaks true words, and recites the Mánthra (Avesta),

"6. 'Who is best acquainted with the Mazdayacnian law from a purifier.'"

The chapter then proceeds with directions for making the nine holes in the earth used in these purifications, where the *bereçma* (a bundle of twigs) and the juice of the *haöma* perform also a very important part. Cow's urine is then to be poured into an iron or leaden vessel, for the purpose of sprinkling. All these rites being duly performed, the hands of the person to be purified are first washed, and he is then sprinkled in the face, and the Vendidad proceeds to say,—

"49. Then the Drukhs Naçus flies to the space between the eyebrows of this man.

"50. 'Sprinkle this man between the eyebrows.'

"51. Then the Drukhs Naçus flies to the back of his head.

"52. 'Sprinkle the back of his head.'

"53. Then the Drukhs Naçus flies to his chin.

"54. 'Sprinkle his chin,' &c., &c.

And thus the chase of this eccentric little demon continues through considerably more than a page of these dislodgments, until he is obliged to take refuge under the left toes, and we are happy to find that the last aspersion is efficacious, viz. :—

"116. 'Sprinkle the left toes.'

"117. Then is the Drukhs Naçus driven away to the regions of the North in the form of a fly, crying out loudly, 'Unbounded dismemberment for the most hateful *Khrasçtras*.'"

We are unwilling to make use of ridicule in so serious a matter as the appreciation of the religion of a sect so wonderful in its history as that of the Parsees, but in the face of passages like these it does seem rather wonderful that men of learning can be found to maintain that the Bible doctrines were modified—nay, improved—by the importation of ideas from the Avesta, with which the Jews became acquainted during the Captivity. There are minute directions in the Pentateuch—but how different are they from trash like this ! The regulations affecting the leper, his habitation and his garments, appear

* *Khrasçtras* is a word which denotes the corpse of unclean creatures, and a kind of evil spirit, a ghou, connected with them ; but it appears that by death they lose some of their defilement, and defiling power.—(See Spiegel, p. II., pp. xlii. xliii.)

minute, but they are found to be in accordance with the last refinements of modern sanitary science, and even if they were not, bear upon them a stamp of practical good sense combined with their reference to sacerdotal authority (under Divine guidance) in the matter of purification and cure. Can we read the one and the other together, and then believe that the Bible could possibly have anything to learn from the Avesta!

We will grant the comparative purity of the Mazdayasñian morality among the religions of heathendom, but the Avesta is full of the deification of nature, &c., and thus becomes a system of polytheism, and it is full of absurdities, similar, in some degree, to those we have quoted. It must not be supposed that when the Drukhs Naçus has quitted the man his purification is quite accomplished. He has to undergo fifteen rubbings with earth in the holes, and sundry ablutions; and these agreeable recreations are closed by three washings of the naked body with the pleasant compound of fluids before-mentioned.

Methods of purification, founded on some of those of the Avesta, though not quite identical with them, are still in use among the Parsees, but it would be foreign to our purpose to describe them. Anquetil du Perron has described some of them, and Spiegel quotes his description in the introduction to the Vispered.

There are, we are quite ready to admit, passages in the Avesta conceived in a much higher spirit, and worthy of considerable attention. The Gâthâs, which are the most ancient part of the Avesta, are of much higher character. We quote the commencement of the Gâthâ Ahunavaiti—the first of the Gâthâs, which occurs at the Twenty-eighth Section of the Yaçna:—

“THE GATHAS.

“1. GATHA AHUNAVAITI.

“(Good is the thought, good the speech, good the work of the pure Zarathustra. May the Amesha-çpentas * accept the Gâthâs! Praise be to you, pure songs!)

- “1. I desire by my prayer with uplifted hands this joy;
First the entirely pure works of the Holy Spirit, Mazda,
(Then) the understanding of Vohû-manô, (and that) which rejoices the
soul of the Bull.
- “2. I draw near to You, O Ahura-Mazda, with goodmindedness.
Give me for both these (worlds), the corporeal as well as the spiritual,
Gifts arising out of purity, which make joyful in brightness.
- “3. I praise you first, O Asha and Vohû-manô,
And Ahura-Mazda, to whom belongs an imperishable kingdom,
May Armaiti, to grant gifts, come hither at my call!”

* This word, “immortal-holies,” is the friend of our youth, “Amshaspandas,” in a new dress. They are the six attendant spirits, with which Ahura-Mazda is sometimes joined, but who at other times attend on him.

This is the beginning of the introductory part, or invocation, in this Gâthâ. Farther on, in the second portion of it, we read these words, in Yagna XXX. :—

- “3. Both these Heavenly Beings the Twins * gave first of themselves to understand
Both the good and the evil, in thoughts, words, and works ;
Rightly do the wise distinguish between them, not so the imprudent.
- “4. When both these Heavenly Beings came together, in order to create at first
Life and perishability, and as the world should be at last ;
The evil for the bad, the Best Spirit for the pure.
- “5. Of these two Heavenly Beings the bad chose the evil, acting (thereafter),
The Holiest Spirit, which prepared the very firm heaven (chose) the pure,
And those who make Ahura contented with manifest actions, believing in Mazda.”

We have selected these two passages, one from the introductory part, and the other from the middle portion of this Gâthâ, to give some notion of the higher utterances found in these very ancient hymns. There is commonly a great vagueness, partly owing, perhaps, to our imperfect knowledge, both of the language and the religious system of the Avesta, but there is a lofty dignity and a moral tone about them, which contrast favourably with the other remains of heathen antiquity. The moral tone of the Avesta is very different from that of ancient heathendom. Throughout the literature of Greece and Rome we trace the marks of that impurity which the language of the Apostle so strongly denounces, while all antiquity conspires to give a melancholy testimony to the truth of his accusations. These vices are unequivocally condemned in the Avesta, and the tone of morality is, in some respects, very high.

We cannot now enter at any length on the theology and the mythology of the Avesta. If we discuss them at all, it must be in a separate article. It would require considerable space, and it could not, even yet, be anything but an account, resting on very imperfect data. Our object in the present notice of the Avesta is rather to present, in the most summary and intelligible form, an account of the nature of this remarkable book—with a clear statement of the evidence on which our belief in its antiquity is founded. It has also been attempted to show how far that evidence can be relied upon, as warranting the antiquity, not only of the traditional religion of the ancient Persians, as developed generally in this book, but the *Avesta itself in its present condition*. These are two very different questions, as will readily be admitted, and the evidence which would be suffi-

* Ahura-Mazda and Angro-Manyus (Ormuzd and Ahriman).

cient to lead us to admit the one, might very easily break down at the first attempt to establish the other.

It is really necessary to speak plainly on this subject. The doctrinal relations of the Avesta with Scripture have been treated with great ability by Dr. Pusey, who shows the ignorant inconsistency of the advocates of the Avesta who elevated it above the Pentateuch. With one of these, Rhode, we find, as Dr. Pusey remarks, that the "*Bundehesh*," a work *subsequent* to the Mohammedan conquest of Persia in the seventh century of our era, is an authority of equal weight with the Pentateuch! And in the Introduction to Mr. Bleek's translation of Spiegel's translation the following observations are made:—

"This is the more to be regretted, because the whole subject of the Mazdayacnian religion deserves more attention than has hitherto been paid to it. A religion which is probably as ancient as Judaism, and *which certainly taught the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments, for centuries before those doctrines were prevalent among the Jews,—a religion which for ages prior to Christianity announced that men must be pure in thought as well as in word and deed, and that sins must be repented of before they could be atoned for,—a religion whose followers were forbidden to kill even animals wantonly, at a time when the ancestors of the French and English nations were accustomed to sacrifice human victims to their sanguinary deities,—such a pure and venerable religion is one which must always command the respect of the civilized world, and of which a Pursee may well be proud.*"

This is the sort of exaggerated praise and language against which it is necessary to protest.

We have before us a book, professing or rather supposed to develop the Mazdayacnian religion, as it existed before the subversion of the Persian Empire, about three hundred years before our era. When we examine into the evidence for that book, we find that its collection in its present condition certainly belongs to a period of more than five centuries after this destruction of the Persian Empire, and that the literature of Persia is a complete blank for more than three centuries more. Every man of common sense can see how these facts bear upon the case, how thoroughly they leave us in the dark as to the modification of the Mazdayacnian religion during the first of these periods. Even during the second, in the time of the Sassanide dynasty, the only argument against considerable additions to the Zarathustrian books is the difficulty presented by the language. It is argued that Zend was a dead language, in which no one could then compose. Until we know more of that period, this argument, though it has *some* weight, is manifestly very defective. And during this latter period, be it observed, the system of Mani, which is founded on the doctrine of Ormuzd and Ahriman, was, as we know, developed in

Persia. All these points are manifestly so important in the investigation of these questions, that it is a wonder that they should ever be overlooked. There are very grave questions, and many points of very deep interest, connected with the history of the Zend-Avesta, and it is to be lamented that some critics should be perpetually endeavouring to extract a kind of argumentative capital from them in depreciating Holy Scripture. There can be no rivalry, no fear on the part of the believers in Scripture, because there is *no comparison* between the evidence for the one and that for the other. The Bible, manifestly the work of different ages, is warranted to us by successive evidences, which reach up to the latest time of the books of the Old Testament, and there is a chain of evidence from that period to that of the older books. To compare with this—the best-attested book in the world—a work which professes to represent the religion of an ancient people, but can give no proof of its existence till upwards of five centuries after the extinction of their political life, and can give us no history of these volumes, when thus collected, till four hundred years more after the earliest period assigned to their collection—involves a logical anomaly for which logicians have not provided a name. On this point we need say nothing more. If those who wish to investigate the true history of the Avesta will, like the better critics, such as Spiegel and Westergaard, avoid this absurdity, we shall have a better hope of arriving at some valuable results.

We have hitherto confined our attention almost exclusively to the Vendidad, the Vispered, and the Yaçna; but in order to render our account of the work complete, we must add a short explanation of the nature of the Khordah-Avesta, or Little Avesta. Of this Mr. Bleek speaks thus:—"It consists chiefly of prayers and the so-called Yashts, —*lit.*, 'invocations.' As the Yaçna was to be recited principally by the priests, so the Khordah-Avesta was intended for the use of the laity, and all the daily prayers are contained in it."

He then proceeds to say that of these prayers the greater part are in the same language as the rest of the Avesta, but a considerable number are in Pârsî, including the Patets, or confessional prayers. The Yashts contain numerous legends relating to pre-historic times, and are the chief source of our information as to the ancient mythology of the Iranians. Most of them are found in Firdusi, but changed in names and circumstances,—which is not to be wondered at, considering the difference of time between the composition of the legends in the old Iranian dialect and the Persian poet. A few of the legends occur in the Vendidad and Yaçna, but much more briefly.

The first prayer is called the Ashem-Vohû, and is supposed very efficacious. It is constantly to be repeated with the other prayers, in which it is commonly quoted with a numeral, expressing the number

of Ashem-Vohûs which must be said in that prayer. It is very brief, and is translated thus by Spiegel and Bleek :—

“**ASHEM-VOHU.**

- “1. Purity is the best good.
2. Happiness, happiness is to him,
3. Namely, to the best pure in purity.”

Then come several prayers with unpronounceable names, and in the midst of them a prayer, in Pârsî, on taking the vase of purifying fluid. There is also another, called Nirang-Kuṭti, being the prayer used in binding on the Kuṭti, or Kosti, the religious girdle of the Parsees, which is bound and unbound several times a day. We come also to some prayers with the general name of Nyâyis, to which generic term distinguishing specific terms are added. And there are also a remarkable set of prayers called Gâhs. These are prayers adapted to the several divisions of the day, which among the Persians are *five* in number during the summer, and *four* in the winter. Thus the Gâh Hâvan is the prayer for the time from sunrise till mid-day, which is called Hâvani. Hâvani is personified in this Gâh. It begins thus:—“1. Satisfaction to Ahura-Mazda, Ashem-Vohû, &c. (*i. e.*,^f this prayer is here to be repeated). I confess myself a Mazda-yaçnian, a follower of Zarathustra, an adversary of the Daevas,” &c.

Then come the Yashts in considerable numbers. First the Ormuzd Yasht, next the Yasht of the Seven Amshaspands (or Ameça-çpentas). It must, however, be noted that these Amshaspands are six and not seven, except when Ahura-Mazda himself is reckoned with them. The Mihr Yasht contains the most detailed notices of the legend of Mithra. But it is needless to enumerate these, and a very brief mention is sufficient for the Sîrozah. This signifies “thirty days,” and the Sîrozah contains the name of each day in the month, with that of the deity or genius which presides over it.

The number of new terms which are met with in every page of the Avesta renders it rather a perplexing study to those who are not Oriental scholars; but a little attention will overcome this difficulty, and by a constant appeal to the index of Spiegel, each term soon becomes familiar. This index is very full, and it gives references to those portions of Spiegel’s book where each term is explained, so that a good German scholar finds little or no difficulty in it if he has Spiegel before him.

We shall not now extend these observations on this most interesting volume. We have endeavoured to lay before the English reader a plainer and fuller introduction to the Avesta than he will easily meet with in his own language, with a special view also to acquaint him with the nature of the evidence which we have of the trans-

mission of this book from former ages. If we have succeeded in rendering it in any degree interesting, and excited a desire for further examination of one of the most interesting problems bequeathed to us by pagan antiquity, our labour will not have been in vain.

We desire, however, to say a few words on some of the remains of the ancient Persians which have been discovered, and their inscriptions deciphered, in very recent times. We are chiefly indebted to Sir H. Rawlinson for our knowledge of the famous inscription of Darius. It was found at Behistun—probably the “Bagistan Mountain” of Diodorus Siculus. It is situated at something like sixty miles south-west of Ecbatana. Many other monuments of the Achaemenian dynasty are found, but this is of very considerable length. When deciphered, it is found to be written in a dialect resembling that of the Avesta, but specifically to be distinguished from it. Unhappily, the admirable elucidation of this inscription by Sir H. Rawlinson, being a part of the “*Journal of the Asiatic Society*,” is a very costly production, and poorer scholars must content themselves with Spiegel's little collection, entitled “*Die Altpersischen Keilinschriften*,” which gives a kind of grammar and glossary of the language of these inscriptions, as well as a translation of them. A large part of this inscription records the victories of Darius over enemies, both foreign and domestic, in the wars and rebellions which occurred in his reign. These victories he attributes, with a proper feeling of piety, to Ahura-Mazda. Thus he says (Spiegel, p. 31), Darius the king speaks,—“That which I do, that happened entirely through the favour of Auramazda,” &c.

There is one inscription of Cyrus remaining, but it is only of one line. There are several of Darius, Xerxes, &c., but none of Cambyses. It is curious to know that Darius looked chiefly to Auramazda for help, as that links on his words to the Avesta. It is the same God whom Zarathustra worships; and it is at least a curious and interesting thing, not only to have a record of the deeds and the faith of the people who fought at Marathon, in the inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes, but also to have discovered in modern days a book of great antiquity which illustrates that faith, and enables us in some degree to bring the monarchs of Persia before us in their individuality. We know them chiefly through the imperfect reports of the Greek historians, and we cannot but feel that every additional feature which modern researches bring to light, is of deep interest to every scholar, and every student of history. We have observed that Darius attributes all his successes to the favour of Auramazda, but Auramazda is also united in some of these confessions with “all the other gods;” so that though Darius acknowledges Auramazda as a deity, it does not appear how far his faith was fully that of the Avesta.

We here close our review of this most extraordinary monument of the faith of an ancient people; a monument which helps to repair the oblivion of eight centuries, during which the Pârsî faith was under persecution and in utter obscurity; and although the problems which it offers to our consideration are far from being satisfactorily solved, we cannot but think that the subject is one of very great interest, and that it fully deserves the attention which many of the ablest scholars of our own days are devoting to it.

It is, and it ever must be, a worthy employment of the highest powers of man to investigate the faith of the early nations of the world, and to catch the faint lingering traces of truth which, in the midst of legendary superstitions, still abide amongst them. The Avesta has the charm of something like novelty in this province of literary and philosophical inquiry. A century has not yet elapsed from the time in which it was first made known to Europe in its complete form, and for the greater part of that period it was an isolated study, and extremely obscured by the great defects of the only translations in which it was accessible. That period has passed away, and combined with comparative grammar and philology, as well as with deeper researches into history, the study of the sacred books of the Mazdayacnians has been making rapid strides. The decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions of Behistun and Persepolis, &c., has helped to propel it forward, and we may hope in a few years to see many questions, about which we can only speak with hesitation now, brought into the region of ascertained truths, and ready to give their aid in future investigations. It is only when the injudicious advocates of this interesting book—the Avesta—are unwise enough to place it not only on a level with the Bible, but almost in a higher niche, that they damage the cause of truth. Let it be the aim of all who engage in this study fairly to ascertain what the faith was, which traditionally professes to represent the faith of the Persian nation in its maturity, and future philosophers will then be enabled to assign to it the place it is entitled to hold among the religions of the ancient world.

HENRY J. ROSE.

NOTE.—While these pages are passing through the press, we observe with deep regret the loss which these studies have sustained in the death of one of the most distinguished scholars in this department of literature—Dr. Edward Hincks.



ORISSA.

OURS is an empire on which the sun never sets : it is a proud boast, and a true one ; and yet, just now, it were well for us if the sun would cease rising along that western shore of the Bay of Bengal, until at least the famine-stricken carcasses of two millions and more (they say) of our fellow-subjects have rotted out of sight.

"Two millions and a half dead in Orissa"—"twice the population of Denmark or of Greece, eight Suffolks, six Hampshires, five-sixths of Scotland,"—that is how the *Spectator* newspaper tried to make us realize what the words mean, tried to bring the fact before us in something like its fearful reality. At once, involuntarily, we cry out, "There must be gross exaggeration." Be it so ; things are bad enough, even at the lowest computation. The accounts are sent by missionaries, by planters, by editors of Indian newspapers. They are all we have to go by, for Government has published no details. Unquestionably, exaggeration or not, there has been, and is still going on, a terrible loss of life among British subjects, and that from a famine of which the Bengal Government was warned in ample time to admit of such preparations being made as would probably have prevented this season from being marked by anything more unusual than a severe dearth.

What, then, can we do now ? Shall we have prayers in all the

churches, and appoint a special day on which to ask pardon for those sins of ours which, according to our view of God's plan of government, we suppose to have been visited on the wretched Hindoos? Nay, for once the punishment, if such it were, would hardly be vicarious; we have the worst of it: rightly looked at, the lot of some of us is harder to bear than theirs. Bad enough to die of famine,—worse, surely, to live a monument of shame. Besides the shame to individuals, there is the disgrace to the whole nation. However little most of us care for our national good name, we shall hardly be able to shut our ears to what they will say of us in France and Prussia, and in that Russia to which we have so often given advice. We, with our "special talent for governing," with our "organizing and administrative capacity," how can we ever lift up our heads again when skill in ruling subject peoples is talked of? For Indian famines are preventible, or at least so far capable of being met and guarded against by human means, that it is the grossest self-delusion to talk of them as visitations, in the sense to which thoughtful people would limit the word. This is not a case for fasting and prayer—unless, indeed, we fast out of sorrow for our shortcomings, and pray to have strength to do better for the future. There are calamities against which man is powerless. Earthquakes we may come to control by-and-bye, when we have registered the signs of their coming, and found out a way of boring down and letting off the pent-up gases which cause them. But now they are simply inevitable. A man in Callao port, on that terrible morning when the fisherman across the bay saw the city lifted up into the air and then plunged bodily down to the bottom of the water, could not have helped himself or his countrymen had he been the wisest philosopher in the whole world. The same holds of all earthquakes, whether at Lisbon or at Aleppo, or centuries ago at Antioch. Nor yet, despite Lieut. Maury and poor half-forgotten Admiral Fitzroy, despite wind-drums and the law of storms, do we know enough to save the best appointed ship from chances against which man's skill is of no avail. But Indian famines we can help. Why, this season in England has been such that old men tell us the like of it has not been known for sixty summers. There would be scarcity among us but for free trade in corn. Yet this season, exceptional as it is, might here at home have been guarded against,—as we are finding out, now the mischief is done. All the papers have been full of plans for drying our corn. Plenty of ways there seem to be of meeting a wet season, if we would but use them. And still we do not think English farmers either fools or madmen, because they did not provide against weather which comes about once in every sixty years. English farmers are excusable, because the English climate, never extreme, seems essentially variable. Its periodicity

is still a very doubtful point: but surely English rulers of Indian provinces are worse than fools for neglecting what, during our raj of a century and more, has been forced on them periodically by more or less serious "visitations." We have had experience enough. It was a hundred years from Assaye, which saw our empire established, to the outbreak of the mutiny: it is full one hundred and fifty years since our flag first waved over Fort St. George; and India is not like England, where wet and dry seasons seem to follow one another according to no discoverable law. There, where the days are almost always the same length, everything recurs with startling regularity. You can tell, in most places, to a day, almost to an hour, when the monsoon will set in: you know, or ought to know, when scarcity will come. After three or four good years invariably follow, in some districts or other, two or three bad, *i.e.*, dry ones. The crops get worse and worse; scarcity becomes famine; and then the long-delayed rains pour down, bursting every bund that has been suffered to get weak, flooding the plains, and washing out of the ground the seed which is the only hope of hundreds of thousands for the year following. About ten years is the Indian period; not so long a time but that we ought to be well able to look out over it. A country this, we may say, where the "conditions of existence" are not particularly easy, where life can never be much of a May-game for men; here the people are the steadiest workers on the face of the earth. All their hours are named from rural occupations: at four o'clock begins the "time for taking the oxen afield;" and so on all day. Well: by dint of the most patient industry, that country has got filled with a tolerably dense population, filled, too, with temples and cities, and all the records of a grand old civilization. Bunds, tanks, canals, were not forgotten; they are the most important of all the works of this old civilization, which was decaying when Englishmen and Frenchmen began to make Hindostan a battle-field. Water was felt to be the life of men and nations; and the native took care to guard as well as he could against famine, by storing up water so as to make one year's abundance provide against the deficiency of the year after. We, on the contrary, have gone on as we do at home, thinking of the seasons as of something too irregular to be guarded against, acting as if it was impious to do in agriculture what we consider it common prudence to do in everything else. Hence famines are looked on as a thing of course. Old Indians talk of them as they do of the cholera. You rarely meet a man who has been out there anything like his full term who has not seen "the roads lined with corpses, showing in their utter absence even of muscle what the human frame will bear before life is destroyed." Famines are "visitations," and there's an end of the matter. And if the present famine is exceptionally severe,

they at once tell us there are two reasons why it should be so—the cyclone, and Sir Cecil Beadon; and they are both far beyond man's power to control. Now, no doubt the cyclone caused terrible mischief—covered miles of growing crops with salt mud; and Sir Cecil Beadon—why, we used to think that the *ne plus ultra* of hard-heartedness was the father who, when his son asked for bread, gave him a stone; but the chief agent of our paternal government has been much more cruel. He heard that a famine was inevitable: he came down, after some four months' delay, to see for himself; and, instead of giving them the stone of official routine, he actually proposed to lay more taxes on his miserable subjects.

But there will be more to say about Sir Cecil by-and-by. Let us first say a little about famines in general. Are they "visitations," as many—Anglo-Indians and people here at home—are content to believe they are? There have been plenty of them, from the "great famine," about which Burke was so eloquent, and which, so to speak, inaugurated our empire, down to this, about which "the Costermonger" in the *Evening Star* dared, like the old French king's jester, to tell us some truths which ought to make us ashamed as well as horror-stricken. That first famine came partly from war. French and English, like rival bands of "white devils" (one does not wonder at the Chinese name, or at their anxiety to keep the white man out), had been marching to and fro across the land, turning the weak law of the native rulers into no-law, fomenting abuses, setting up pretenders, sweeping off crops, and wringing lacs of rupees out of wretched princes. The Hindoo must have thought that the world was turned upside down, and that the chaos predicted by his sacred books was come in earnest.

Well, never mind the first famine; "the country was in a transition state." But how is it that we are scarcely ever without them?—that they always seem to dog our footsteps, as in the North-west Provinces quite lately? and why is it that some of those parts of India which we have held the longest, and where we have most thoroughly "improved off" the native aristocracy, and brought things down to our loved "dead level," are the most helpless against such disasters? Yet many of these districts only need water to make them as fruitful as any place in the world—water and roads. Ten years ago there was a famine; and a road was made from Bellary to Kurnoul, to give the starving people—idle perforce, because you can't plough a brick, or sow rice-plants in hot dry sand—something to do. Roads, however, are second in importance to tanks. In some places they can scarcely be made at all; besides (which is the main point), trunk roads are in most parts our own introduction; we cannot be blamed for the want of them, seeing we did not find them there when we

took possession. The native did not care for grand roads; but then he believed in tanks: and those who happened to see the *Friend of India*, or the extracts from it, ten or a dozen years ago, know too well what has become of a great many tanks since we held the country. Why, they are in ruins, because their revenue has been applied to "general purposes." And now the cry is "Irrigate! irrigate! Don't leave it to companies which may have to be wound up through home mismanagement; make it a grand general Government work." That is the cry now. But the mischief is, it has often been the cry before, with what result we see. Water out there is a necessary of existence in a way of which we at home can form no idea. The value set on it comes out unexpectedly in a thousand ways. Here is a list of "funny answers," sent over to me by an examiner, to show how wide of the mark the young native idea sometimes shoots. "Watershed?" asks the examiner. "A place where persons give water to the tired and fainted passengers without taking any money from them," says the candidate, who evidently sees a vision of benevolent Brahmins standing by the roadside, chatties in hand, and working out their own salvation by administering the cup of cold water. Then, again, take this story of the mutiny. There was an ayah who, at much personal risk and with infinite pains, had saved her master's children. They wanted to pay her. She was an Oudh woman, whose people had died, most of them, in the siege of Delhi. She had remained (like so many more) true to her salt in spite of all the promptings of family and religion, but she could not touch what seemed like blood-money to her. "No; let them make a tank with it," said she, and went her way.

In such a country water must always be the main want. There are wonderful districts, almost self-irrigating, like parts of Lower Bengal. Things must be very bad indeed before they are smitten with scarcity. But in the places where our work is chiefly to be done, either the rivers, owing to the exceeding flatness of the land, have deposited mud, and so have raised their own banks, as we see the muddy stream down a gutter does after a smart shower; or else, like the Taptee and the Nerbudda, they have, in the course of ages, worked deep channels for themselves down into the granite of which so much of the Indian peninsula is made. In this case there are "ghauts," i. e., openings every here and there, down to what ought to be the water, but which, during the dry season, is mostly dry bottom. But whether the stream runs above or below the country round, it is useless, unless an annicut (a dam) is laid across at a very favourable point, and the water in this way drawn off right and left. Of course this must be done with judgment, or the safety of the crops below will be imperilled. All this, too, involves, besides

the original construction, constant and careful supervision. It is as if there were a Holmfirth reservoir, or a Bedford Level Canal, in every other parish. There are the banks of the annicut, and often the banks of the river itself, to be looked after. Still it is the only way of doing anything in the way of cultivation; for the country, from river to river, is a plain either of clay or of granite sand, eminently fertile, as granite detritus always is when properly watered, but in the dry season a desert. Orissa has been described as then looking like a vast potter's field, where the craftsmen have left heaps of their ware about. The sun-baked soil flakes off in "saucers" hard enough to lame your horse as you ride over them. Yet, properly watered, this very stiff clay is wonderful rice ground. Other parts are worse than Orissa. Railway travellers, indeed, talk as if, instead of crossing provinces which largely help to make up the annual forty-six millions, they had been going over the Sahara. Scarcely a tree, except in the occasional jungles. War destroyed a great many; railways, and tea and coffee planters, have consumed many more. At long intervals small topes (groves) are to be seen. The man who knows his Bible is reminded of the Jews in the desert coming to the wells of Elim, "where there were twelve" palm trees;" for the tope is the sure sign of a well, and of luxuriant vegetation. Why not more wells? Why not make tanks wherever tanks can be made? The fact is, that, until the other day, even well-sinking was charged with what, for a wretched ryot, was a prohibitive tax. Land, in Government phrase, is either artificially irrigated, or left to unassisted nature; and the moment dry land received a drop of well or tank water it became garden land, and was assessed accordingly at a higher rate. Ryots can now, *in certain cases*, irrigate without having to pay for so doing. We know of a worthy collector who had the new orders—which, after fourteen years' battling with the Board, he had succeeded in getting passed—printed in all the dialects in use around him, and who never rode out without a pocket full of them. With these he used to test all the children whom he met,—“Can you read?” “Yes.” “Well, see here, if you sink a well you pay no garden-tax.” So at least he hoped the new generation would come to be aware of their new exemption. But men brought up under such an Irish landlord system are slow in using their new liberty; they are like prisoners shackled for years, who have forgotten the use of their limbs. But wells are a poor substitute for tanks, where tanks are possible; and how is the ryot, in districts where, as in Bellary, there is not one zemindar left, to make his tanks? For Government, which alone could do the work in such a district as that, has left the work undone. Speaking of Guntoor, and the famine of 1846, Mead says,—

"For fifty-eight years a paternal Government, which knows its duty, and has ample means to fulfil it, waits before it undertakes a work of proved necessity, killing off, in one famine out of many, five times as many as fell at Waterloo, and cursing the land with barrenness: and then, after a few years, when the bones of the dead have been gathered into heaps, and the sites of ruined villages are overgrown with jungle, it sternly taunts the wretched people with neglect of the duties which devolved on them."

We talk of the blessings of civilization and the spread of Gospel light; but what we have done in India is to fatten the brood of money-lenders and mahajuns (corn-regraters), and to fill the empty head of "Young Bengal" with shallow Voltaireism, and notions about the duty of wearing varnished boots. It would seem as if a Government, based on Clive's lie and the forged signature of Admiral Watson, were cursed. We don't waste money. Economy is the order of the day. The little childish gawds, which the native so much delights in—his Lord Mayor's show, his beadle, his gold lace—are all being ruthlessly cut down. Here, in the corner of my room, is one of those huge horns taller than a man, curiously wreathed and carved, which it was the fashion to carry before the tahsildar, and to blow every now and then (a most unearthly noise they make), partly "to frighten tigers," chiefly to give dignity to the chief and to please his "following." Out came the order, "No more horn-blowing at the public cost;" "all horns to be 'brought in' to the collectors' cutcherries." Well, they were sold for old brass, and we saved the ryot the pay of a few men, where a man costs two rupees a month, earning at the same time one title more to the unforgetting hatred of this ryot, whom we will so industriously "benefit" after our own fashion, but not after his own. One new tank per district would have added more to the revenue than the pay of fifty horn-blowers, and would have won blessings for us instead of smothered curses. No; we don't spend recklessly in India. Ours is not, in spite of occasional Agra durbars, a grand, showy Government; it has been, in too many parts, a steady system of bloodsucking, which has left the land poorer year after year, and the inhabitants more hopeless. Verres ruined Sicily during one short administration. Our Verreses belong to the long-past age of Clive and Warren Hastings. The rulers of to-day are self-denying, earnest, well-intentioned men. They do not oppress, they do not extort. Yet it was just under such an amended rule that people in the Roman provinces gave up marrying, because they thought it was no good to bring up families to the same life which they had found insupportable; and under this amended rule of ours, the parts which have been longest under our control are among the poorest and wretchedest in the Peninsula.

Moreover, somehow the system does not "pay." Take one in-

stance,* Vassareddy in the Madras Presidency. From 1790, to his death in 1815, Vencatreddy Naidoo was rajah. He revelled, he feasted, he gave heaps of gold and silver to Brahmins and to nautch girls, he built temples and palaces, he went on pilgrimages, yet he left his lands without a rupee of liability, nay, with £50,000 in the treasury; and our Government, after holding them for twenty-five years in trust during lawsuits, handed over a portion of them to one of the heirs, saddled with more than half a million of "arrears due to the Government," arrears created by its own acts. Comparing the old rajah's balance-sheet with the "little bill" sent in by us to his heir, we see a loss, owing to our management and law expenses, of more than a million sterling, to say nothing of the ruin of the country and the misery inflicted on the ryots. One point too must be borne in mind: Vencatreddy spent all his money in the country; "the Indian landlord" is to some extent an absentee who lives mostly about Bath and Cheltenham. His well-earned half-pay comes out of the country, and does not go back to it. Then we keep up "home charges" at a yearly cost of £120,000, which might confessedly be reduced to £30,000; making India pay, not only for "our Indian army," but for the home depôts, which have about as much to do with India as they have with the Zambesi. Happily, the country is far less drained in this way than it used to be; but it is no wonder, considering how we dealt with it till almost yesterday, that it grew poorer and poorer; and that the "protected princes" are provokingly apt to go in for a short life and a merry one, and not to care if "after them comes the deluge."

It is very hard to have to believe that the rule of the grand old Company, honourable and honoured even after its death, was a monstrous evil instead of a blessing to its subjects. But what are we to do? We can only go by what we read and hear. If we will read, we have Kaye and Mead and the rest. If we want to hear, there is old Colonel Prudence, late of the H.E.I.C. He is not the man to say a word against the Company or anything belonging to it. You have to adjure him, as Ahab did Micaiah the son of Imlah, before he'll open his mouth, except to ejaculate, "Excellent Government! Wonderfully successful!" At last he'll slowly whisper, "Well, I'll tell you two facts; draw your own inference. When I was in Nagpore it was virtually independent, and looked as rich as a garden. As I crossed over into our country, I used to begin to notice unroofed villages." And again: "In all the native states I ever was in, life and property were safe; you could travel from end to end of the country without fear or need of a guard. It was not so in our country. The thing is, the native states have law, active and efficient, such as it is:

* Mead's "Sepoy Revolt," p. 276.

our laws are perfect in theory, but in practice the administrator is too far off from the people." That is what you get out of the Colonel. It may be all wrong, but it is his impression; and he is a high-minded gentleman. But what has all this got to do with the famine? Just this, that if you destroy a people's home-grown machinery for managing their country, you are bound at least to give them something better in return. The native understood the value of tanks. When he died rich he perhaps left money to make one, and to endow it after attaching it to a temple, since in troublous times every good work was naturally put under the shelter of religion. Now in numberless cases these tanks have been suffered to go to ruin, and the sequestered endowment has been thrown into the general fund, —perhaps used, to show that our newest annexations began to "pay" from the first moment they were seized. And it was not an honest crusade against idolatry which led us to do this. Juggernaut was thriving all the time, Juggernaut brought the pilgrim-tax into the treasury; while to keep up tanks would only have been the more troublesome process of keeping alive that golden-egged goose which, till the other day, we seemed bent on killing. Native princes have been, no doubt, too often "monsters in human form." Tippoo was as bad as any—"a monster of cruelty:" we delight to tell of his barbarity, his drunkenness; we keep in our museum the model of a tiger springing on a British soldier, which His Highness used to wind up, after dinner that he might delight himself by hearing it roar. But Tippoo made roads; and there is a tale, that when he heard a certain district was subject to famines every dry season, he got together a little army, hunted up the inhabitants, picked out all the able-bodied, and did not give up till troops and people together had bunded across the valleys, and made works, the ruins of which remain to this day to shame us. Herein Tippoo was merciful compared with our law-loving, tender-hearted Government, which reduced the ryot to such a state that, "by the aid of a little concealed cultivation, a few prayers and entreaties, occasional sore bones, much lying and chronic abjectness of soul, he manages in good years to keep himself alive; but the way of it is unknown to himself, and unhappily also to the good people of England." (Mead, "Sepoy War.") So says one who knows the country well. The strange point about it all—amusing enough, except at such a time as this—is, that we are so convinced that "we are the people, and wisdom will die with us," as to talk not only on missionary platforms, but in Parliament and in printed books, about the blessings our rule has brought on the benighted native, instead of being content, as an old Roman would have been, to lay cant aside, and say that in governing India purely for ourselves we have even neglected our own less immediate interests.

Leaving famines to recur periodically, we have adopted the shiftless plan of meeting them by subscriptions. Everybody gives. Even the Hindoo merchant is shamed into liberality. Native firms in Calcutta feed their 2,000 a day. Even Sir C. Beadon sends £50, and the Viceroy will send a twentieth of his income monthly till the distress is quite abated. Sumsaum ood Dowlah Bahadoor, in Madras, heads the relief movement, "having," satirically say the papers, "an hereditary right to do so in the country formerly governed by his illustrious family;" that is, we took away the rights of property, but considerably leave people still the duties which those rights entail. The collector of Ganjam's report of last May says that "the zemindar of Callicote provides food for nearly 2,000 daily; but he and his brothers are down with the small-pox, of which two near relatives have already died." This collector at Ganjam and some of his neighbours have worked wonderfully. They began in something like time, and they have had Lord Napier, the Madras Governor, not taking his ease at Ootacamund, but moving from fever-stricken town to hunger-threatened district, forwarding corn supplies, keeping English collector and native zemindar to their work, doing everything except hang a few of the rascally native grain-dealers who thrive on the misery of their fellows, and of whom his lordship only says he "cannot help fearing the excessive prices at which they sell are not warranted by the prime cost to the seller." The famine has been felt all the way from Calcutta to Cape Comorin. That it has been worse in Cuttack and Orissa than in Madras is because the Madras officials have not been Sir Cecil Beadons. The thing was boldly met and battled with in Madras; it was suffered to run its own course in Bengal. Will Madras crown its good conduct by taking in right good earnest to irrigation, and so making famine impossible? nay, rather let us say, will Bengal allow Madras to do so, instead of making Madras find troops for Burmah and the Central Provinces, from which she gets no benefit whatever, and sucking up the Madras revenue, in order to show a pleasing surplus from the new provinces? If Madras does not irrigate, bad times will come round in due course; and some time there may be a Sir Cecil in the Southern Presidency, so that in old Arcot and missionary-loved Tinnevely we may have to count our dead by millions. If not? There must be no "if not" in the case. If the Indian Government will not do it we must make them, or else we must prepare to hand over our sceptre to some one who will know how to use it. Famine, then, can only be thoroughly conquered by irrigation. But how is it that in Orissa and Cuttack and thereabouts it has not even been met in the hand-to-mouth way in which the Madras people have met it? Why, the authorities would not believe in it. Sir Arthur Cotton fore-

told it: he was voted a visionary. The missionaries at Baksore and the European planters both gave notice, more than twelve months ago, that come it must, and that the best thing to do was to get rice over from Arracan and make large depôts. Government told them to mind their own business—did not even give them the empty courtesy of an official hearing. Sir C. Beadon seems to have been infatuated: having made up his mind that the country was prospering immensely under his rule, he was not to be driven from his opinion by any obstinate facts. Let them explain themselves: he would still stay at the hills out of the way of worry of all kinds; or if, last October year, he did make a hasty descent upon his province, it was to congratulate the ryots on their thriving state, and to tell them he meant to raise the land tax. No; everything in India went on as usual. The papers (here is a whole file of them) are full of the usual staple: "Another military scandal at Mhow," "The Mysore case" (for we are going now, in the teeth of treaties, to extend to that country the blessings of our rule), "Public instruction in Bengal," with amusing illustrations of the hopelessness of teaching chemistry to boys whose fathers come the day after they have been asked to rinse a test-tube, and complain that they do not send their sons to school to wash bottles. By-and-bye comes the Simla court-martial, filling column after column, and calling for leader after leader in the home newspapers. "The General is looking after his pickles,"—and the rest of the world seems very much interested in watching the operation. And now, six months after it has begun, the famine begins to get noticed. In out-of-the-way corners paragraphs are copied from newspapers with unfamiliar names, as if our old friends were ashamed of saying much on their own account about such a trifle. "The advance of Russia" and "Scarcity in Orissa" are thrust into the same limbo of scraps. Well may they be set together, for nothing can so help Russia forward in the esteem of all natives as a calamity like this, which they feel they owe, as the *Madras Athenæum* says, "to the present system with regard to public works." Still, ugly facts keep cropping out. Suicides increase; so do murder and dacoitee (midnight burglary by armed gangs). Women begin to leap down wells with a child or two in their arms. We read of "channels choked with sand;" of "the second wet crops withered;" of "great want of water in villages out of reach of the ancient channels;" of "tanks getting no supply, though freshes are coming down the rivers." Supply? Of course not: the tank-feeders have got choked, and the water rushes on, carrying the life of thousands out to sea. Then come hints of cholera, and of murrain among the beasts for want of pasture. The year has been an unusual one,—so hot in places that birds have dropped dead off the trees or as they flew.

Locusts, too, in many parts; signs enough everywhere to set one much less prudent than Joseph thinking of how he might store up corn against what he might feel was coming. But the competitive examiners probably do not make men take up the Book of Genesis; and clearly Sir C. Beadon had forgotten how even wicked Ahab could not rest in his ivory house, but must be running about through the country to try to save something alive during Elijah's drought. By-and-bye the "British Indian Association" memorializes Government, and gets snubbed. They specially urge that grain shall be poured in, in every possible way, into the devoted districts. The Honourable A. Eden (he who got us into the Bhotan war to satisfy his offended dignity) replies that rice is already being imported, and will be glad to hear what practical suggestion the Association has to give about facilitating its transport. You must not point out an evil, unless you can also show a remedy for it. This is in July last; and even then a good deal of Secretary Eden's preparations are in the future tense. And now the famine becomes "interesting." "Our own correspondent" from Midnapore describes in serio-comic style how he went and lounged under a tree, and saw the Relief Committee give eight pounds of rice each to 2,200 "famine-stricken wretches." The said wretches are squatting in pens of bamboo palisade, each with the food-ticket round his or her neck. The tickets are given by any of the Committee, the "test" being such a prominence of ribs as may seem to denote extreme hunger. The most able-bodied are turned into a shed to earn their meal, in British fashion, by twisting a little hemp; but only thirty or forty out of the whole number are strong enough to do anything. Our friend "rashly walks a little down the lines," following the indefatigable missionary, but he soon comes back holding his nose, and watches at safe distance, noticing how the distress must have begun to touch "respectable people." "That group of females with fairer skins and perceptible shrinking from contact with the crowd, shows that famine has driven out some who are not used to be jostled by the coolie and the doma." He does not tell us that saddest of all is the case of the high caste people who die in their own houses sooner than come out to beg, and how the chief work of an energetic distributor is to look up such, while often, in spite of his vigilance, he may come sometimes upon an outlying village, silent as the grave, because its cottages are simply dead-houses. Our correspondent branches off to tell how cholera and small-pox are walking (as usual) in the track of famine, and how the jail is so full that a hundred thieves have to be kept under canvas outside. We need not think he is exaggerating. English accounts of Indian misery do not often savour of exaggeration. Individual planters have been most humane;

but, unfortunately, the relations between the two classes are known to have long been such that when the planter speaks out about the starvation of the cultivator, we may accept his testimony to the letter. The poor ryot, indeed, is in some districts so constantly at starvation point, his ribs have such a general tendency to "protrude," that it takes a good deal before those who live in the country suspect there is anything out of the common. But when the fowls die off for want of grain, and Assistant-Collector Sahib's curry is endangered, then matters look bad, and it is time to get up that "triumph of active wisdom called a Board." Did ever anything go wrong when you were in a train? Don't you remember how guards and all official personages protested that it was "all right"? Well, our Bengal Government is no exception in this respect: we shall never know the truth, we are told, till the reports of the American missionaries get to us from New York. Somebody puts into a Calcutta paper that three hundred a day are dying at Balasore. The Government orders the collector to find out "the author of the libel." "I can't," says he; "I've asked everybody, but nobody did it." It was a mistake, he naively adds, for the deaths have only amounted to 245 in the heaviest day, and had been averaging something like 130. Such is the official return, most probably under the truth; and this is in one little town within reach of the coast. Yet here "the place is a charnel-house," and "it becomes a very serious question how the officials can obtain table supplies." "As if," says the *Spectator* of 27th October, "the Lancashire distress had been so sore that Lord Derby began to doubt whether he could much longer get food for his Countess." Notice of what was coming? Why, what does the official mind require? Must God Almighty send an angel to Simla to warn them? Why, last year, fifteen months ago, rice had reached a price never equalled save in the disastrous year when Tippoo and the English were in their final struggle. Notice? Everybody in India knew that when, early in June last, the monsoon began, the coast would be almost closed against grain ships, while the rains would make the country all but impassable for carts. Hear what the *Friend of India* of May 10th says: "The famine—for such it must now be called—is very severe not only in Orissa and Ganjam, but elsewhere. Mr. Stuart, missionary near Kishnagur, has 4,000 Christians living partly on roots, berries, and bark. Things can't be better till the autumn crop, due five months hence; and for that, unhappily, there is no seed. Sir J. Lawrence is giving. The Bishop has contributed. But their example is not widely followed, owing to ignorance of the pressing need." That is it: nobody believed it: except a faithful man here and there, none of the "leaders of opinion" said more than a passing word about it.

And so, with fourteen millions in their treasuries, and their income of twenty-six millions, they let things go on. The towns were filled with poor starvelings routing at night by hundreds among the garbage. The coolies, where there were any public works in hand, had to be fed before a stroke of work could be got out of them. In places where there was no "famine," but only "scarcity" was reported, water had to be scraped up from the bottom of the wells in cocoa-nut shells; happy a man thought himself if he could fill his chatty with sludge in twenty minutes. Cattle dying; ryots' lands all lying waste, not a green leaf except close by a well; "without disastrous pressure they won't be able to pay their tax." That is the way in which really observant collectors write. And then come the rains, and burst the cracked bunds, and the last hope is gone. And then at last the public and the papers, and even the Bengal officials, waken up; the latter, alas! only to throw dust in the eyes of those who are not there to see. "Government acts," says the *Hurkaru* of August 27th, "as if it wished the world to believe the famine was confined to Orissa, and that the rest of the Presidency was rolling in vast supplies. This is not so. Even in the famous eastern districts prices have gone up to an unheard-of amount. . . . Skipping the delta of the Krishna (the water there being somewhat under control), it has fastened on the fairest parts of Madras. But here there is this grand difference,—the Madras officials have not acted on the Bengal policy of *keeping the public in the dark*. . . . They have formed committees. . . . Lord Napier does not hold out false hopes of speedy relief, or wrap the districts in Cimmerian darkness. He remembers he is an Englishman, and goes to see and to help for himself. . . . *It is a shame that the Bengal press should so truckle to the state of things here as to shun drawing the contrast.* The tale must be told in England, and then surely this selfish hugging of the hills will be put a stop to." And the *Friend of India* of November 1st says, "The famine still continues *without abatement* in Cuttack and Maunbhoon. . . . As regards the official proceedings in connection with the famine, they are as unsatisfactory as ever."

The tale is told now, but too late for those two millions whose carcasses will have brought pestilence to thin still further the population of devoted Orissa. Too late; and Sir C. Beadon will come home by-and-bye and enjoy his pension, and by his quiet grandeur will spur on ambitious youths to compete for Indian appointments. We examine them in high mathematics and Greek plays and German literature; let us at least teach them what the old heathen did to "utilize" God's gifts of rain and rivers. We can discuss glibly whether there ever was such a person as Semiramis. We forget that Herodotus saw that Mesopotamian valley bearing three crops a year, well watered even

in the greatest droughts, because "Semiramis" or some of them had made "lakes"—vast tanks—wherein to store up the freshes as they came down from Ararat. So it was in Egypt; so it was in Persia. What does Zoroaster say about the man who made a channel and about him who neglected to keep one up?

Plague follows famine. "All the gentlemen in Balasore are ill, even the doctor. The ladies are being sent off to Calcutta. The stench is fearful." No wonder, when we read accounts like that of the Rev. J. Buckley, of Cuttack, which went the round of our papers last October, and is substantially repeated by another eye-witness, in the *Herkara* of the beginning of November. In Calcutta, too, they fear the south-west monsoon will blow the pestilence up to them. Already (this was in mid-August) Baboo Rajendro Mullick places his large "godowns" at the disposal "of the Relief Committee to form a pauper hospital. Sumbhoonauth gives ground at Chitpore for a camp. . . . The splendid offer of the Tivoli Gardens by their native owner has been accepted." Yet not until the middle of October is past does Sir J. Lawrence touch the State money-reserve; and then Lord Cranbourne has to urge him to do it. In mid-June the Calcutta Chamber wrote to say things were as bad as they could be; *they got no reply till the first week in July*. Then more delays and meagre help. And then, on 11th October, Sir C. Beadon says that no English subscription is necessary, while, two days after, Sir J. Lawrence and the Calcutta meeting send to beg money from the Lord Mayor. "Harvest reports comparatively favourable" is the telegram from Simla on the 15th Oct. What a self-condemnation many will find in those few words!—"harvest reports,—as I hear them up at quiet, healthy Simla." Then on the 17th goes back Lord Cranbourne's message, "Spare no money; you have plenty." Surely it will be said that the man who, with fourteen millions in his treasuries, waited for this order has imitated too well the fool who hid his talent in a napkin. Better to have faced charges of lavish expenditure, impeachment, death itself, than to have shown such a want of the commonest foresight. But we may quote and quote, and the sickening tale will always be the same. Thank God, one set of men have done their best,—not at their own work, mind, but at that of the highly paid officials who did not do theirs. The mission-loving British and Yankee public will have the satisfaction of having paid direct for a great deal of the help given at the worst time and in the worst districts. The sixpences and pennies gathered (as the corners tell us) after more or less foolish speeches by more or less ill-informed men, in dingy schoolrooms and little steaming chapels, have told at last. They have done more than the forty-six millions of revenue. But for the missionaries we should not even

know what has happened. But what a comment on the doctrine which they come to teach! One governor at Simla, the other at Darjeeling. Why, a native ruler—"tyrant," "voluptuary," deserving perhaps all the bad names we call him—would at least have done something,—hanged a few regraters, cropped the ears of local magistrates, would have done all sorts of foolish and wicked things, but would have proved, at any rate, to his afflicted people that he was flesh and blood, and not a mighty abstraction, a monstrous old man of the sea, which the wretched native accepts as a malignant Fate set over him, he knows not why, and to be endured till, after more "mutinies," the times of refreshing shall at last have come for him. Yes, the missionaries did, as far as they could, what the official personages were paid to do. As the "Costermonger" says, these feared for their retiring pensions if they should do anything out of rule, or "prefer Indian blacks to English sovereigns." The blacks were not (as they were in Jamaica) clamouring for squatters' rights; they were simply dying silently: and so they might safely be left alone.

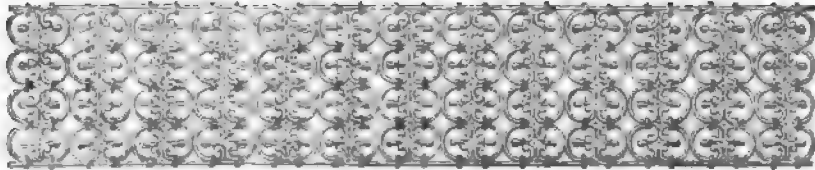
After this, we had surely better do what the Rajah of Sundoor did some years ago to Mr. Macartney of the London Mission,—take the men who alone stood in the gap at Balasore and elsewhere, and make them viziers and "collectors" for us. Anyhow, do not let us, for a long time to come, venture on any more flabby talk about our influence leavening the whole inert mass of Hindooism. Whom worth deceiving does such talk deceive? Who that reads foreign literature does not blush at what is said and written about "our Indian Empire" abroad? Not to quote Jacquemont and other travellers, look at the *Revue des deux Mondes*, a thorough "Anglo-phile" periodical, written in part by voluntary exiles like Esquiros, and see the quietly scathing articles wherein every now and then they point out our shortcomings. One used to think Ida Pfeiffer, in her "Woman's Voyage round the World," talked wildly: but no; she said far less than the humiliating truth. We must mend or go. This English nation must rise as one man and demand a change in Indian arrangements—more power, and more responsibility along with it, to the governors, if that is wanted. We must not let future Beadons have the poor rag of an excuse that had they done as they ought, they would have been overstepping their powers, and that Sir C. Trevelyan's case had taught them how we deal with Indian officials who presume to act for themselves. Let us, too, give up that ruinous system of crushing all, great and little, except the merchant and the usurer, down to the "dead level." If we cannot trust native gentlemen it speaks ill for us; we can hardly be doing what is right by the country. A country wholly managed by a foreign bureaucracy cannot be properly progressive; and things have been coming to this among a race the most aristocratic in feeling of

any on the face of the earth. We relieve native princes of the cares of government; and then, when, in sheer despair, they take to loose living, we make their recklessness a reason for putting an end to them altogether. We leave nothing open to the native gentleman except the lower branches of the law; and then we complain that he is listless and apathetic, and that, at a terrible time like this, there is no one but ourselves to whom we can look. We have so willed it; and we must make provision accordingly; until, under a better system, the native gentry are trained to take such a part in public matters as shall warrant us in speaking of the country as really progressive.

And now: the past is past. The future is before us. Sir Cecil has sent down his Commissioner to report; the Supreme Government has ordered an inquiry. Better still, we read (December 17) that Government has authorized a public works loan of six millions sterling for Bombay. More will be wanted in other parts; and it must not be jobbed away, nor frittered away. England is at last awake to her duties and her responsibilities. The great thing is to keep her awake; and so to bring, not a spasmodic impulse, but a constant pressure to bear on the people out there. The work is well begun: will it be carried on energetically? We have for some time been trying to make amends for long years of Indian misrule. We have made mistakes: the rock on which we constantly split is that we try to fix English notions on people who care not for them, and cannot even understand them. Here, however, is a matter on which all, native and European, are agreed. Let it never again have to be said of us that in India "the hand soon grows stiff and the heart cold; and the newest philanthropist finds he must not only tread in the footsteps, but also do over again the work of his predecessor" (Mead, p. 206).

Here, then, is the plain statement of the case, set forth with as little sensation writing as is compatible with the effort to bring it before English eyes. And for us the resulting duty is plain. We must insist on it, in and out of Parliament, that such a change is made as shall guard us against any more Orissa famines. If India is to be governed from Westminster Palace Hotel, it must be efficiently governed. But whatever we do, do not let us go whining into our churches, and piously say of those whom our mismanagement has killed by the hundred thousand, that they *died by the visitation of God*.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.



STANDING BEFORE THE LORD'S TABLE.

The Rubrical Determination of the Celebrant's Position. A Letter to the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A., Rector of Clewer. By H. B. WALTON, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College. Elvington. 1866.

The North-Side of the Altar. By R. F. LITLEDALE, M.A., LL.D., Priest of the English Church. Fifth Edition. G. T. Palmer. 1866.

The Priest at the Altar. By an English Priest. Parkers. 1866.

The North Side of the Table. By H. R. DROOP, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Hatchard & Co. 1866.

The North Side of the Table. By CHARLES JOHN ELLIOTT, M.A., Vicar of Wingfield, Berks. Parkers. [1866.]

WANT of space cut short our examination* of Dr. Littledale's Essay,† and prevented our entering upon the further question whether the rubric of 1662 intended the priest to stand "before the table" during the prayer of consecration. Meanwhile we have another plea for the western "position of the celebrant" by Mr. Walton, in a letter to Mr. Carter, who announced its appearance in the most recommendatory terms.‡ Mr. Walton himself explains the reasons of its publication (p. 1):—

"The importance which many persons attribute to a right understanding of our Eucharistic Rubrics, as bearing upon the Celebrant's position, and the evidence which has reached me from several quarters that certain existing

* "The North Side of the Lord's Table," *Contemporary Review*, October, 1866, vol. iii., p. 256. The reader is requested to correct "outward conformity" (second line, second paragraph), p. 257, and to read "conformity in externals."

† Dr. Littledale has announced a sixth edition, "revised and expanded, and containing answers to the ingenious arguments of Mr. Droop and Mr. Elliott."

Both of these pamphlets are well worth the attention of those who take an interest in this subject. We should have found them very valuable if they had been published when we undertook to examine the question of the north side.

‡ *Guardian*, October 10, 1866, p. 1048.

interpretations are thought by competent judges to be, in different ways, unsatisfactory and untenable, have led to my offering for consideration conclusions to which I have myself arrived."

He decides in favour of standing in the middle of the west side. He does not mention Dr. Littledale, who has identified his name with the "liturgical north-side" theory, as its recognised champion,—whoever may claim to be the original discoverer;—but, in commenting on Archdeacon Freeman,* he characterizes it as "novel;" "invented in quite recent years;" "absolutely unknown to English ritualists during the last three centuries;" "conspicuously at variance with the facts of our Church history" (p. 57); "impalpable and shadowy in its foundation" (p. 59).

Mr. Walton tells us (p. 4) he believes—

"In fact that in *no* Liturgy can it be shown that 'North Side' ever meant part of the *front* of an altar, and that in this sense the term is simply non-existent."

This certainly coincides with our own observation as to those liturgies which we have had the opportunity of examining; and his opinion, backed, as it is, by one so deservedly respected and so widely influential as the Rector of Clewer, will very probably have greater weight with many who had taken that view of the rubric, than any arguments from another quarter. But we venture to predict that Mr. Walton's own "determination,"—even if it were more conclusive upon his own premises,—will hardly obtain as many adherents as the theory which it proposes to supersede. He must necessarily fail to influence English Churchmen, when once they have observed the position he has taken up.

Dr. Littledale's case, as it seemed to us, broke down when his evidence came to be sifted and examined: but we met upon common ground. He explained the rubrics in a sense very different from that in which we understand them; but he endeavoured to support his interpretation by the evidence of contemporary usage, and the question between him and his critics was whether he had made good his appeal. But Mr. Walton passes beyond these limits. He does not even profess to make the rubrics agree with his theory—we mean the rubrics as a whole,—and even with respect to the one rubric which he does claim, he rejects the question as irrelevant (p. 38):—

* Before our article on "the north side" had been sent to the press, we had seen Archdeacon Freeman's argument. As it was entirely founded on the examples from the Syriac and Roman liturgies which Dr. Littledale had quoted, and we had already examined them (pp. 270-1), we were very well pleased, even under the shelter of the impersonal—and as we should have preferred—the anonymous "we" of the critic, to avoid expressing a difference of opinion from one to whom a great debt of gratitude is owing for much that he has written.

"Can it be actually shown by contemporary evidence, that the Revisers themselves ever conformed to their own Rubric so understood."

Reluctantly no doubt,—perhaps unconsciously,—Mr. Walton gives up the existing rubric. He appeals to "our first liturgy,"*—not to the Ephesine rite, which was probably used in the early British church,—nor, as we should naturally have understood him, to the liturgy compiled by St. Augustine from those of Italy and Gaul for the "Use" of "this Church of England"—*that* was intended for the ancient arrangement of altars, and for priests who faced the people;—but, as we elsewhere gather from the "Letter," he refers to our first reformed prayer-book of 1549, which does direct the mid-altar position, as he wishes to restore it, with the priest turned away from the people.

Still he clings to the prayer-book. He cannot reconcile his "mid-altar" position throughout the service with the north side rubric; but he assumes that "the rubrics allow the practice of eastward celebration," *i. e.*, looking east: and so far, though we cannot agree with him, he will find many who do. He then goes on to a peculiar development of this opinion, in which we imagine he has hitherto stood alone, and extends the action of the consecration rubric—by a sort of retrospective force—to those parts of the communion service which precede it. The "Letter" does not assert this in so many words, but it is evidently what it intends:—

"This practical repeal of it [the north side rubric] by custom has in effect left the priest free to conform more entirely to the letter and spirit of the later Rubric, and to resume his indefeasible right, according to Catholic usage, of 'standing before the table.'"—(P. 34.)

Again (p. 37) he speaks of the rubric in the marriage service, "turning his face towards them," as—

"Confirming the priest's right to the eastward position at other times."

The same is implied in other places; though when he comes face to face with the consequences of the theory which all along he has been indirectly advocating, he says,—

"I should be sorry indeed to be understood as directly impugning it [the position at the north end] as an admissible custom, wherever sufficient reasons exist for its retention. I certainly am not seeking to advocate any violent or wide-spread departure from it in favour of what is undoubtedly the more excellent way. The revival of any particular usage—however distinctly lawful or permissible—must in the present state of the Church be determined in each case by considerations of charity and Christian prudence, for which no general rules can be supplied."

But before "dismissing the subject," he opens out more unhesitatingly. He first endeavours to discredit the north side rubric, which we had hitherto supposed was allowed on all hands to be the true key for the remaining rubrics, as—

* See extract, *post*, p. 93.

"The mere antiquated Rubric standing at the beginning of the Office."

And then sums up his conclusions:—

"If, then, there be any force in these considerations, it is absolutely certain that an increasing number of clergy will ask themselves whether it is *worth while*, in the ceremonial of our highest act of worship, to be guided by the *obsolete* language of *Swiss Puritans* for a time dominant in our Rubrics,* instead of loyally following the unrepealed and *inextinguishable rule of Catholic Ritual* embodied in our *first Liturgy*; and whether it is not better to conform our present practice to the usages of that ancient Church to which our latest Revisers so deferentially appealed, than to perpetuate the mistaken practice of certain high-Church Caroline Divines, who, we may fairly say, *invented the custom* † of standing at the north end, in defiance both of the reclamations of Puritans, and the original intention of the Rubric."

Now "Rites and ceremonies are in their own nature indifferent and alterable, and so acknowledged" by the "Preface" of our prayer-book; and Mr. Walton is as free to draw up a project, or suggest particulars to be considered, as Bishop Andrewes or Bishop Cosin. One man may prefer standing at the west side of the altar, because it was retained by our first reformers, or because it is now the general rule in the church of Rome. Another may prefer the east side, because the priest stood there when chambers in the catacombs, or buildings above ground, were first set apart for exclusive use as churches; or because it carries out the principle of common prayer in the vulgar tongue more fully than the north side of our revisers of 1552.‡ It may be lawful for either of them to urge another revision of the prayer-book, and so bring about the change they desire—that is, if they think it expedient,—but meantime we must be allowed to think that it is "*worth the while*" of the clergy to obey the law,—as it stands, and so long as it stands,—and that no man is justified in exciting others to disobedience.

So much for the general drift of our author's conclusion,—but one word as to "the inextinguishable rule of catholic ritual." Of course, Mr. Walton cannot intend us to suppose that ritual has been invariable, even in the same church. The "inextinguishable rule" is to be found, not in this or that posture of the priest, or in this or that rubric, which may or may not be rightly understood, but in those living words, "Let all things be done unto edifying;" and in these others, "Obey them that have the rule over you." This

* Granting, what is not the fact, that the advice of the foreign reformers, consulted by Cranmer, whom the author calls "Swiss Puritans," was followed in framing the rubric of 1552, we must recollect that it comes to us from the Convocation and Parliament of 1662, who made it their own by re-enacting it.

† See contemporary notices of this custom, which carry it back some sixty years before Charles I. came to the throne, *Contemporary Review*, vol. iii., p. 274.

‡ *Contemporary Review*, vol. iii., p. 264.

rule our own branch of the church accepts in the thirty-fourth article, and so has the church everywhere and at all times. Thus Firmilianus, Bishop of Cæsarea (*ob.* A.D. 270), in the letter which he wrote to St. Cyprian, and which was turned into Latin by that holy father, and has come down to us in his works:—"Though many things may be changed according to the diversity of places and peoples, yet not on that account at any time has there been a departure from the peace and unity of the Catholic Church."

Then at the end of the sixth century we have Pope Gregory the Great, when our own Augustine had asked how, with one faith, there were different "uses" (*"diversa consuetudo missarum"*) in the churches of Rome and Gaul,—*"Choose,"* he answers, "from the several churches whatsoever things are godly and religious and right, and having gathered them, as it were, into a bundle (*"quasi in fasciculum"*), commit them to the English for their 'Use' (*"in consuetudinem"*). And, last of all, we refer to Van Espen, one of the most learned of Roman catholic canonists, who thus sums up the law of the Church as to the rites and customs of particular churches (*"singularium ecclesiarum"*),—"That priests or other ministers of the church may not change a prescribed rite, even under the pretence that a different (*"contrarius"*) rite is more conformable with the discipline of the ancient church, or seemingly more adapted to kindle the devotion of the people, or to unfold mysteries."

Next as to Mr. Walton's argument on the north side rubric. We have already seen that he thinks the "ritual north side position" as untenable as we do; but he is unwilling to give up the west side altogether, and submit to the natural and obvious interpretation of the rubric. So he takes up the ground occupied by the puritans on the eve of the rebellion, although he can find nothing better to defend it than the arguments of "The Holy Table," which Lord Clarendon speaks of as "very prejudicial to the King and the Church;" and tells us that Williams used them "with all the wit and all the malice he could," though he also tells us they were "sufficiently answered" "to men of equal and dispassionate inclinations."*

It might be thought that common sense could have decided the question; and that men could not have been found, either then or now—puritans or high churchmen, and however dissatisfied with established order,—to put forward as a serious argument, that what was to be done at the north side, the table standing "tablewise," as it was afterwards called—that is, when (if an oblong) it was placed east and west, and with its longer side to the north—was not meant to be done when the table stood "altarwise," and a shorter side or "end," as they insist on calling it, was equally turned to the north.

* "History," book i., p. 97. (Oxford, 1717.)

Be this as it may, Mr. Walton does argue—*First*, that the rubric of 1552—the revisers, on his supposition, designedly ignoring the sense in which “side” had hitherto been used for the end of an altar—not merely allowed, but “required” * the tables to be placed lengthwise, and did not contemplate their being placed “altarwise;” and *Secondly*, that this rubric, as retained by the revisers of 1661, must necessarily bear the same meaning. Now if these propositions could be proved, it follows, we imagine, that the decision of a judge, in any court whatever, would be—not that the rubric had lost its significance, or rather its operative force, because the tables, contrary to the law, had come to be placed altarwise—but that the lengthwise way of placing it is still the law; and that, with reference to this arrangement, “standing before the table” in the later rubric must be construed—non-natural as the interpretation may seem to plain-dealing people—as if it had been worded “*on the side of*” instead of “*before the table.*” †

But we need not be under any apprehension of having the arrangement of our churches puritanized, or of having this non-natural interpretation forced upon the rubric in due course of law. As to the first of his points, Mr. Walton seems only to have caught a glimpse of one side of the truth, and that only from the puritan point of view. The primary intention of the rubric was to remove the priest from the west side, or mid-altar position, and to deal with the diversities as to the place of the table, which had arisen after the old altars were ordered to be taken down. It directed, in express terms, that the table should stand

* “Letter,” p. 4.

† It had not occurred to us that there could be a second opinion as to the sense in which the phrase was used, viz., as pointing out the same position as “afore the midst of the altar” in 1549; or that, *after the Restoration*, there could have been any question as to placing the tables lengthwise in the church. On this last point Mr. Elliott so far agrees with Mr. Walton that he supposes the north side rubric, as retained in 1662, to have contemplated both the sideways and the lengthway positions of the table. He has consequently been under the necessity of accepting the interpretation of “before,” which we assume is inevitable upon Mr. Walton’s showing. Though the “Letter” seems to ignore it, he is quite alive (p. 61) to the impossibility of interpreting two several portions of the same whole with reference to different principles or different circumstances, which are not equally applicable to both. When, however, Mr. Elliott suggests (p. 63) that “before” is “applicable to the one and only position hitherto prescribed for the celebrant, viz., the ‘north side’ (now become the end) of the table”—and when he tells us “that the word was so interpreted by unexceptional and unprejudiced authorities”—we venture to think that his zeal in defending the natural and obvious sense of “north side,” has induced him to countenance an explanation of “before the table” not less forced than that he is opposing. It is quite true that the non-jurors who compiled the “New Communion Office” in 1718 (see *ante*, vol. iii., pp. 280, 282, and *Elliott*, p. 84), explained “before” to mean “on the north side;” but we cannot admit that this proves anything as to the sense in which it is used in our prayer-book of 1662. If they had thought proper to explain that they meant black when they said white, it need not have been misleading within the four corners of their own document; but their peculiar “interpretation clause” could not have been used as an argument against the received names of the colours, and still less when they occurred in a document of an earlier date.

"either in the body of the church or in the chancel;" and indirectly sanctioned its being placed either way, lengthway, as Mr. Walton supposes,* or sideways, which, to say the least, was for some years the prevailing position.

We must pass over the intermediate struggles of the different parties in this matter; but there is no doubt that at the beginning of the Grantham controversy (1627) the puritans had so far extended their influence that though the table was placed "altarwise," as they called it, in the chapels royal and most of the cathedrals, it was placed lengthwise in the great majority of country churches. From this time both parties made every effort to abridge the liberty of an alternative which had hitherto been allowed their opponents. Williams and the Puritans opposed the sideways position under the east window; Laud and the court party were no less intent upon their adopting it,—and they carried their point. The order of the king in council,† in respect to the communion table in St. Gregory's Church, London, confirmed "the removing from the middle of the chancel to the upper end and there placed (*sic*) altarwise," and declaring that the liberty of the Common Prayer Book and Canon for "placing the communion table in any church or chapel with most conveniency" belonged only to the "judgment of the ordinary." This became the rule by which all ordinaries were to proceed, and would very probably be accepted as a case in point in the present day. The Canons of 1640, though invalid for any purpose of adding to its legal effect (*post*, p. 102), yet sanction the rule by adopting it with a salvo "as to the general liberty left to the bishops by law during the time of the administration of the holy Communion."

This decision was in its turn reversed by the excesses of the rebellion. Tumultuous fanatics thrust the tables out of the chancel, or out of the church, as their fury minded them, without any colour of law.‡ But this triumph of puritanism did more for uniformity

* The writer here follows the generally received statement, but he must confess that he cannot produce any original authority for the opinion that the tables were placed east and west in the reign of Edward VI., or the first three or four years of Queen Elizabeth. On the contrary, he does not recollect to have met with any contemporary mention of the moving of the tables from the place where the high altar had stood, when they were removed at all, which did not seem to bear reference to a popular notion that the "proper" place of an altar was against the wall. It is not improbable that the farther scruple as to the way of placing the table was a later development of "the spirit of contradiction in such trifles" with which John Durel, then minister of the French Church in the Savoy, when writing upon this very matter ("Government of Reformed Churches," 1660, p. 30), charges the "new Scotch and English Presbyterians," as contrasted with "the best reformed churches beyond the seas."

† 3rd November, 1633. *In extenso*, Heylyn's "Laud," p. 259.

‡ On the 9th September, 1641 (Long Parliament), the Commons made an order, in which the Lords declined to concur, "that the churchwardens of every church do forthwith remove the communion table from the east end of the church."—Perry, "History," ii. 56.

than all the high-handed proceedings of the Court of High Commission or even the conciliatory tone of the Laudian canon. The altar-wise position of the table, hitherto the rallying-point of contending parties in the church, now became the common symbol of episcopacy and of the prayer-book, down-trodden for a while by rival sects. As a natural result, on the king's return, one of the first manifestations of royalist and anti-puritan feeling was to place the communion tables in the churches as the canon of 1640 had appointed.* Not but that tables placed "presbyterian wise," as we now find it called, were not retained in some parishes where non-conformists were in possession, and even lingered on after the "Bartlemy ejection" in the more remote parts of the kingdom.

These were the exception, and gradually disappeared, and the revisers, in deliberately re-enacting the north side rubric, did so, we cannot doubt, with reference to the existing state of the question, and in the sense which the Laudian divines had argued it must exclusively bear. They retained the alternative of 1552 as to the *place* of the table—"in the body of the church, or in the chancel,"—an alternative which, as we have already seen, was contemplated by the Order of Council of 1633 and by the Canons of 1640,—but they do not appear to have intended to allow any similar alternative as to the *way* the table was placed. The altarwise arrangement had come to be generally acquiesced in, *de facto* at all events, and they incidentally, but not the less significantly, recognise the fact by their use of the phrase "before the table" (*ante*, p. 95), which we cannot suppose they ever meant to apply to the side of a table placed lengthwise. Nor need it be any difficulty that they use "side" in a narrower sense than was intended by the rubric of 1552, or rather than the interpretation which was fixed on that rubric. The conjunction of circumstances, no less than the "*callida junctura*" of Horace,† may surely be allowed

* We find the following "disbursements" in old churchwardens' books,—"Ringers for King's Landing"—"Warrant to search for carpet" [*i. e.*, altar-cloth]—"Righting table"—"Setting up rails"—"Painter for doing King's Arms"—"Ringers for Crowning."

† It is argued that because the revisers did not insert "or end," which it is allowed would have had this limiting effect, that therefore they used "side" in the fullest sense that had been ascribed to it—but we must recollect there was the unwillingness of a large party (*Clarendon*, "Continuation of Life," p. 247) to accept any alteration, which in this case would be more generally felt, as, despite the opposition of Williams and the puritans, the battle of the altarwise position of the communion table had been fought and won under the rubric as it was framed in 1552, and as it now stands. Heylyn had already asked ("Antidotum," i., p. 58) "Whether the Rubric ordering that the Minister should stand at the North side of the Table, doth not imply the Table's standing altarwise close along the wall, if within the Chancel, and close to the partition, if within the Church?" and it is not a little significant that the Canon of 1640 uses "side" in this narrower sense in ordaining the altarwise position of the table, and defines its position as "sideway under the east window," in contrast to lengthwise down the church.

to affix a new sense or restrain the old one. Even though some of our readers may not be prepared to take our view of the surrounding facts of history in this one particular, we are very confident that it will be admitted that they are altogether opposed to Mr. Walton's determination in the other direction, viz., that—

"This Rubric unquestionably required the Priest to stand *facing south*, at the *side* of an oblong Table placed lengthwise either down the Chancel or else in the body of the Church."—(P. 4.)

—and this is the conclusion which is held to be compatible with the priest's standing facing east, at the west side of a table placed "sideway under the east window." . . . We pass on to the main question—the bearing of the rubric of 1662 upon the position of the priest "during the prayer of consecration."

For the convenience of reference we subjoin the corresponding rubrics of the other Books:—

1549. "*Then the Priest, turning himself to the Altar shall say or sing, plainly and distinctly, this Prayer following.*" [and marginal rubrics.]

"*These words before rehearsed are to be said turning still to the Altar, without any elevation or showing the Sacrament to the people.*"

1552. "*Then the Priest standing up, shall say as followeth.*"

Scotch Book, 1637. "*Then the Presbyter standing up, shall say the Prayer of Consecration, as followeth, but then during the time of Consecration, he shall stand at such a part of the holy Table, where he may with the more ease and decency use both his hands.*" [and marginal rubrics.]

1662. "*When the Priest, standing before the Table, hath so ordered the Bread and Wine, that he may with the more readiness and decency break the Bread before the people, and take the Cup into his hands, he shall say the Prayer of Consecration, as followeth.*" [and marginal rubrics.]

Those who suppose the priest to be already "before the table" at the "ritual north-side," argue that this rubric merely directs a change of posture from kneeling to standing, but it will be observed that the rubric of 1552 equally required the priest to rise from his knees after the prayer "of humble access;" and moreover, on this supposition, the words "before the table" would have been wholly uncalled for. We therefore assume that the rubric can only be understood as introducing a change of position in addition to the change of posture, which was already the rule.

This, then, is what we have now to inquire, (1) Does the rubric direct or permit the priest to consecrate the elements standing on the west side of the table? or (2) Does it not rather intend that he should stand there only whilst he is ordering, *i.e.*, setting in order or arranging, the bread and wine within more ready reach from the north side—ordering them, that is, so as to obviate any unseemliness or inconvenience that might arise if he had to reach along the table in order to perform the manual acts in the time of consecration?

Doctrinal controversies have invested this inquiry with an interest it would never have excited if no more than conventional order or rubrical conformity had been involved. We do not shut our eyes to the fact that there is a tendency to prejudge these questions, according as men may believe either—That the placing on the holy table of the appointed gifts, before they are consecrated, is the special act of sacrifice, the Gospel eucharist, in which the Church offers herself through Christ the head: and about which are gathered her sacrifices of prayer and almsdeeds, of praise and commemoration, and those other sacrifices which, then and always, are offered by the members incorporate of His mystical body, by each on the altar of his own heart, and needing not the ministry of any other priest:—or else, That this special act is to be looked for in the consecration,—or in an oblation of the gifts when consecrated.

We purposely pass by these considerations. Even if it were not that the details of public worship are especially within the competence of the Church, and that they in no way concern the conscience, except in so far as obedience to the church may make them binding,—we should have treated our present rubrical question as a question of discipline and not of doctrine, of conformity and not of preference. We do not even bring forward evidence as to the opinions of the revisers on these points, although by so doing we should materially strengthen our argument, because it would necessarily involve the question of eucharistic sacrifice, which, less than any, admits of being handled in any fragmentary manner. Of one thing, however, we are very confident, that, whether the existing rubric allows the mediæval position or not, the reformed church of England does not allow the teaching of those mediæval doctrines, which have been too often put forward as a sufficient reason for it.*

* We have already (*Contemporary Review*, iii. 256-7), guarded against the supposition that there is any necessary connection between the position of the priest and the doctrine which it may be assumed to express—indeed there can be no such inherent connection unless the sign is appointed by God himself—but we no more intended to deny that ceremonies may involve doctrine, than that signs do teach—signs visible no less than signs verbal. We use words to convey a conception existing in our own minds to the mind of another, and this we may equally do by means of a transient act or a material thing. Rites and ceremonies, therefore, as any other visible sign, may have been devised—and unquestionably were devised—for this very purpose—*ex instituto*, or *ad placitum*; but because they teach, and in many cases more readily and more lastingly than any other form of instruction, there is the greater reason that they furnish an occasion for teaching doctrines other than those which the Church allows.

Now if we suppose that the formal act of external sacrifice is the placing of the oblation on the Lord's table, or altar, or whatever it may be, which is applied to that holy purpose; it must be a thing indifferent, whether this be done, according to the more ancient Christian custom, beyond the altar on the side farthest from the people, or at the right of the table, as was done with the show-bread in the temple (*ante*, vol. iii., p. 267), and as was probably the prevailing practice during the earlier centuries of the middle ages; or, lastly, before the table, as gradually became the prevailing custom,

But apart from these considerations, which may sometimes bias the judicial faculty in taking cognizance of the facts of the case, we can well understand how it is that an increasing number of our clergy have adopted the western position, and many of them under the full impression that they were loyally accepting the intention of the prayer-book, to which they were bound to conform. The rubric has been represented as merely giving expression to that which had been the received custom before the Rebellion. The practice of Andrewes and Laud, of Wren and Cosin, had been confidently appealed to as examples of "western celebration." One writer has gone so far as to say that those for whom the rubric was first intended (1662) "would never have heard of a priest standing in any other position."* Then it has been said that the rubric contains no direction to return to the north side; and lastly, as if to do away with any occasion for these details, we are met by the sweeping assertion that—

"Our rubric, worded as it is at present, is identical with the Scotch rubric."†

But these arguments cannot stand in the light which history will throw upon them. They are altogether inconsistent with the facts which are disclosed by an examination of the rubrics as they are, and of the circumstances under which they came to be what they are.

We will not repeat what we have already said of the false antiquarianism‡ of the notion that the western position had been the custom from the first, and we have seen (*ante*, p. 93) what is really the catholic rule in all things which do not touch "the faith once delivered to the saints."

As to the authority of those prelates whose examples have been so mistakenly brought forward,§ we cannot deny that Laud and those who acted with him, although they were very decided in their opposition to the Romish doctrine as to eucharistic sacrifice and sacramental presence, nevertheless seem sometimes to have accepted the prevailing custom in the modern church of Rome as correctly representing the

and as is implied in our present rubric. And if it is a thing indifferent where the priest stands when he offers this sacrifice,—visible itself, albeit "*interioris sacrificii sacramentum*,"—surely it must be indifferent (in itself) where he stands when he performs those transient acts, and offers up those vocal sacrifices, which, in their degree, unworthy though we be to offer them, are sacrifices all, and acceptable through Christ our Lord, as our bounden duty and service.

* Mr. Chamberlain, "*Ecclesiologist*," vol. xi., 85.

† "*Letter*," pp. 25, 27.

‡ *Contemporary Review*, iii. 257-9.

§ See the evidence which we have already adduced as to what really was the practice of Andrewes (*Contemporary Review*, iii. 274), Wren (278), Laud (279), and Cosin (*ibid.*). It is perhaps right to add—though it is no argument for the position of the priest "*at*" the west side of the table,—that Bishop Andrewes' notes contemplate the minister's "descending to the door" of the "*septum*" (altar-rails); and in like manner at the prayer of humble access.—*Nicholls' "Additional Notes,"* pp. 44-5.

practice of catholic antiquity. The stress they laid upon fixing the altar at the east end of the church, where of old was the seat* of the bishop, is a signal instance;—but in respect to the position of the priest at the Lord's table, the most that can be said is that they did not share in the popular objection against "consecrating" on the western side.

This may very fairly be inferred from the option given in the Scotch liturgy, and from Wren's unrubrical indiscretion in the Tower Church at Ipswich in 1636;—but it by no means follows that the same men, even if they could have carried their point in convocation, would have ventured upon inserting any corresponding provision in our liturgy some five-and-twenty years later. Meanwhile they had passed through the troublous times of the rebellion, but not,—as was said of certain *émigrés* when they returned to France—having learned nothing and having forgotten nothing. Besides, it is worthy of remark that at the beginning of the troubles, when all "innovations in discipline" were raked together and reported by the "committee of divines," † though we find "8. The minister's turning his back to the west and his face to the east when he pronounceth the Creed or reads prayers," ‡ there is no mention of "western celebration." Even Wren does not appear to have repeated his irregularity during the four or five years that elapsed before he was committed to the Tower, § and in all his weary walks on the roof of his prison, he can never have planned a return || to that Ipswich "innovation" which had been so great a cause of offence to the church, and was not a question of conscience to himself. ¶

Nor at the restoration was the temper of the country such as to encourage any attempt to bring back this ceremony. The majority of both houses of parliament, however sincere in expressions of zeal for "the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England," showed an

* The same chair in which the archbishops of Canterbury are still enthroned long remained a witness to the ancient custom. It was raised a whole flight of steps above the high altar, like the throne which is still to be seen in the Duomo of Torcello. It is now in the south transept of the cathedral, and the communion table has taken the place it had occupied for centuries.

† Perry, "History," ii. 40.

‡ Sylvester, "Reliquie Baxterianæ," ii. 370.

§ He was committed in 1641, and not released until shortly before the king's return. He was never brought to trial, but the leads which were worn by his continual pacing up and down were long a monument of the intolerance of his opponents.

|| There is reason to suppose that Wren was opposed to introducing any changes whatever — Perry, "History," ii. 347.

¶ Both Laud and Wren, as we have already seen (*ante*, iii., pp. 278-9), protested that it was not for any mystical significance, but for conveniency only in the manual use, that they sanctioned, and in Wren's case resorted to, the western position. We shall see that the new rubric provided for this by moving the bread and wine to the north side.

unmistakeable jealousy of the system which was associated with the name of Laud, and there are not wanting indications that some of his measures were far from acceptable to several bishops and many of the clergy, who were now again restored to their benefices.

The journals of the houses of parliament and the acts of convocation furnish a striking illustration of their unanimity of feeling in respect to ceremonies. We need not specify the complications to which the canons of 1640 gave rise. The 7th canon—"A Declaration concerning Rites and Ceremonies"—was especially singled out for discussion. Amongst other things it recommended "doing reverence and obeisance" at the coming in and going out of churches, chancels, and chapels—a practice which, though it provoked great opposition, was as nothing in comparison to the mere suspicion of celebrating the Lord's Supper with "the back to the people." This being the case, let us see how the canons of 1640, and these gestures in particular, were dealt with in 1662. The 13 Car. II., c. 12 restored the ancient ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but expressly provided (sec. 5) that this act should not be construed "to confirm the canons made in the year 1640, nor any of them." And so as to the gestures, at a conference between the two houses of parliament on the amendments to the bill of uniformity on the 30th April, 1662, the Commons desired "their Lordships that they would recommend to the convocation the directing of such decent gestures to be used in time of divine service as was fit." On the 8th May it was "ordered by this House [of Lords], and hereby recommended to the 'Lords the bishops,' and the rest of the convocation of the clergy, to prepare some canon or rule for that purpose, to be humbly presented to his majesty for his assent." Convocation, instead of reviving the canon of 1640, or making some similar provision, on the 10th and 12th May affirmed the 13th canon of 1604, which directs the uncovering of the head in time of divine service, kneeling during prayer, &c., &c., as if to prove they did not sanction the additions to the canon.

This joint action of the several deliberative bodies, which were now engaged upon the revision of the prayer-book, in a matter so closely connected with the point we are discussing, seems to show very clearly how they would have dealt with a proposal to restore the western position, and it requires only a very cursory acquaintance with the pamphlets of the day to imagine the storm that would have been raised in the country at large by any such suggestion. Controversialists, writing themselves "ministers of the gospel," seem to have ransacked the ribald vocabulary of the time for epithets for this position, and shamelessly reiterate allusions to crimes over which criminal courts throw a veil as *inter Christianos non nominanda*. Lord Clarendon tells us that what men disliked and wished to give

an ill name to, they called "popish." Even in a legal document—the impeachment of Bishop Wren—this ceremony had been described as "popish and idolatrous," and it was associated with all that was hateful in the popular conception of popery. In woodcut and engraving we find a "mass-priest" at the altar, and a "godly martyr" at the stake, reproduced again and again as the most telling of "popish abominations." Nor was the feeling against Roman Catholics confined to puritans and republicans. It was so general and intolerant that, in the first transports of the restoration, the king did not venture to propose those measures of common justice for their relief which he was known to have desired, and which their loyalty had well deserved, so that even the "sanguinary laws" continued to disgrace our statute-book.

And yet we are asked to believe, when the temper of the parliament,* and the country—and of convocation itself—was such as this, that a reasonable man could have thought of a return to the mid-altar position.† The truth is, that what convocation had to do was to carry into effect a concession of the bishops at the Savoy as to "the marginal rubrics," "that the manner of consecrating the elements might be made more explicit and express;"‡ and they did not go blindfold about their work, for the committee for revision appointed by the (united southern and northern) Upper House was presided over by Cosin, now Bishop of Durham, and was ordered to meet every evening, except Sunday, at Bishop Wren's§ palace, and both of

* The alterations and additions to the prayer-book did not pass in either house as a mere matter of course. In the Lords they were read at three consecutive sittings (13th, 14th, and 15th March, 1662), and read a second time and passed on the 17th. In the Commons the amendments on "the Book of Common Prayer" were read "throughout" at two separate sittings. The second reading was postponed, and a committee was appointed to compare the old and the proposed books, "and to see whether they differ in any thing besides the amendments sent from the Lords and already read in this house, and wherein." The committee reported on the 16th April, and the amendments were then agreed to, but not until the question "that debate should be admitted upon them" was negatived by a majority of only 96 to 90.—See "Journals" H. C., 12th—16th April, 1662, vol. viii., p. 408.

† Heylyn may be taken as a representative of the extreme high church party of those times. In his life ("Tracts" (1681), p. xxvi.) we read that "The clergy of the convocation [1661] constantly came for his advice and direction." He writes,—"Where should the Minister stand to discharge his duty? Not in the middle of the altar, as was appointed in the Liturgy of King Edward, anno 1549. That was disliked and altered in the Service Book of 1552."—*Antidotum*, i. 56.

‡ See Presbyterian objection, "Proceedings," p. 28 (edit. 1661). Concession "Papers," p. 130. Rubrics directing the priest to take the bread and the cup into his hands were inserted in the margin of the Book of 1549, and crosses (✠) were printed in the text where the sign was to be made. Bucer wished not only that those black crosetts—"circulus illas nigras," as he called them,—but also that the directions should be done away with. They were left out in 1552, but the rites continued to be observed by the more "careful" bishops and clergy.

§ "Acta sup. dom. Convocationis, anno 1661, 21 Nov." Gibson, "Synodus," 215.

these prelates had been impeached—though Cosin wrongfully—for officiating with their backs to the people.

Convocation might have borrowed the Scotch rubric and permitted the priest to consecrate when turned away from the people, and so have renewed and perpetuated the offence which was found in the very name;—or they might have allowed the English rubric to remain unaltered, except by inserting the marginal rubrics, and so, by ignoring those considerations of greater convenience, which Laud and Wren had alleged in their defence, have cast a sort of slur upon them by seeming to avoid the west side, as if in itself “superstitious.” But they neither yielded to puritan captiousness, nor wantonly provoked further opposition. The “exigency of times and occasions,” of which they speak in their “Preface,” had its due weight with them, and they were wise enough to keep in sight the “general aim” which they set before themselves in undertaking their “review.”*—There were many in their number well fitted to deal with this special case;—trained in the exact methods of a technical logic, and long exercised in important controversies, often turning on some single word, they were prepared to weigh the force of every syllable; and though they adopted some words of the Scotch rubric, they changed its whole complexion, and attained the same ritual purpose by an altogether different ceremony.

And so it is, that in these few words they not only incidentally fix the altarwise way of placing the table (whether standing in the church or chancel), and recognise the front as the part on which to place the oblations;† but they provide against the inconveniences which had suggested the western position, without losing sight of the points insisted on in 1552,—that the people should see what the priest did, and hear what he spoke.‡ The rubric expressly directs “standing before the table,” but in terms so carefully drawn as not to require any “shifting of the book,” or sanction the retaining of this position during the prayer of consecration, even if, in the mention of breaking the bread “before the people,” there were not implied a direction to

* Preface. — “Our general aim therefore in this undertaking was, not to gratify this or that party in any their unreasonable demands; but to do that, which to our best understandings we conceived might most tend to the preservation of Peace and Unity in the Church; the procuring of Reverence, and exciting of Piety and Devotion in the publick Worship of God; and the cutting off occasion from them that seek occasion of cavil or quarrel against the Liturgy of the Church.” The preface also lays a stress upon the clear “explanation of words and phrases that were either of doubtful signification, or otherwise liable to misconstruction.”

† It is evident that the revisers did intend this, from the fact that they require the priest to stand “before the table” when he orders the bread and wine. This assumes that he had already placed them upon that part of the table to which he is expressly directed to return.

‡ *Contemporary Review*, iii. 263.

resume the position, where the manual acts could be seen by the people.

For observe; it does not follow the form of the former rubrics (*ante*, p. 98). Then the priest standing before the table shall order . . . and say—which, supposing there had been no general direction to the contrary, might have justified the "*saying*" in the same position as the "*ordering*"—but the whole construction of the sentence was changed in 1661. "When" (not *then*, but *when* he has first done something else) "the priest, standing before the table, hath . . . he shall say," the "standing before the table" being limited to the preliminary "*ordering*," and not extending to the "*saying*." The priest had stood at the north side whilst consecrating under the old rubric, and there is nothing in this new one to interfere with his old position. After the prayer of humble access, "then" he had said the prayer of consecration; now the *time* for saying it was deferred until he had prepared for the seemly performance of the manual rites, but nothing is said as to changing the *place* for saying it.

Observe also, that together with the mention of standing "before the table," the revisers specify the breaking of the bread "before the people," as if to guard against any disposition to return to the mediæval position. It would be unreasonable to suppose that the priest is to *remain* turned away *from* the people, when for the first time he is told to do something *before* them. Just as he is to order the elements *before* the table, so he is to break the bread *before* the people—they were to see *him break* the bread—not merely see *him whilst he was breaking it*.*

Now this, which we may call the grammatical explanation of the rubric, is confirmed by its almost apologetic character. The revisers knew that "standing before the table" had come to be identified with the act of oblation, and no doubt they intended it to be so understood—*first*, when the priest presented the alms; and *secondly*, when he placed the oblations on the table. Now, when for the *third* time he is standing there, and by their express direction, an explanation is entered into—just as in tenderness to scruples on those points they inserted an explanation of the kneeling of the communicants, and referred to the canon for an explanation of the cross in baptism—lest it should be supposed that they intended the priest to stand there

* We must let pass without comment the various expedients for complying with this direction and yet continuing before the table—"levation" of the bread and cup above the head—turning entirely round for each manual action,—or the ambiguous side-face position, which would probably be assumed by those who, until order has been taken by their bishop, might be unwilling to return to the north side in opposition to the received practice in a strange church, and yet unwilling to disobey the express direction of the rubric to break the bread and take the cup into their hands so as to be seen of the people.

during the prayer of consecration, which they knew would be popularly associated with the Romish doctrine of the mass.* But it is objected, There is no direction for the priest to return to the north side;—nor was it necessary. With equal reason might it be urged that the sermon should follow at the north side, “the people standing as before,” because there is no direction for the preacher to go to the pulpit (there is for his return to the Lord’s table), or for the people to change from their posture at the creed.

The objection arises from losing sight of the context. We do not assert that there is an *express* direction to return to the north side in this *particular paragraph* of the rubric. The structure of the rubric in general, and the comparison of similar non-insertions in other cases, does not lead us to expect it. Our rubrics do not aim at the precision of a modern missal, nor do we need them to disinter the forgotten details of an obsolete ritual. They are “plain and easy rules” for our living and accustomed worship. For the most part they direct some thing to be done. Even when they abrogate a previous custom, it is by omitting the words relating to it, rather than by inserting a direct prohibition. They enjoin kneeling, for example, without forbidding to stand; they appoint the north side without forbidding to stand “afore the midst of the altar.”

Nor is it their habit, so to speak, to reiterate a general direction. The rubric before the first lesson at morning prayer, directs the reader so to stand and turn himself, “as he may best be heard of all such as are present,” but this is not repeated before the second lesson, or the evening lessons, or before the epistle and gospel. And so with the communion rubrics. When the priest comes to the Lord’s table for the first time, he is directed to stand at the north side. After turning “to the people” for the first time (in reading the commandments) he is directed to stand “as before,”—but these directions are not repeated on every future occasion. A specific direction is no more required in the case before us than for the return of the priest to the north side, after placing the alms and oblations upon the holy table; or—to give one more example,—for his return to the “accustomed place” after ministering public baptism, for which he came “to the font.” In every case he returns to the place already appointed, when he has done that for which he was directed to leave it.

This view of the revisers’ intention, which is evident on the face of the rubric itself, becomes still more clear on comparing it with the Scotch rubric (*ante*, p. 98).† Both rubrics intend the manual acts to “be done decently and in order,”—the “more readiness and

* See note, p. 99.

† “I have for many years had no doubt that our own rubric and that of 1637 are really identical in meaning.”—*Mr. Walton*, “*Letter*,” p. 25.

decency" of the one corresponding with the "more ease and decency" of the other,—but here the resemblance ends. The "*ease* and decency" were urged in the Scotch as a reason why the presbyter should change his place, and refer to the ease of his subsequent performance of the manual rites, which the people (who are not mentioned) were not intended to see.* In the English, "*readiness* and decency" are the reason for ordering (arranging or moving) the elements, and have especial reference to the priest being ready to perform these rites before the people and to their seeing what was done. The wished-for seemliness is secured in the Scotch by the presbyter changing his own place, and in the English, by the priest changing the place of the elements,—in the one, the presbyter is the consideration, in the other, the people. The presbyter stood "where" he might more easily use both his hands,—in the other, the priest ORDERS the elements "*that*" he may more readily perform the manual acts before the people. The Scotch rubric expressly prescribed the *place* of the presbyter "during the *time* of consecration,"—the English is silent as to the *time* of consecration, but points out that "before the people" is the *place* where the elements are to be consecrated.

One other observation on the wording of the rubric. If the "ordering the bread and wine that with the more readiness and decency he may break the bread before the people," does not mean moving them within more ready reach from the north side of the table, what does it mean? Mr. Walton, writing to Mr. Carter, candidly admits:—

"With our *present practice* I find it impossible to assign any satisfactory meaning to 'ordered' in the rubric as it now stands. I believe the action intended, whatever it be, is simply superfluous and the word equally so."—(P. 29.)

Superfluous it can hardly be, for "ordered" is not a word that has kept its place through inadvertence when changes were being made, rather it is emphatic, being now for the first time inserted in the rubric. But this is the way our author deals with rubrics. The one is discarded as obsolete, though it has been obeyed for three hundred years; and as to the other, of which he claims "the ascertained meaning,"† he puts aside the most important word as meaningless.

* Archbishop Laud, in answer to the Scottish Commissioners,—“Anything [the presbyter] hath to do about the bread and wine may be done at the north end of the table, and better seen of the people” [*Charge* (1641), p. 12], answers, “I am not of opinion, that it is any end of the administration of the sacrament to have it better seen of the people.”—*Troubles* (1694), p. 117.

† “What we are concerned with in the present day is the *ascertained meaning* of their documentary instructions, not their own ritual practice, which in some respects was faulty and mistaken, though professing to be decided by those Catholic principles which we alike are bound to respect. If on an entire review of the subject it can be sufficiently shown that a particular meaning undoubtedly attaches to their Rubric, we are not called upon to interpret it in a non-Catholic sense either from the fact of

We do not enter upon the question of excellence or expediency.—The old-fashioned way has at all events this to recommend it,—that without any forcing it complies with the written law, and with every word of it;—and this too, that it was the “ritual practice”* of those who framed the rubric, and also the construction which was placed on it from the first. We might bring forward a whole *catena*† of direct assertions, and then be met by counter-assertions of the “ignorance” and want of “ritual knowledge”‡ of the authors,—we therefore refer for proof to facts. First, the western position does not seem to have been mentioned in the “farewell sermons” and other attacks upon the ceremonies of the prayer-book, by ejected ministers, and other nonconformists after the passing of the act of uniformity of 1662: nor was this rubric mentioned among the “alterations” which were proposed by Morton, Baxter, and Bates on the part of the protestant separatists during the negotiations for “a comprehension” in 1668.§ Secondly,—to pass over the mention of this position, as ordered by the Roman missal in treatises addressed to our own people,—learned churchmen, in argument with Roman catholics (more especially in the reign of James II.), mention it in a way they would have been careful to avoid, if they were thereby laying themselves open to a retort from our own services, which their opponents were not slow to adopt in other cases.|| And thirdly, no question was raised with reference to the western position before the commission for revision after the Revolution, though we may be very sure that no such ceremony would have been allowed to pass unchallenged.

It was not until towards the end of the reign of Queen Anne that any question as to the interpretation of the rubric appears to have been raised; and then, not suggested by any variation in practice, but more probably by the first book of Edward VI., which was at that time being constantly referred to by certain non-jurors and others in the course of a controversy as to the eucharistic sacrifice. We have no proof that it passed beyond a “query” in the established church,¶

contemporary or subsequent non-usage, or from the long prevalence of contrary custom.”—*Letter*, p. 38.

* See note †, p. 107, *ante*.

† See Quotations, “Droop,” p. 40; “Elliott,” p. 88.

‡ “*Letter*,” p. 40.

§ Sylvester, “*Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*,” pt. 3, p. 33 (misprinted 39). Baxter expressly says, “This part of the Common Prayer-book is generally approved.”—*Christian Directory*, 2, xxiv. 41.

|| For example, see Wake’s (afterwards Archbishop) “*Second Defence*.” Answer to the Vindicator [of Bossuet’s *Exposition de la Doctrine Catholique*], 1687, p. 71. “Your next charge is ‘that we have been estranged from devotion.’ . . . Instead of reading the service aloud, would you have us turn our backs to the assembly, and whisper they know not what!”

¶ “‘Tis queried by some, Whether the priest is to say the Consecration-Prayer stand-

and we have seen the peculiar rubric by which the authors of the "New Communion Office" anticipated any diversity in their own following.*

Similar doctrinal discussions have had the effect of raising the same inquiry once more, but the masterful spirit of the age has not allowed it to remain a speculative question. Many clergymen in different dioceses have adopted the western position upon their own authority. And it still remains to be seen how this "diversity" shall be dealt with by those, to whom "(if any arise)" the law has given authority to take order for the "appeasing of the same."

In the absence of an authoritative decision—both now, and in the article on the North Side in our October number—we have had to dwell upon small facts with a minuteness which must have been wearisome to our readers; but it has enabled us to meet the assertions of those who plead the authority of the rubric for "taking their stand" on the west side of the table; and this whether at the so-called "liturgical north-side" or in the mid-altar position,—whether during the prayer of consecration, or throughout the administration of the Lord's Supper.

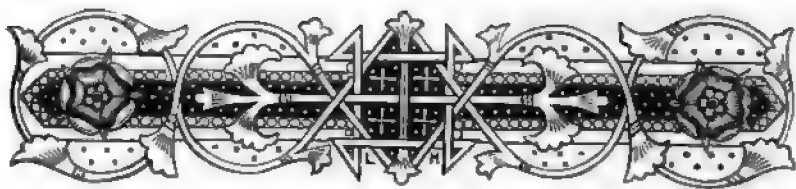
We have answered their assertions by showing that the convocation of 1661 were not disposed to restore the western position, if they had been acting independently; and, that, even if they had wished it, no rubric which let in a ceremony so especially obnoxious to the general feeling of the country, could have escaped the scrutiny to which the new prayer-book was subjected in both houses of parliament. We have proved, that the rubric, as drawn by the revisers, very sufficiently guarded against any such misconstruction; and further, that it never was misunderstood in practice, until, as it seems to us, "such men as are given to change" had lost sight of the general structure of rubrics, and were well content arbitrarily to cast aside the traditional interpretation of heretofore unbroken obedience.

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ing before the Table, by this Rubric, or Whether after having prepared the Elements so standing, he is to return to the usual place of saying the Communion Service with us, viz., to the North side of the Table?"—*Nicholls* (edit. 1710), "The Communion," note (p).

* *Contemporary Review*, iii. 282 (Postscript).

NOTE.—The writer uses "Consecration" (*note*, p. 99) in the sense in which it is ordinarily to be understood, and in which it is inserted in our present rubrics; but the term often occurs in the works of English divines of the seventeenth century, as including both the oblation of the bread and wine and their subsequent blessing. It will be recollected that there was no direction as to the time or manner of the oblation in the second book of Edward VI., and that the church is beholden to the revisers of 1662 for the existing "set ceremony and form of words."



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Relations of Church and State Historically Considered. Two Public Lectures delivered at Oxford. By MONTAGU BURROWS, Chichele Professor of Modern History. Oxford and London. 1866.

THIS little work is not a theory of the relations of Church and State as they ought to be in the author's opinion, or as they have been set forth in the opinions of previous theorists. It is rather a statement of facts concerning the actual relations of Church and State as they have existed in this country in past times, and have descended to the present. "Rightly or wrongly," the author says, "we are learning to look more to facts than to theories, and to inquire into the history of what we see around us, rather than to rest satisfied with philosophical discussions." We do not mean to say that Professor Burrows has no views of his own as to what should be the relations between Church and State in the present day. He has views, and decided ones; and the reader of his lectures is not long left in ignorance of them; but his opinions crop out from and are closely connected with his facts; and even those readers who do not entirely accept the former may find useful matter of study in the latter.

There is one axiom, indeed, from which the author starts, and which must be conceded by all who would follow either his statements of facts or his arguments; but it is one which is necessarily implied in the recognition of the Church of England as a branch of the Church Catholic, and which will be questioned only by those to whom her catholicity is a matter of denial or of indifference. He says,—

"Each branch of the Church owns the same divine Head, refers back to the same original constitution, rejects all notion of any subsequent origin. . . . That view of the Church of England which would degrade her, nay, transform her whole existence, by asserting her to be the mere creature of the State, an invention of the Tudor princes, has been too often refuted to require notice here—it is contrary to the best known facts. She has the same lineaments as her sister churches of the East and West; her connection with the State may be of a different kind, but it leaves her equally possessed with them of all that constitutes a true branch of the Church."—(P. 3.)

This one assumption is indispensable to the author's design, which is to commence with a brief sketch of the relations of the Church to the State in various ages and countries—her gradual growth and extension under and in spite of the heathen emperors of Rome; her combination with the State in the fourth century; the continuation and distinctive features of that combination in the subsequent history of East and West, in Constantinople, in Russia, in Western Europe, down to the Reformation,—as a preliminary to the more special examination of those relations as they have existed and now exist in our own country. Without this one assumption, the history of the early Church is nothing to us: with it, we may justly claim the inheritance handed down to us from the beginning, and learn from the history of the past our own duty in transmitting the sacred deposit to our successors. Of this duty the author justly says,—

"It is no insular self-complacency which prompts us to see that we conserve our inheritance. The very statement of our privileges carries with it a lofty style of superiority which no other nation in the world can boast. For have we not here in combination what all others possess only in some mutilated form? Have we not monarchy and self-government, order and liberty, stability and progress, in the State, intimately bound up, by a law and a custom as old as the State itself, with a Church as pure as the primitive Church, and not wanting, as tested by her orders and her formularies, in any of the formal characteristics which the definition of a true Church requires? If we understand clearly how such a Constitution has come down to us, we shall the better understand how, in the midst of political changes, its substantial features may be retained."—(P. 13.)

Proceeding on this principle, Professor Burrows devotes the greater part of his lectures to a summary account of the historical relations of the English Church to the State, from the conversion of Saxon England down to the present time. The foundations of the connection were solidly laid during the four centuries which preceded the Norman Conquest, during which time the relations of Church and State were so intimately blended with each other in all functions of government, that, to adopt a simile borrowed by the author from Dean Hook's "*Archbishops of Canterbury*," they may be compared to "the mysterious and inseparable connection between the soul and the body of the individual man." Yet, as he tells us,—

"Even then, so wisely did the far-reaching mind of our Teutonic ancestors look before and behind its immediate sphere of operation, so wonderfully were all the so-called accidents of the times guided for the best, that this government was never, on the one hand, a government by priests, never, on the other hand, a slavery on the part of the Church. Owing a debt to papal Rome more directly due and greater in amount than any other of the barbaric kingdoms founded on the ruins of the Empire, yet the independence of the national Church as regards Rome was not compromised. With bishops powerful in the Witangemote, and seated side by side with the earl in the courts, the spectacle of a State governed by ecclesiastical councils was never, even under a Dunstan, witnessed in England, as in Gothic Spain. The councils of the Church were free and frequent; yet, as they depended not on the authority of the Pope, so neither did the King usurp any further power in them than that his consent should be held necessary in important matters."—(P. 14.)

In the same spirit the author traces the history of the later relation between Church and State, through the struggle for mastery between the civil and ecclesiastical powers after the Norman Conquest—a relation which, again borrowing from Dr. Hook, he compares to "the union between man and wife in one household," in which, "although the general interest was one and the same, there was room for misunderstandings, disputes, and even for divorce." The Norman ascendancy brought about this change of relations by introducing the Roman in the place of the national system. From this time "the clergy and the laity are separated in the courts of law. The bishop no longer sits with the earl; the clergy are tried in the bishop's court for criminal as well as civil offences. Separate interests, separate

customs, separate bodies of law, take the place of the old united system. We find two rival wills, two separate *personæ*" (p. 19). The Normanized clergy, at first the allies of the Conqueror, and his most efficient helps in securing his dominion, assumed gradually the position of a rival and hostile power, as the kings became more closely blended in nationality and interests with their people, and the ecclesiastics, through the Roman connection and the increasing corruptions of the papacy, grew more and more into the representatives of a foreign and antagonistic interest. The brief sketch of this period down to the Reformation contains much interesting and valuable matter, though necessarily confined to a few salient points, and suggesting rather than drawing out considerations by no means out of date in relation to our own times.

If the Church at the Reformation did not recover her liberties, she at least obtained, what Englishmen are disposed to regard as a gain, the substitution of a native for a foreign ruler:—

"A tyrant, but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen."

As a tyrant Henry VIII. undoubtedly acted towards Church and State alike. But, as the author remarks,—

"It is quite unworthy of fair-minded men to judge the reformed Church of England by all the violent proceedings of Henry. As steps to an end let them be marked. There are, indeed, some of them which it would be well if we remembered better. But the real aspect of the new relations of Church and State must be looked for in the settlement made by Queen Elizabeth after the violent fluctuations of the first turbulent years of the Reformation had subsided. By the articles of her reign alone are Churchmen bound as to the royal supremacy; and the explanation of the prerogative contained there need bring no blush to their cheeks. This explicit renunciation of all offensive interpretations of the Oath of Supremacy left the position of the Church open, indeed, to assault, but it was not at all objectionable if taken in the sense intended."—(P. 38.)

Our limits will not permit us to follow Professor Burrows through the later phases of Church history, as influenced, first, by the Restoration, and secondly, by the Revolution. As we approach nearer to our own times, we inevitably enter upon the field of political and ecclesiastical controversy rather than of historical research; and conclusions, however fairly argued and temperately expressed, cannot fail of provoking opposition. The evolutions of past phases of history may be calmly viewed in their relations of cause and effect: we can estimate the actions of our ancestors, not only in themselves, but in their consequences. In our own day, on the contrary, we are brought into contact with events whose issues are as yet unknown; and we are compelled to compensate for the want of facts by a greater amount of theory and conjecture. But no theory of the future, no rule for present action, can be trusted, which is not based on a knowledge of and induction from the evidence of the past; and as a guide to the study of the past, Professor Burrows's work, though from its size necessarily little more than an outline, leaving much to be filled up and much to be verified, may be recommended as eminently useful in suggesting facts worthy of study, and indicating the points of view from which they should be studied.

The Spirit of Praise. Being a Collection of Hymns, Old and New.
With Illustrations by Eminent Artists, Engraved by the Brothers
Dalziel. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

THIS is a very beautiful book; got up in a style more chastely ornate than any other work of the kind which we happen to have seen. The

borders and capitals are given in real colour, and the stanzas separated by red lines. At the head of each great division into subjects, are very carefully etched figures on gold ground, occupying the left-hand page. These are entirely by Mr. J. Barlison and Mr. E. Dalziel. We may venture to make two adverse remarks only on this otherwise pleasing series:—1st, that the expression of the praying figure, opposite p. 1, is somewhat coarse: and 2nd, that in “the Nativity,” p. 173, an arrangement of the attendant angels should have been avoided, which, as was somewhat naïvely remarked, suggests *Punch*.

The illustrations proper are of the character now usual, with its merits and its faults. On the whole, we do not like Mr. T. Dalziel’s landscapes. They are mannerish, coarse, and sometimes, which is worse than either, untrue to nature. When, for instance, did he ever see at one and the same moment the lines of horizontal clouds which flank the moon, on p. 1, and the trees bending with what is evidently a stiff breeze? At such a time, the intervals between the clouds are anything but the long lines of level calm which are here represented. Again, on p. 5, besides that “the broad sea’s majestic plains” are represented by a narrow inland firth,—suggesting the discovery in the portfolio of a drawing only remotely appropriate,—whence comes the reflection of light on the water? Hardly from the cloud above, which is not a morning or an evening cloud, bright amidst failing sun, but a noonday cloud, when the whole water would be full of light, if we are looking away from the sun which illuminates the cloud.

Again on p. 11, “Arise ye raging storms, and bear on rapid wings His praise,” did it not strike Mr. Dalziel that the same rapid wings would not let his snowflakes float softly down, as he has drawn them?

On p. 115 there are some wonderful lights and shades. Why the right-hand slopes, beyond and in front of the cottage, should be in light, is to us a riddle: still more, why the cottage chimney, fronting us, and averted from the sun, should be especially in high light, unless it be to indicate that it is there. But for that purpose, we must remind Mr. Dalziel, Nature takes other methods. Again, how the light gets to the smooth water above the fall, or how, getting to it, it reaches the eye of the spectator, would puzzle Professor Airey to determine.

Far better are the same artist’s figure-groups, *e.g.*, the church-goers on p. 35 (where, by the way, we have a stormy effect of light conveniently behind the dark figure).—and one landscape, “the calm retreat,” p. 103, where we cannot see that the trees are worthy of the unfavourable criticism of an able contemporary.

Mr. E. Dalziel’s praying group (p. 128) is very pretty: we can hardly say the same for his long line of angels on p. 227, suggesting irresistibly the idea of celestial drill.

Mr. Smallfield’s group of the kneeling maiden and boy (p. 26) makes us regret that he has not done more in the volume.

We like Mr. Pinwell much better here than in “Jean Ingelow’s Poems,” noticed last month. His first illustration, p. 19, is full of feeling, and pretty child-like simplicity. But the man’s face is hardly expressive enough, and has about it something of the want of finish which is seen in the woman’s face in his only other illustration, p. 197.

It seems to us that Mr. Small bears away the prize among the illustrations in this volume. The group round the dying bed, p. 59, the two kneeling backs, p. 189, and above all the exquisite mother and child on p. 97, are full (all but the artificial light behind the mother’s head in the latter) of truth, accuracy, and feeling. We do not much like the harvest scene, p. 149: it seems to us confused, and wanting in breadth.

We ought not to conclude without noticing Mr. Paul Gray's contribution on p. 89: which, in the expression on the face of the dying husband, and that of resignation in the wife, is worthy of all praise.*

We should also mention that Mr. Handley's initial letters and arabesques are most graceful and beautiful.

The Autobiography of a French Protestant condemned to the Gallies for the sake of his Religion. Translated from the French. London: Religious Tract Society.

THE work here reprinted contains the narrative of the sufferings of a young man, Jean Marteilhe of Bergerac, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There seems to be every reason to regard the story as authentic. The book was found in an old family library at Lyons; and on investigation, a later edition was discovered in Holland, having the blanks which had been left in the first edition filled in with names. M. Michelet makes mention of the work in his "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," and wonders that it never had been reprinted.

The narrative is full of horrors, which however are familiar enough to those who know the history of that terrible time. It is told in a simple, truthful style, with much *vérité* and remarkable freedom from personal bitterness. We cordially recommend it as a present for the young, who cannot be too much reminded, in days when union with Rome is advocated by traitors in our camp, what was, when she had her will, and what is and ever will be whenever that is again the case, her policy towards Protestants.

Philosophie de l'Art en Italie. Par H. TAINÉ. Paris: Germer Bailliére. 1866.

THESE lectures, delivered at the School of Fine Arts in Paris, are an attempt to apply—and in applying, to verify—the law of the production of works of art which M. Taine laid down in the volume reviewed in our February number of last year. The products of the human mind, according to M. Taine, like those of animated nature, can be explained only by the *ensemble* of external conditions and circumstances which surround them. Genius of every kind is sown through all the fields of time with an impartial hand. But those seeds alone are brought to blossoming and fruitage, which are selected as suitable by the soil and climate. Vines do not flourish in Lapland; microscopic snow lichens cannot be gathered in the plains of India. Each country declares itself in favour of its proper flowers and fruit, and determines which shall be fostered and which destroyed. In like manner, the artistic work of any period is determined by a group of conditions to be sought for in the general state of intellect, of morals, and of manners surrounding the artist. Herein lies the law of its production, and this law may be proved in two ways,—by experience, or by reasoning, together with the confirmation of facts. We may enumerate a number of cases in which the law is found to hold good: by this proof it is authenticated. Or we may analyse the general condition of mind and manners in a certain period, and deduce the results of this condition on the public and the artists, verifying our deduction by a comparison with the actual results: by this proof the law is demonstrated. It is a proof of this kind, taking as his example

* We were not aware, when we wrote this, of the melancholy interest which has been given to this touching picture by the early death of the artist.

Italian art of the Renaissance period, that M. Taine attempts to supply in the present volume.

We are reminded by these principles of M. Taine, of that zoological theory of the power of *media* (the external surroundings, in which animals are placed), originated, we believe, by Diderot, and afterwards scientifically developed by Lamarck. But it is worthy of note that Lamarck attributed to the *medium* much more a perturbing than a plastic action in the development of species, and introduced, as the more direct and chief cause of that development, a principle which he called the "power of life." What if, in the progress of intellect, the action of the *medium* be at least sometimes perturbing rather than plastic, and there exist some hidden "power of life" (whether we call it by Hegel's name,—realization of spirit, or the idea of freedom—or, with Milton, assert eternal Providence), which may use the passive medium as its instrument, or, at times, residing in the wills of a few heroic men, strive against it and subdue it?

But M. Taine's lectures have a value independent of the attempt to establish his law. Apart from the discussion of principles, we may read them as an interesting study of the Renaissance period of art, and the causes of that bright and soon perished blossoming of sensuous beauty. True to his historical aesthetics, M. Taine declines all discussion of those abstract questions which commonly make up what is called the philosophy of art. With him, the philosophy of art consists solely in (1) observing the characteristics of the various kinds, and periods, and works of art, and (2) in seeking their causes. Accordingly he begins the present course of lectures with an exposition of the peculiar character of the Renaissance painting. It is this,—that the picture was, in the true sense of the word, *photaresque*. Painting of an earlier period was mystical, or spiritualistic. Painting of the present day is poetical, or narrative, or sentimental; in a word, it affects us, for the main part, in the same way as does literature. But with the artists of the last quarter of the fifteenth century, and the first thirty or forty years of the sixteenth, form was itself an end, not a means:—

"It is not subordinate to physiognomy, to expression, to gesture, to the situation, to the action. . . . 'The important part in the art of design,' said Cellini, 'is to make a correct man and woman well.' In point of fact, the artists of the period—almost all of them—began with silver-work and with sculpture; their hands felt with throbs of pleasure the relief of muscles, followed the curving of lines, handled the joining of the bones; what they desired to set before men's eyes were, first, the natural human body,—sensual, reticent, full of energy, rich in all athletic and animal aptitudes; and then the ideal human body, kinred to the Greek type, so well proportioned and balanced in every part, seized and fixed in an attitude so happy, draped and surrounded by other bodies so well grouped, that the whole should make a harmony, and the entire work give the idea of a world of flesh and blood like the old Olympus, that is to say, divine or heroic, at all events superior and perfectly cultured."

The causes of this brilliant development of art are sought by M. Taine in the influence of the surrounding state of society, first on the mental, and secondly on the active and moral nature of the public and the artists. Three conditions, necessary for the advent and support of a great art period, were then present in Italy:—a high degree of intellectual culture, the attainment of a stage of mental progress, quickly passed when the powers of imagination and of thought are exquisitely balanced, when there is in the mind a rare equilibrium between images and ideas, and last, a number of circumstances affecting manners and character, which led art to the representation of the human body. Not the least interesting and valuable pages of M. Taine's volume are those which he promised in his former lectures, pages illustrating his several positions, with extracts from the memoirs of contem-

poraries of the Renaissance artists, from various chronicles and records kept from day to day in Rome and the principal cities of Italy, from despatches of ambassadors, descriptions of festivities, masquerades, public entries into towns, "notable fragments which will show you the brutality; the sensuality, the energy of the surrounding manners, and, at the same time, the lively poetical feeling, the picturesque tastes, the great feeling for literature, the decorative instincts, the need of outward splendour, which were then to be found, as well in the people and the ignorant crowd, as amongst the men of letters and of rank." We wish we could give the reader two portraits from *Il Cortegiano*, of Balthazar de Castiglione, representing the perfect gentleman and the accomplished lady of the year 1500, to compare with our modern ideals of culture. But we must content ourselves with a reference to these, that we may find room for, what seems to us, two of the most important passages in the lectures,—the first giving the contrast of mind, the second, the contrast of life and character, between a well-bred man of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, and one of the present day:—

"To flourish vigorously, the arts of design need a soil neither lying waste nor over-cultivated. It was unbroken and stubborn in feudal Europe: to-day it is crumbled to powder; then civilization had not driven the plough sufficiently across it; now it has multiplied the furrows to excess, and to infinity. In order that great simple forms should arise on the canvas, under the hand of a Titian or a Raphael, they must present themselves naturally about them in the minds of men; and in order that they should present themselves naturally in the minds of men, *images* must not be stifled nor mutilated by *ideas*.

"Let me pause for a moment on this word, for it is of capital importance. It belongs to extreme culture more and more to efface images to the advantage of ideas. Under the perpetual effort of education, of conversation, of reflection, and of science, the primitive vision dissolves, decomposes, and vanishes away, to give place to bare ideas, to words well classified, to a kind of algebra. The flow of the mind is henceforth in pure reasoning. If it returns to images it is with an effort, by a diseased and violent jerk, by a kind of disordered and dangerous hallucination. Such is our condition of intellect at the present day. We are no longer painters by nature. Our brain is filled with ideas mingled together, finely shaded, multiplied, interlaced; all forms of civilization—that of our own country, those of foreign lands, those of the past, those of the present—have poured in their floods and their deposits. Pronounce, for instance, the word *tree* before a modern man; he will know that it has nothing to do with a dog, or a sheep, or a piece of furniture; he will lodge the sign in his head, in a separate box, duly labelled; that is what we now mean by understanding a thing. Our reading and knowledge have peopled our minds with abstract signs; our habits of arrangement lead us regularly and logically from one to the other. We can only catch glimpses of the coloured forms bit by bit; they do not persist in us; they rise vaguely and sketchily on the canvas within, and immediately disappear. If we succeed in retaining and making them definite it is by an effort of will, after long practice, after a counter education which does violence to our ordinary education; this terrible strain ends in suffering and fever; our greatest colourists in literature and painting are visionaries over-wrought or disordered.* On the contrary, the artists of the 'Renaissance' were seers. This same word *tree*, heard by minds still sound and simple, will in a moment bring before them the entire tree itself, with the round and moving mass of its luminous foliage, with the black angles which its branches sketch out upon the blue of the sky, with its rugged trunk scarred by great veins, with its feet planted in the soil against the wind and storm, so that what is for us but a notation and a cipher, will be for them a visible object in the pomp and perfection of life. They will retain it without difficulty, and recall it without effort; they will choose whatever of it is essential; they will not insist, with a painful and laborious minuteness, on details; they will enjoy their beautiful images without tearing and flinging them out convulsively, like a quivering strip of their own flesh. They paint as a horse runs, as a bird flies, spontaneously; coloured forms are, then, the natural language of the mind; when the spectators view them in a fresco, or on canvas, they have already seen them within themselves, they recognise them; they are

* "Henri Heine, Victor Hugo, Schelley (*sic*), Keats, Elizabeth Browning, Edgar Poe, Balzac, Delacroix, Decamps, and a number of others. There have been many in our time of fine artistic temperament. Almost all have suffered from their education and surrounding. Goethe alone kept the balance; but he needed his wisdom, his ordered life, and his perpetual self-government."—(*Note by Taine.*)

not strange forms brought artificially before their eyes by a combination of archaeological studies, an effort of will, an academical convention: they are so familiar to them that they introduce them into their private life and their public ceremonies. They surround themselves with them, and make living pictures by the side of the painted pictures."—(Pp. 66-70.)

This is the contrast of mind. Our last quotation gives the contrast of life and character:—

"Let us try to bring together these various traits of character, and consider, on the one side, a man of our own times, rich and well-bred; on the other, a great lord of the year 1500; both of them chosen from the class where we should look for judges of art. Our contemporary rises at eight in the morning, puts on his dressing-gown, drinks his chocolate, enters his library, turns over some portfolios of papers if he be a man of business, or the leaves of some new books if he be a man of fashion; after which, with an easy and undisturbed mind, having made a few turns on a luxurious carpet, and breakfasted in a pretty room warmed with hot air stoves, he goes out for a walk on the boulevard, smokes his cigar, enters the circle to read the papers, chats on literature, stock exchange quotations, politics, or railway shares. When he comes home, were it on foot, and at one o'clock at night, he knows very well that the street is provided with police, and that no accident will happen him. With a quiet spirit he lies down, thinking that to-morrow he shall begin again. Such is life now-a-days. What has this man seen of the human body? He went to the cold water baths; he gazed on that grotesque fen in which all deformities in the shape of man were puddling; perhaps, if he be of a curious turn, three or four times in his life he has looked at wrestlers at a fair; what he has seen most clearly of the nude are the swaddlings of the opera. As to great passions, to what trials has he been subjected? Perhaps to some piques of vanity, or annoyances about money; he has made a bad speculation on 'Change'; he has not obtained a place he hoped for; his friends have said in company that he has no spirit; his wife is extravagant; his son is guilty of follies. But the great passions which bring into play his life, and the life of those connected with him, which can place his head upon a block, which can hurry him to a dungeon, and lead him to torture and to execution,—of these he knows nothing. He is too easy, too well protected, too much depressed in little delicate and agreeable sensations. Save for the chance—so rare a chance—of a duel, accompanied with ceremonies and forms of politeness, he is ignorant of the feelings of a man who is to kill or be killed. Consider, on the contrary, one of those great lords of whom I spoke to you just now,—*Oliverotto del Fermo*, *Affonso d'Este*, *Cesar Borgia*, *Lorenzo d' Medici*; their gentlemen; all who were at the head of affairs. For a noble or a knight of the Renaissance, the first concern was to stand in the morning opposite his fencing-master, naked, a poignard in one hand, a sword in the other. So we see him pictured in the engravings. What is the business of his life, and what his chief pleasure? Cavalades, masquerades, entries into cities, mythological pomps, tournaments, receptions of sovereigns; or he figures on horseback, magnificently habited, showing his hose, his perkins of velvet, his embroideries of gold, proud of his noble carriage, of the vigorous attitude by which, with his comrades, he exalts the dignity of his prince. When he goes out in the daytime he wears usually, under his doublet, a complete coat of mail: it is very needful to be protected from the poignard thrusts and sword-strokes which may assault him at the corner of some street. Even in his palace he is not easy; the enormous stone columns, the windows grated with heavy bars, the warlike solidity of the whole structure, tell us that a house, like a breastplate, must defend its master against violence and surprise. Such a man, when the bolts are well drawn in the doors, and he finds himself at gaze before a beautiful face of a courtesan or of a Virgin, before a *Hercules* or an *Eternal Father*, no grand drapery and vigorous bodily development, is more capable than a modern of understanding their beauty and their physical perfection. He will feel, with no technical education, by an involuntary sympathy, the heroic nakedness and terrible muscularities of *Michael Angelo*; the health, the pliancy, the simple aspect of a *Medeus* of *Raphael*; the hardy and natural vitality of a bronze of *Donatello*; the forced *contorcimento*, but strangely captivating attitude of a figure of *Vinci*; the superb abundance of animal delight, the impetuous movement, the force and athletic joy, of the men and women of *Giorgione* and of *Titian*."—(Pp. 144-5.)

The History of Lord Seaton's Regiment (the 52nd Light Infantry) at the Battle of Waterloo, &c., &c. By the Rev. W. LEEKE, &c., Rural Dean, who carried the 52nd Regimental Colour at Waterloo. Two Volumes. London: Hatchard.

We have no vocation to review this large and conspicuous book in a military sense. We can only assure our readers that it contains a very vivid

and so on, till we reach the great battle, the point of which is to prove to the point that the 52nd—defeated single-handed, without the assistance of the 1st British Guard, or any other troops, that portion of the Imperial Guard of France (about 10,000) in number, which advanced to make the last attack on the British position. This proof to the unmilitary mind, is well-estimated. What all the writers, whose "mistakes" are "refuted," may have to say about it, we of course cannot tell.

But there is one notable circumstance about these volumes. The subject, so announced in the title, is entirely done with on p. 137 of Vol. I. But the Vol. I. contains 411 pages, and Vol. II. consists of 476 pages. On consulting the very closely ruled title-page in order to account for this, we find an outline is enclosed in its announcements: "to which are added many of the author's reminiscences of his military and clerical careers, during a period of more than fifty years." So that the author's "*careers*" are to his main subject as 387 pages : 137,—that is a slightly less ratio than that of 7 : 1. The book ought to have been called "The Careers of the Rev. Wm. Locke, Band-Drum and Standard-Bearer; to which are added reminiscences of the 52nd Regiment at Waterloo."

The personal memoirs are, as might have been expected from what has already been said, discursive in the extreme. The standard-bearer has certainly not fainted; we are almost disposed to wish sometimes that he had. The concluding chapters ought perhaps to have been excepted, in taking the proportion above, as they contain a notice of the 52nd Regiment from its formation.

Scenes from the Life of St. Paul, and their Religious Lessons. By the Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D., joint Author of "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul." With Illustrations by Paolo Priolo, Esq. London: The Religious Tract Society.

Dr. Howson's part in this thin quarto has been performed as letterpress for the twelve illustrations which it contains, and originally appeared as articles in the *Sunday at Home*. He describes himself as having "aimed rather at the religious edification of the reader, than at mere explanation and description;" and as "having carefully kept in mind that tendency to unbelief or half-belief, which at present is characteristic of the atmosphere by which we are surrounded." The drawings are, for the most part, able and suggestive. We shrink at first from a modern variation of scenes which have been almost as vividly impressed on us by Raffaele, as if we had ourselves seen them: but some of the variations have much merit. We would especially, among the original drawings, mention, as fine and spirited, that of the shipwreck. By the by, why, in the last of the series, "St. Paul at Rome," has the touching feature of "*this chain*" been omitted?

A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of St. David's, at his Ninth Visitation, October, 1866. By CONNOP THIRLWALL, D.D., Bishop of St. David's.

IN the present age of Church disputes it is really refreshing to take up such a charge as this. We live in the days of small men and big words. The controversies that occupy in commanding type the columns of our great daily journal, and in lesser characters drag their weary length over the "correspondence" pages of the *Guardian*, and of the *canaille* of the Romanizing press, are for the most part concerning subjects the very discussion of which

is a sign of decadence from the Faith. The generality of honest and sober-minded men look on with disgust. The great leaders of English Churchmen, safe in their own common sense and Christian moderation, contemplate the present erratic advances towards Rome with natural loathing, but at the same time with a kind of helpless and hopeless wonder. They know not whither all this will lead. "*Inus, inus precipites.*" This year's "Directorium" prescribes novelties unknown to its former edition, just as in another direction (but is it really another?) the new Strauss has abandoned the footing of the old. Bluster rules in print: bluster, in Convocation. In this latter body, were those who are entitled to sit in it, to come up and take their places, the main body of its decisions would be at once reversed. The sober men hold off, and bluster carries the day. In the midst of such a state of things, the Bishop of St. David's charge inspires assurance and hope. It is the utterance of the general feeling of the Church of England, by a true master of thought and expression. As an intellectual exercise, it is worthy of perusal, even by those who may have little interest in the matters in dispute. It is delightful to see how, with the inexorable logic of calm common sense, the Bishop cuts through and demolishes the fallacies which to some look so venerable. We will give our readers some specimens, which will also serve as examples of Dr. Thirlwall's characteristic style:—

"I venture to say with the deepest conviction, that never has the truth on any subject been more obscured by passionate declamation, sophistical reasoning, high-sounding but utterly hollow phrases, and by violent distortion of notorious facts, than on this (the question of the "Conscience Clause" in Church schools): all, no doubt, completely unintentional on the part of the excellent persons who were betrayed into these errors, who were the first dupes of their own fallacies, and are perhaps of all men living the least capable of anything bordering on disingenuous artifice or wilful misrepresentation. It was the natural effect of the panic into which they were thrown by the suggestion of a danger threatening interests most justly dear and sacred to them, which prevented them from exercising a right judgment on this question, or seeing any object connected with it in its true light. But this deep earnestness, while it does honour to their feelings, renders their aberrations the more deplorable and mischievous. I have good hope, however, that the mist which they have raised is beginning to break and clear away. I am glad to see that the weakness of their 'reasons,' and the groundlessness of their position, has been exposed, both in and outside of Convocation, by clergymen at least their equals in ability and attachment to the Church, though lower in official station. I feel too much confidence in the moderation and practical good sense of the great body of the clergy, to believe that they will be long misled by any authority which will not bear the test of sober judgment, and I am sure that they will sooner or later be found on the side of truth and justice."—(Pp. 22, 23.)

To this the Bishop adds, as a note, the following:—

"Though the argumentative force of Archdeacon Denison's 'Seventeen Reasons' has evaporated under Mr. Oakley's analysis ('The Conscience Clause, a Reply to Archdeacon Denison, by John Oakley, M.A.'). they will always retain a certain value, as examples of a great variety of fallacies, which once actually deceived well-educated men. Perhaps I ought have been content with referring to Professor Plumptre's very able article on the subject in the *Contemporary Review*, if readers were more in the habit of consulting books to which they are referred. But I strongly recommend it to the perusal of every one who takes an interest in the question."

Again:—

"Here, however, I must remark a peculiar and very significant feature in this controversy—that, though it relates to a practical subject, those who describe the Clause as fraught with such dreadful consequences have never appealed to experience, but rely entirely on their own sagacity for discerning the effects of a contingency which it is their object to avert.* And they do so, not because the question is beyond the range of

* "Evidence of Archdeacon Denison before the Select Committee on Education, 3727: 'It is then an opinion unsupported by any actual experience?—Yes, I cannot say that I have had any actual experience of the adoption of the Clause.'"

experience, and confined to the region of theological speculation. There is experience to consult, and such as would, I believe, in most cases be considered a sufficient guide. In the present case it has been rejected or ignored by those who condemn the Clause, but only for a reason which does not in the least lessen its intrinsic value, namely, that so far as it goes, it happens to run counter to their views. The Conscience Clause is not an experiment which has yet to be made: it has been already tried in a great number of schools. First, in all those in which the principle was voluntarily adopted by the managers of Church schools. I have yet to learn that this has ever been attended with the slightest perceptible ill effect. It may however be said, that this is immaterial, and that the relaxation of the principle—the right and duty of the Church to inculcate every article of her doctrine on all children who are admitted into her schools—is, independently of consequences, the worst of evils, a virtual ‘undermining of the foundation of religion.’ I do not expect that the excellent persons who hold this opinion would ever consent to submit it to the test of experience. It is for them one of those transcendental verities, belonging to a higher sphere, which are degraded and profaned when they are brought down to earth, and tried by their application to the actual condition of things, and the real affairs of human life. I am quite content that they should be spared such contact with the world of reality. All that I wish is, that the world of reality should not be subjected to their influence, but should be regulated by the results of practical experience.”—(Pp. 24, 25.)

The following has seldom been equalled as an example of keen trenchant sarcasm; which was never more completely in place than as against the monstrous proposition which it demolishes:—

“The general proposition, that it is better for a child to receive no instruction of any kind than to attend a school in which it learns nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic,* and that the moral discipline of the school, however excellent in itself, is utterly worthless, is one of that class which it is sufficient to state. For those who are capable of maintaining it, it admits of no refutation; for the rest of mankind, it needs none.”—(P. 33.)

On another part of the adversary’s argument, the indignation of the Bishop, though carefully veiled under his calm language, is very strong, and thoroughly deserved:—

“I must own that I have been sorry to observe the frequent reference which has been made in the discussion of this question, to what is called ‘the missionary office of the Church in educating the children of the sects.’† I do not much like to see the word *missionary* used with reference to the ‘sects.’ I do not think it will tend to produce a happier state of feeling between the Church and the Dissenters, if they find that we speak of them as if they were heathen. It has indeed always been the policy of the Church of Rome to deny the right of all Protestants, Anglicans among the rest, to the name of Christians. But this is one of the points in which I do not desire to see a nearer approximation to the Romish spirit or practice. But if the Church is to discharge her ‘missionary office in educating the children of the sects,’ this can only be done by placing them under the instruction of missionaries, who will bring them over to the belief that the religion of their parents—whether better than heathenism or not—is a false religion.‡ To do this against the will of the parents—and as long as they remain Dissenters it must be against their will, though they may have been induced by worldly motives to suffer the experiment to be made—appears to me a shameful abuse of an opportunity, which it was wrong to give, but far more culpable to take.

“We have been seasonably reminded § of an occurrence with which Europe was ringing a few years ago—the foul deed by which, under colour of a sacrilegious abuse of the Sacrament of Baptism, a Jewish child was torn from its parents, to be brought up in the tenets of the Church of Rome. This outrage was sanctioned by the highest authorities

* “‘As to reading, writing, and arithmetic, I think that without religion (*subaudi*, such as I would teach them) they are better without it.’—*Archdeacon Denison’s Evidence before the Select Committee on Education*, 3764.”

† “*Archdeacon Denison, u. s.*”

‡ “‘No religion is true, except the religion of the Church of England.’—*Archdeacon Denison, Evidence*, 3881. It is the old maxim, which had not been thought over-lax, with a special restriction: *Nulla salus extra Ecclesiam—Anglicanam.*”

§ “*Professor Plumptre, u. s., p. 593.*”

of that Church. Much as it shocks our moral sense, we have no reason to doubt that all who were parties to it acted according to the dictates of their conscience, and from motives of kindness towards the child. As much may be said for those who entice Dissenters into their schools by opening the door to them, and then exercise the missionary office of the Church upon them.* There is indeed a difference between the two cases, but I am not sure that it is in favour of the Anglican mode of proceeding. The Mortara case was one of sheer brute violence. There was no attempt to corrupt or tamper with the conscience of the parents. They protested against the abduction with all the energy of grief. It would have been far worse for them if their consent had been bought: and the transaction, on the part of the purchaser, would have been not less unjust, but more dishonourable. We are indignant, but not surprised, when we hear of such acts in the Church of Rome. We are too familiar with numberless examples in which she appears to have acted on the maxim, 'Let us do evil, that good may come.' But that conduct which can only be justified by that maxim should be avowed by clergymen of high position in our Church at this day is both humiliating and alarming. There ought to be no need of such a provision as a Conscience Clause in this country. I at the time believed that it was not and never would be needed. But when I find that some of the most honourable and high-minded men among the clergy may be betrayed by their professional studies and associations into a breach of morality, from which, if it had not seemed to them to be sanctified by the end, they would have instinctively recoiled, I am forced to the conclusion, that the protection afforded by the Conscience Clause cannot be either justly or safely withheld. Even if it was not needed as a safeguard against a practical wrong, it would be valuable as a protest against a false principle."—(Pp. 39-41.)

Our limits prevent our following the Bishop through various other subjects, such as the Decision on "Essays and Reviews," Diocesan Synods, The Constitution of the Court of Final Appeal, The Reform of Convocation, the case of the Bishop of Natal. We must content ourselves with stating that his remarks on each of these subjects are of great weight, and well worthy of being carefully studied, even after all that has been said on them: nay, perhaps, *because* so much has been already said on them. We have here a verdict on the pleadings, given by one who perhaps more than any other man deserves the title of the master intellect of the Church of England.

We hasten on to notice what the Bishop says on the great practical subject of the day—Ritualism. Commencing with a useful and instructive summary of the origin and progress of the movement, both of which it is found sometimes convenient to misrepresent, he comments with some severity on the language used in Convocation respecting the legal opinion obtained by the bishops,—and on the report of Convocation itself. That report he admirably characterizes as "a mosaic of compromises, cemented by a general disposition in favour of Ritualism." He is not surprised that the very curious paragraph in it, which states that "none are more earnest and unwearied in delivering the truth of Christ's Gospel, none more self-denying in ministering to the wants and distresses of the poor, than very many of those who have put in use these observances," should not have been perceived to be utterly irrelevant, by men who throughout ignore the Romanizing character of the movement. He goes on to say,—

"They themselves would probably be the last to question that many, if not most, Roman Catholic priests lead holy, self-denying lives, and give themselves unsparingly to the work of their calling, even when it is not of a missionary kind. It seems to me more to the purpose to observe, that they are apparently persons of great energy and no inconsiderable ability, thoroughly in earnest, believing in themselves and their mission, of resolute will and sanguine hopes; and that the strength of the party behind their backs is not to be measured by the numbers of those who happen to belong to their congregations. Their adherents probably form a much larger body. It may not

* "So Archdeacon Denison, *u. s.* 2823, — 'We may be obliged to do things sometimes which may appear to trench upon other people's rights, but I do not think that there is necessarily unkindness connected with it.'"

be too much to say, looking at their connections and alliances, that they are already a power in the Church : one strong enough at least to make it worth our while to gain as clear an idea as we can of their principles and aims."—(Pp. 88, 89.)

Of these the Bishop takes a masterly survey. The opening of this his survey deserves attention :—

"The fact which presents itself most obviously on the surface of the whole matter, is the change which has been made in the Administration of the Lord's Supper. The Communion Service of the Prayer-book is set, as it were, in the frame of the Roman Catholic ceremonial, with all the accompaniments of the high or chanted Mass, vestments, lights, incense, postures and gestures of the officiating clergy. It is interpolated with corresponding hymns, and supplemented by private prayers, translated from the Roman Missal. To make the resemblance more complete, several of the clearest directions of our own rubric are disobeyed, and the Roman observance substituted for that appointed by our Church. To the eye, hardly anything appears to be wanting for an exact identity between the two liturgies : and it is but rarely that any difference can be detected by the ear. I cannot help thinking that this unquestionable fact deserved some notice in the Report of the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation on Ritual, where it is passed over in silence, and could not be gathered by any one from the remarks which are there made on the particulars of the new practice. And it is not unworthy of note, as indicating the spirit of the movement, that according to an interpretation of the rubric referring to the second year of Edward VI., which was for some time treated as indisputable, every ornament and rite of the unreformed Church, which has not been either expressly forbidden or tacitly excluded by the established order of our service, is still authorised by the statute law, and may and ought to be used. This doctrine was made the foundation of a remarkable work, which purports to direct the Anglican clergy in their liturgical ministrations with a view to the restoration of the old practice, and treats the subject with a Rabbinical minuteness, quite worthy of the end proposed. This interpretation, indeed, has since been discovered to be hardly tenable, though it will probably not the less continue to be acted upon. But it marks the precise character of the ideal which the Ritualists have set before themselves as the object of their aspirations : the mediæval type of ritual in its most florid development, and in the most glaring possible contrast to the simplicity of our present use."—(Pp. 89, 90.)

Commenting on the assumption of a principle bearing on this question, that "the use of peculiar vestments for the celebration of divine service, and especially of its most solemn act, the Holy Communion, is a dictate of instinctive piety," the Bishop observes that "it may be now considered as well ascertained that for several ages the piety of the early Christians did not lead them to make any change in their ordinary apparel, even for the celebration of their holiest mysteries, and that the liturgical vestments of later ages may all be traced to the original dress of secular life : " and for confirmation of this, he refers to Prof. Cheetham's article in this journal for August last (founded on Hefele's Essay), and to Mr. Hemans's article in October.

We wish we could follow the able and discriminating view which the Bishop takes of the Eucharistic doctrine of modern ritualism, as compared with the Roman and Anglican doctrines. It was one of the strangest features in the Report of the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation, that it stated that "in the larger number of the practices which were brought under its notice, it could trace no proper connection with the distinctive tendency of the Church of Rome." Of this astounding proposition the Bishop effectually disposes. He says,—

"It seems much better fitted to excite surprise, than to administer consolation, or inspire confidence. But it was to me still more surprising to hear from one speaking in another place, with the weight of high authority, and under very grave responsibility, a most deliberate and solemn declaration of his belief, 'that this present movement is not a movement towards Rome.'"—(P. 104.)

In one view indeed the *present* movement may be said to be not towards Rome, because its advocates are expecting Rome to move towards them.

The Bishop gives the instructive history of the very curious "Society for Promoting the Unity of Christendom," its application to Rome, and the answer:—

"It seems surprising that any one moderately acquainted with the history and character of the papacy, should have thought it possible that such a proposal should ever be entertained at Rome. And perhaps, but for the interference of the Roman Catholic bishops, it might have been long before the desires of the association were embodied in one, so as to call forth the judgment of Rome upon it. The reply of Cardinal Patrizi, energetically enforced by the highest Roman Catholic authority in this country, must, I think, have convinced the most sanguine of the utter hopelessness of the attempt under present circumstances, or indeed without such a change in the spirit and the principles of the Church of Rome as would almost supersede the necessity of any formal reconciliation."*—(P. 107.)

The Bishop's own rule of action is admirably laid down, with that true spirit of Christian charity and catholicity which distinguishes him in the midst of his unsparing hostility to disingenuousness and unsoundness of argument:—

"But I am not for the present prepared to lay down any more absolute and comprehensive rule of action, though many persons—some of them worthy of all respect—call loudly for the interposition of authority in every case, to put down the excess of Ritualism, wherever it shows itself: and therefore even where the whole or the bulk of the congregation earnestly desire it, and none take offence at it. On the same principle on which I would interfere for the protection of parishioners, on whom their minister attempts to force a novelty which they dislike, I should scruple to deprive a congregation of a form of worship which has become dear to them, though it is one of which I disapprove. And here we must be on our guard against exaggerating the importance of outward forms, and supposing that some great thing has been gained when they have been suppressed, though the opinions of which they are the visible exponents remain unchanged. Here I agree with the Committee, when they deprecate any attempt to establish a rule applicable to all places and congregations alike. I consider a uniformity which does not represent, but is the substitute for unanimity, as a very questionable blessing. I adopt the maxim of the Committee on a much higher authority. It was not in the spirit of our last Act of Uniformity, but under the guidance of one as opposite to that as light to darkness, that St. Paul wrote those ever-memorable words for the perpetual rebuke of all narrow-mindedness and tyrannical encroachments on the rights of conscience and Christian liberty: 'One man esteemeth one day above another: another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be persuaded in his own mind. He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks.'"—(Pp. 120, 121.)

And here we lay down this remarkable charge: thankful that words of sober truth should have at length been spoken from the episcopal bench, and by such a member of it.

The Book of Common Prayer, &c. &c.; with Ornamental Borders, and Illustrated Titles. London: Rivingtons.

WE must not be surprised if the ritualistic movement gives rise to varieties of feeling for ornament, even where its great postulates are repudi-

* "It does not, however, prevent the English Church Union from regarding 'Ritualism as a means of promoting ultimately the intercommunion of the whole Catholic Church.'—Report of the President and Council of the English Church Union on the Report of the Lower House of Convocation on Ritual." [We may add, that the capacity of this "English Church Union" to deal with questions requiring a knowledge of the text of Scripture may be measured by the fact that in this same Report they avow a preference for the practice of elevating the elements, on the ground that we are said in the Holy Communion to "*shew* the Lord's death till He come" (1 Cor. xi. 26). Had this unfortunate body no one among its members who could remind them that the word rendered "*ye shew*" is *καταγγέλλετε*!]

ated. Some of these may be legitimate : others unlicensed and objectionable, either in themselves, or as contented with cheap imitation of mediæval work. Of the latter kind is the book before us. Eight designs of borders have been chosen, pretty enough in themselves. Throughout the book these eight are repeated, in the same unvarying order, on every sheet. To these have been added six designs for titles, each occurring once : *voilà tout*. Is it in accordance with the "lamp of truth," that so much appearance of decoration should be presented where so little invention has been bestowed upon it ? The wider question as to the place of such ornament in books of devotion cannot be treated in a short notice. But we may venture to say this much on it. Such pictures either encourage devotion, or they distract it. If they encourage devotion, why not *encourage them* more ? Why not fit up our church walls with them ? If they distract it, why have them at all ?

An Essay on Pantheism. By the Rev. JOHN HUNT, Curate of St. Ives, Hunts. London : Longmans. 1866.

MR. HUNT's treatise has had the good or evil fortune, according to the view men may take of it, to be bracketed by the Congregation of the Index with "Ecce Homo" and Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon." That he has not been exposed to a like anathema from the self-constituted expurgators of Anglican theology in our own country is due, in part, to the fact that his inquiry leads him to wider and deeper questions than those which come within the range of topics of the day, and can hardly be touched without at least some knowledge of investigations of which they are, for the most part, profoundly ignorant.

In the frank and interesting introduction to his essay Mr. Hunt informs his readers of the course of thought and study of which it was the fruit. Beginning with the conviction that he must make his own knowledge of theology more thorough in order to meet the doubts and difficulties of others, he formed the design "of reading all the books which had been written against Christianity, and mastering all the systems which are said to be in opposition to it." With an almost amusing *naïveté* he adds that he had, at the time, "no conception of the magnitude of the task he had undertaken." As he advanced, his plan took a more definite shape. He "intended to treat of Pantheism, Atheism, Deism—French, English, German ; the antagonism of Christianity with Heathenism in the times of Porphyry and Celsus, French Socialism, German Rationalism in all its forms, and, finally, of the present state of Theology and the prospects of the Church of the future." He showed this scheme to a friend, who very naturally told him that the task he had undertaken would require at least twenty years. Narrowing his plan within more manageable limits, he confined himself to the study of Pantheism, read what was to be found under that head in encyclopædias and histories of philosophy, and went on, with the determination to be thorough, to the writings of the great European thinkers who have been admired or attacked as Pantheistic. Further investigation led him to see that the subject of his essay touched, on the one side, upon the great religious systems of the East—Hindooism, Sufiism, Buddhism ; and on the other, upon the theology of the Fathers and the Schoolmen ; and that there was also a Pantheistic element in Greek philosophy which could not rightly be neglected.

The result of these labours bears some traces of the process of gradual

discovery and successive enlargement which Mr. Hunt so honestly discloses. But it is the work of a man indefatigable in his pursuit of truth, not content with second-hand information where it was accessible to him at the fountain-head, making his task a labour of love, and proclaiming the results fearlessly. There is, we believe, no English treatise bringing together anything like the same amount of information, given, wherever it was possible, in the words of his authorities, and grouped with an instructive clearness. We note, it is true, some omissions that will doubtless be supplied in the second edition which the book so well deserves to reach. If there is one thinker of our own time who, from the commencement of his career, has seen the infinite importance, in the religious struggles of our time, of the questions which Pantheism raises and professes to solve, it is the new Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, and yet, strange to say, Mr. Hunt, though referring to two of Mr. Maurice's works, the "Claims of the Bible and the Sciences" and "What is Revelation?" does not include, in his list of authorities, the "History of Mental and Moral Philosophy," which first made him conspicuous as a writer, and in which, in its fuller and more complete republication, he has given us a *κρήνη ἐξ ὕψους*. In those volumes Mr. Hunt will find one whom he will recognise as sympathizing with him in his earnest seeking after God, and whose guidance will, we trust, lead him to reconsider some of the language which he has used in this volume.

The discussion of the subject of his treatise would require a far longer paper than the present; but, in justice to ourselves, as well as to Mr. Hunt, we think it right to indicate where we diverge from him. Acknowledging, as we do, the good service which he has done in showing that language seemingly Pantheistic is compatible with the faith both of Israel and of Christendom, and thanking him for the very interesting chapter in which he has traced the influence of Pantheism upon the poetry of our own time—on Goethe, and Novalis, and Shelley, and Wordsworth (he might have added, as an article in the present number will show him, Mr. Browning).—we think that he forgets that such language was compatible with that faith precisely because the true ground of the faith of the Jewish and Christian Churches was and is their intense conviction of the personality of God, and that where this has been absent, as in some of the poets whom he names, it tends to pass into the theory of an evolution of many phases of being through which *the* Being is ever, but imperfectly, realizing Itself, and that this involves a practical negation of the Divine Will commanding good and forbidding evil, a practical obliteration of the lines of demarcation between good and evil themselves. Mr. Hunt himself would, we cannot doubt, protest against these conclusions, and yet we cannot but feel that he has committed himself to statements that imply them. "God," he says, "is neither personal nor impersonal. He is both. . . . He who has grasped the great truth of the impersonality of God, and yet recognises the Divine personality, has risen to that transcendental region where truth has its origin, and yet he has a footing on the terrane, where truth is known only under the limitations of things finite" (p. 341).

And this thought colours, as might be expected, his interpretation of Christian doctrine and of religious acts. He accepts the orthodox Athanasian formula as "the recognition of God in his transcendency, as personal and yet as impersonal" (p. 343). He finds, we do not quite see how, a solution of the problems that gather round the Atonement in the recognition that men have forgotten that "God is impersonal as well as personal." His view of prayer is that it is "a religious exercise, profitable to ourselves by

raising and cherishing in us good dispositions. And so rational men fall back on the worship of God in His impersonality. Prayer becomes lost in praise. . . . Prayers are not meant to change God, but they produce good dispositions in the worshippers" (p. 348). He quotes, without protest, Mr. Emerson's proclamation that "man, though in brothels or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is true and good" (p. 351). He speaks of Pantheism as "the goal of Rationalism, of Protestantism, and of Catholicism, for it is the goal of thought" (p. 374).

We note these statements with regret. We believe that they are traceable, in part, to the fascination of a grand theory presenting itself to a mind to whom the whole field of investigation in which he was working was comparatively new, and who has been dazzled by the darkness which seemed excess of light. The Pantheism which he adopts offers, as Hegel's system did to many Christian thinkers in Germany, a plea for repeating the old formula in a sense partially or wholly new, and tempts men with the promise of a mount of vision from which they see contradictions harmonized and the mysteries of the world solved. Such a temptation one, at least, of the great thinkers of our time has struggled with and overcome. We believe that Mr. Hunt will rise from Mr. Maurice's "*History of Moral Philosophy*," not only with wider and fuller information as to the lives and teachings of the many writers of whom he speaks, but with a deeper and truer faith that God is not merely the Being, Infinite and Absolute, fulfilling Himself in many ways, but the Father manifesting Himself in the Son. We will add that we think he could find no better corrective of the half-narcotizing effect of the haze of systems than the vivid historical reality and intense earnestness of "*Ecce Homo*." It will give us more than satisfaction to be able to greet one who has so much in him that we admire, as more thoroughly in harmony than he seems to us, at present, with the mind of Christendom.

The Holy Roman Empire. By JAMES BRYCE, B.C.L., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. New Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

THIS volume has grown out of an essay which gained the Arnold Prize at Oxford; and perhaps the fact is not likely to tell in its favour with readers in general. For as the first object of a prize essay is avowedly to display the writer's ability, we do not come to the perusal of such an essay with the expectation of finding much instruction. We look for grand and sweeping theories, urged with all the confidence of youth; a very slight basis of facts, gathered for the most part at second-hand, while a hastily gained acquaintance with one or two original authorities attaches to these writers an importance which is out of all proportion to their real value as parts of a far larger whole; an eloquence savouring of the university debating-club, and showing a studious imitation of the models which happen to be most in fashion; a sublime contempt of all but the very latest lights—a contempt which, in a prizeman who writes under the invocation of Dr. Arnold, may perhaps be somewhat more intense than usual.

From some of these characteristics Mr. Bryce is by no means free; but he is certainly a very favourable specimen of the university prize essayist. He does, indeed, knock about names, and reputations, and institutions in a way that is rather alarming; but he knows more and dogmatizes less than his fellows in general. It is a proof of no ordinary modesty in a brilliant young hero of the Oxford Law and Modern History schools, that he hardly

claims more of authority than Hallam or Dean Milman; nay, that, as compared with Sir Francis Palgrave or Mr. Carlyle, he is rather less than more oracular. The subject is so very large that it would be ridiculous to speak of Mr. Bryce as having mastered it in all its parts. His references show that he has been much indebted to writers of treatises on various portions of it, and that his acquaintance with the original authorities has rather been gained by looking out certain passages, which were indicated in these treatises, than by reading the whole mass and founding on it an independent judgment; and when he gives such a reference as "Pertz, M.G.H.," without condescending to tell us in what part of Dr. Pertz's more than twenty folios we are to look, we can only feel a blank astonishment. Here and there we meet with little blunders, which are visible to the least critical eyes. Thus Mr. Bryce speaks of "Optatus, Bishop of Milevita;" he twice renders *Commanensis* by "Bishop of Caen" (a place which, we believe, never had a bishop); he assumes the genuineness of a letter which Frederick Barbarossa is said to have addressed to Saladin, although it is now generally supposed to be the school exercise of some mediæval pedant; he believes the poem which bears the name of Gunther of Liguria to be of the date which it claims, although it was probably the work of Conrad Celtes, three centuries later; he believes that the execution of Conradin was suggested by Clement IV., although the story of "*Vita Conradini mors Caroli; mors Conradini, vita Caroli*," has long been generally discredited; he assumes the truth of the story (now commonly rejected) that Boniface VIII., at the jubilee of 1300, appeared in imperial robes, and declared himself to be Emperor as well as Pope; and so on.* We gladly own that we have learnt a great deal from the work; but there is about it a provoking air of universal knowledge, overlying a knowledge which, in many places, we see to be very defective; so that, where the matter is beyond the little circle of our own feeling, we cannot help feeling an uncomfortable want of confidence in our guide.

As to the substance of the treatise, it looks very much as if Mr. Bryce had set out with a theory which, in the progress of his inquiries, he found to be seriously impaired by the facts. That theory would seem to be somewhat to this effect:—That the Roman Empire, instead of having come to an end, so far as the West was concerned, in Augustulus, was never extinct or even dormant; that it was still supposed to continue, Odoacer and Theodoric being regarded merely as lieutenants of the emperors who reigned at Constantinople, and that thus the idea of the empire possessed the western mind all through the time between Augustulus and Charlemagne; † that the empire was regarded as a thing unique, so that to speak of more than one empire as existing or possible would, in the Middle Ages, have seemed to involve an absurdity; that this empire was transferred by Pope Leo III. from the Greeks to the Latins or Franks, Charlemagne being regarded, not as the first of a new line, but as the regular successor of the Byzantine Constantine VI.; that throughout the Middle Ages the emperor was regarded as the feudal lord of (at least) all the West—not only conferring the kingly dignity

* At p. 217, Mr. Bryce gives us a new version of the inscription under the picture of Lothar the Saxon's homage to Innocent II.,—

"*Rex exalt ante fores, nullo prius urbis honore*"

The common reading (and surely the right one) is—

"*Rex stetit ante fores, jurans prius urbis honore,*"

† We need hardly say that Mr. Bryce will not allow this form of the emperor's name; but we are too old to learn some things.

on princes who had not before possessed it, but acknowledged by the various princes and nations as their feudal superior.

But, on looking at the facts, we find that this theory is very poorly borne out. Although such chiefs as Odoacer and Theodoric may have been pleased to adopt titles which connected them with the imperial system, their power was really their own—wrung from the empire by force, and exercised in entire independence of it. In the centuries which immediately followed, although Italy had been reconquered for the empire by the arms of Justinian's generals, we find nothing like an acknowledgment of the imperial supremacy in other countries of the West; even Britain, for instance, had occasionally its own *Basileus* and *Imperator Augustus*. The idea of a transference from the Greeks to the Latins, instead of having been present to the minds of Leo and Charlemagne, is acknowledged by Mr. Bryce himself to have been probably devised, four centuries later, by Innocent III. And our author tells us, further, that in France from the accession of Hugh Capet, in England, in Spain, and in Sweden, the imperial sovereignty was never admitted; while in other countries, such as Denmark, submission to the imperial authority was merely the effect of actual conquest, and the relations of the lesser power to the greater fluctuated according to the strength or the weakness of each.

But the great difficulty is the continued existence of the Byzantine Empire. This was not only a practical inconvenience standing in the way of the theory (as the existence of the Greek Church stands in the way of the papal theory), but the dignity of the Byzantine sovereigns was acknowledged by the West in a manner quite fatal (as it seems to us) to the supposition that the empire was then believed to be one, unique, and exclusive. Even the pompous Greeks, although they usually affected to style the western emperor *ῥῆξ* instead of *βασιλεύς*, could always be brought by pressure to admit that he was emperor of the *Germans*; and on the other side, the Latins (unless when provoked beyond measure by the unreasonable pretensions of the Greeks) were willing to acknowledge the imperial title of the Byzantine sovereign—only denying his claim to style himself emperor of the *Romans*, while Rome was no part of his dominions, and he was a stranger to its very language.* Sincerely (and in some respects justly) as the Germans despised the Greeks, the western emperors thought themselves honoured by a matrimonial connection with the reigning family of Constantinople. It was not pretended on either side that there could be but one empire in the world, nor was there any attempt to revive the fiction which had formerly reconciled the real division of the empire with its theoretical unity, by reckoning the sovereigns of the East and of the West as colleagues in one and the same authority.

The high notions of the imperial power which afterwards prevailed, were unknown to Charlemagne and to the Othos; they date from the time of Frederick Barbarossa, when, in opposition to the pretensions which the papacy had developed under Gregory VII. and his successors, the jurists of Bologna drew out from the revived study of the civil law an idea of the imperial dignity, which represented it as a temporal papacy, "holy" (as it was then for the first time styled), ordained of God, and investing the possessor with prerogatives and powers which, but for the sake of meeting the Hildebrandine view of the papacy, would probably never have been

* See especially the account of the negotiations between Frederick Barbarossa and the envoys of the Greek emperor, as reported by Ansbert (pp. 53-5, ed. Dobrowsky, Prague, 1827), whose account of the scene is known to Mr. Bryce only through Rauer's history of the Hohenstaufen.

dreamt of. And as the power of the papacy has been forwarded by princes who, wishing to use it for their own purposes, became its tools, so it is remarkable that the most distinct assertion of the imperial lordship over kingdoms proceeded from one of the most hierarchical of Popes, Boniface VIII., who found it convenient thus to exalt the empire in opposition to Philip the Fair of France. But before the time of Boniface, the power of the empire had fallen from the height at which it stood under Frederick Barbarossa and his grandson; and in the ages which followed, while its pretensions became greater, its real power became, as Mr. Bryce shows, continually weaker.

We cannot, in a notice like this, go further into the subject. But we must give one or two specimens of Mr. Bryce's style. In the first of these, which we quote in order to justify some censures which we have hinted, the vicious imitation of Sir F. Palgrave is unmistakable. Mr. Bryce is speaking of the death of Otto III. :-

"They carried him across the Alps with laments, whose echoes sound faintly yet from the pages of monkish chroniclers, and buried him in the choir of the basilica at Aachen, some twenty paces from the tomb of Charles, beneath the central dome. Two years had not passed since, setting out on his last journey to Rome, he had opened that tomb, and gazed on the great emperor, sitting on a marble throne, robed and crowned, with the Gospel-book open before him; and there, touching the dead hand, unclasping from the neck its golden cross, had taken, as it were, an investiture from his Frankish forerunner. Short as was his life, and few his acts, Otto III. is, in one respect, more memorable than any who went before or came after him. None, save he, desired to make the seven-hilled city again the seat of dominion; reducing Germany and Lombardy and Greece to their rightful place of subject provinces. No one else so forgot the present, to live in the light of the ancient order: no other soul was so possessed by that fervid mysticism, and that reverence for the glories of the past, whereon rested the idea of the mediæval empire."—(Pp. 162-3.)

As a more favourable sample, we may quote a passage which relates to Frederick II. :-

"Upon the events of that terrific strife, for which the Emperor and Pope girded themselves up for the last time, the narrative of Frederick the Second's career, with its romantic adventures, its sad picture of marvellous powers lost on an age not ripe for them, blasted as by a curse in the moment of victory, it is not necessary, were it even possible, here to enlarge.

"That conflict did indeed determine the fortunes of the German kingdom, no less than of the republics of Italy; but it was upon Italian ground that it was fought out, and it is to Italian history that its details belong. So, too, of Frederick himself. Out of the long array of the Germanic successors of Charles, he is, with Otto III., the only one who comes before us with a genius and a frame of character that are not those of a Northern or a Teuton. There dwelt in him, it is true, all the energy and knightly valour of his father Henry, and his grandfather Barbarossa. But along with these, and changing their direction, were other gifts, inherited perhaps from his Italian mother, and fostered by his education among the orange-groves of Palermo, — a love of luxury and beauty; an intellect refined, subtle, and philosophical. Through the mist of calumny and fable it is but dimly that the truth of the man can be discerned, and the outlines that appear serve to quicken, rather than appease, the curiosity with which we regard one of the most extraordinary personages in history. A sensualist, yet also a warrior and a politician; a profound lawgiver, and an impassioned poet; in his youth fired by crusading fervour, in later life persecuting heretics, while himself accused of blasphemy and unbelief; of winning manners, and ardently beloved by his followers, but with the stain of more than one cruel deed upon his name; he was the marvel of his own generation, and succeeding ages looked back with awe, not unmingled with pity, upon the inscrutable figure of the last emperor, who had braved all the terrors of the Church, and died beneath her ban; the last who had ruled from the sands of the ocean to the shores of the Sicilian seas. But while they pitied they condemned. The undying hatred of the papacy threw round his memory a lurid light; him, and him alone of all the imperial line, Dante, the worshipper of the empire, must perforce deliver to the flames of hell."—(Pp. 227-9.)

At p. 120 is an exposition of a passage in one of our Thirty-nine Articles which has somewhat surprised us. After having told us in the text, that to the emperor, "as representative of the whole Christian people, it belonged to convoke general councils," Mr. Bryce adds, in a note:—

"It is to this imperial function that reference is made in the Twenty-first Article of the Anglican Church:—'General councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes (*i. e.*, principum Romanorum).'"—(P. 120, *note.*)

But although this is so positively stated, as if it were a thing which every well-instructed person ought to know, and which no reasonable person could hesitate to admit, we believe that it is utterly mistaken. Surely it must occur to the reader, at the very first glance, that the word *principum* was meant to include others besides the emperor; that, if the word "commandment" be understood to relate to the imperial right of summoning councils, the word "will" was meant to assert for other sovereigns a right which, in the view of the framers, concerned the English Church more nearly, *viz.*, that of putting a veto on the attendance of prelates from their own dominions at councils summoned by the Pope—even although, as in the case of the Council of Trent, the imperial authority might be joined with that of the papacy. And if Mr. Bryce had condescended to look for a moment into the Bishop of Ely's Exposition of the Articles (which seems to be now the established text-book of the subject), he would there have found (ed. 2, p. 486) the real key to the 21st Article in a passage which conclusively disposes of his own interpretation; for Bishop Browne quotes from a document sanctioned by Convocation, shortly after the breach between Henry VIII. and Rome, the following words:—

"We think that neither the Bishop of Rome nor any one prince, of whatsoever estate, degree, or pre-eminence soever he be, may by his own authority call, indict, or summon any general council, without the express consent, assent, and agreement of the residue of Christian princes."

In conclusion, we may say that Mr. Bryce has very strongly impressed us with a sense of his ability; and if we are unable to join in that unlimited admiration of his book which has been expressed in some other quarters, we believe that he will be better worth hearing by-and-by, when he may be expected to descend from the elevation of an Arnold prize-essayist to something nearer the level of common men.

Twigs for Nests; or, Notes for Nursery Nurture. By the Author of "Expositions of the Cartoons of Raphael," &c. With Illustrations in Graphotype. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1866.

THIS is a very capital book: thoroughly true to its promise in the preface, that "the reader will find in almost every page the faith that 'twigs for nests' are a growth and not a manufacture, and the acknowledgment of the universal law, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it.'" The various chapters are, "Babies Crying: Family Prayer: Nursery Nonsense: Children's Birthdays: Children's Faults: Children's Sundays: Children's Hobbies: The Parents' Pattern."

All these chapters are thoroughly good and sensible: full of useful practical hints, in many cases new,—the offspring of real *felt* difficulties.

The illustrations are spirited and amusing. We would particularly instance the seven children flat on the floor with feet in the centre, p. 31.

We feel sure that mothers (for this is more a book for mothers than for children) will find much here that they might carefully ponder and profitably practise.

Hymns of Faith and Hope. By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Third Series.
London: James Nisbet & Co. 1866.

A NEW book of *good* hymns is to the lover of sacred song an unmixed pleasure. And such is the volume now before us. Dr. Bonar is already known as the author of some of the very best of modern hymns: hymns which, as he himself described them in the preface to the first series, "belong to no Church or sect: are not the expression of one man's or one party's faith and hope: but are meant to speak what may be thought and spoken by all to whom the Church's ancient faith and hope are dear."

This, we hardly need say, they have been found to do. The author of "I lay my sins on Jesus," and "Go up, go up, my heart," needs no praise of ours. Our task is confined to saying that this new volume will be found quite worthy of his fame. There are, perhaps, fewer *hymns proper* in it than in the former volume, and more of exquisite little poems. The following, we venture to think, is hardly inferior in poetic power to the best parts of the "Christian Year," while, in its translucent simplicity, it contrasts favourably with the involved and enigmatic style of that popular book:—

"THE WHITE RAIMENT.

"The babe, the bride, the quiet dead,
Clad in peculiar raiment all,
Yet each puts on the spotless white
Of cradle, shroud, and bridal hall.

"The babe, the bride, the quiet dead,
Each entering on an untried home,
Wears the one badge, the one fair hue
Of birth, of wedding, and of tomb.

"Of death and life, of mirth and grief,
We take it as the symbol true;
It suits the smile, it suits the sigh,
That raiment of the stainless hue.

"Not the rich rainbow's varied bloom,
That diapason of the light;
Not the soft sunset's silken glow,
Or flush of gorgeous chrysolite.

"But purity of perfect light,
Its native undivided ray,
All that is best of moon and sun,
The purest of the dawn of day.

"O cradle of our youngest age,
Adorned with white, how fair art thou!
O robe of infancy, how bright!
Like moonlight on the moorland snow.

"O bridal hall, and bridal robe,
How silver-bright your jewelled gleam,
Like sunrise on the gentle face
Of some translucent mountain stream.

"O shroud of death, so soft and pure,
Like starlight upon marble fair;
Ah, surely it is life, not death,
That in still beauty sleepeth there.

"Mine be a robe more spotless still,
With lustre bright that cannot fade,
Purer and whiter than the robe
Of babe, or bride, or quiet dead.

"Mine be the raiment given of God,
Wrought of fine linen, clean and white,
Fit for the eye of God to see,
Meet for His home of holy light!"

The latter part of the volume is occupied by metrical versions of the Psalms, rather stiff, and somewhat resembling those published by Milton. We cannot say that we think these successful. If the Psalms are to be turned into English, it must be in the English idiom and rhythm. Such lines as,—

"And all he doeth prosper shall,"

and such stanzas as,—

"Not in the assembly of the just
Shall the unrighteous stand at all;
For just men's way Jehovah knows;
The way of sinners perish shall,"—

cannot be recommended to English ears by any amount of faithfulness to the original Hebrew.

Since the above notice was written, we have received a beautiful "*edition de luxe*," containing the whole three series of the "Hymns of Faith and Hope."

Two Hundred Sketches, Humorous and Grotesque. By GUSTAVE DORÉ.
London: F. Warne & Co.

THESE drawings are, indeed, outrageously grotesque. We feel ourselves in the plight of the lover of old, "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, but—why did you kick me down-stairs?" So here—any queer contortions of the human face or form may pass muster: but—why all these monsters? We own to a sort of revulsion from the big-head-and-little-body kind of caricature. Respected prelates do not look well thus put into two foci: nor do imaginary beings such as those with which this book is filled. Such a preponderance of the pure grotesque seems to us to swamp genuine humour. The one natural group of "doggies," on p. 12, strikes our fancy more than most things in the book.

When M. Doré comes to the caricature of real life, he does not seem to us to shine. *E.g.*, "M. Berniquet's Visit to the Country" is not for a moment to be compared with the M. Jabot and M. Pipon of our younger days. The likenesses are not at all well kept up, and the humour is sometimes of the flattest.

But there are some very clever things. Among them are the sketches called "Consequences of the London Exhibition of 1862." The boat full of Chinese on p. 42, and the triple groups sleeping on a roof at 300 francs each, are the best of these. Here and there we have some broad humour: but never, either in drawing or humour, does M. Doré rise to the level of our best English caricaturists. The fun is torn to rags, not quiet and lurking, as in their drawings. And four out of five of the jokes are, at least in their English dress, not worth having, to begin with.



ROBERT BROWNING.

SECOND PAPER.

II.

THE noblest of all Mr. Browning's lyrics and romances, "Saul," we postpone, as coming more fitly under the last head of our classification. Of the second, our first notice must be in words at once of admiration for their versatility and power, and, we are constrained to add, of regret also, and of a feeling which, but that it has become familiar, would be disappointment. We do not expect every poet to be an Arndt or a Burns, but we are compelled to confess that we sigh, as we read these poems, for a somewhat stronger flavour of nationality. No poet of equal power (Byron, perhaps, excepted) has done so little to represent and to ennoble English thought and life; and the absence of this element from Mr. Browning's poems will, we fear, always stand in the way of his attaining the place in the affections of the English people to which they have welcomed Mr. Tennyson. The Laureate turns, at once by instinct and by deliberate choice, to English scenes and characters. The "Talking Oak," the "Gardener's Daughter," the "May Queen," "Maud," "Enoch Arden," "Aylmer's Field," "Sea Dreams," will occur to every one as examples. Even the Arthurian cycle of idyls gives to the king of *British* legend a far more ideally *English* character than the "Morte d'Arthur," upon which they are raised as on a foundation. And the "In Memoriam," the most intensely personal of poems, is the history of a friendship which, in its essence and in its circumstances,

would not have been what it was, without the recollections of the school and the college, the country house and the village church, which are specially characteristic of this country. With Mr. Browning, on the other hand, the poems, with one or two exceptions, that cling to one's memory, are all thoroughly Italian. Pictures, with Mieris-like minuteness of detail, of the life of Italy in "Up at a Villa," "Down in the City," "The Englishman in Italy," and "By the Fireside;" of its union of æsthetic culture with hateful vindictiveness in "My Last Duchess," and with ecclesiastical debasement in "The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church;" of its higher and lower forms of art-life in "Old Pictures of Florence," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," and "The Guardian Angel;" of its phases of passionate love, and yet more passionate jealousy, in "Two in the Campagna," "In a Gondola," "In a Balcony," and a "Serenade at the Villa,"—all these (to say nothing of many poems which are either Italian in their feeling or their circumstances, though not in both) come to one's mind at once, while there are but few to balance them connected in any way with the history, life, characteristic feelings of our country. Mr. Browning seems to have lived so long under brighter skies, and amid a people of more glowing temperament, that English life is tame and cold to him. If this gives an intensity to his representations of emotions which are not national but human, to the mingling of love, disappointment, jealousy, despair, the transitions by which passionate idolatry passes into terrible scorn or cynical indifference, which he is so fond of painting, and which he paints (as in "Any Wife to any Husband," "A Woman's Last Word," "In a Year," "James Lee") with such a wonderful insight into the morbid physiology of passion, we still feel some touch of regret that so great a poet has been so far denationalized. The intensity itself, belonging, as it does, to the South rather than to the North, makes his poems harder for Englishmen and Englishwomen to understand. There is a wisdom, as Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Tennyson have consciously or unconsciously recognised, in the old counsel, "*Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna.*" Rydal Mount and Faringford have proved themselves better poets' homes even than the fair city on the banks of the Arno.

It is interesting to note the exceptions to this rule in the instances in which Mr. Browning's path has led him across the history of other nations than the land of his adoption. "Strafford" brought him into the heart of the great conflict between despotism and freedom; and although we do not find, either in that play or elsewhere, any adequate appreciation of the Puritan character (that character is hardly visible even in his Pym or Vane), yet the "Lays of the English Cavaliers" show how thoroughly he entered into the spirit of

one party in that struggle. Even in "The Lost Leader" we seem to hear an echo of the lament of the Commons over Wentworth's defection transferred to the circumstances and politics of our own time. We know not what individual leader, if any, Mr. Browning had in view; but if the early admirers of the French Revolution had wished to utter their hearts over the Toryism of Wordsworth or Southey, or the Chartists and Christian Socialists of 1848 over Mr. Kingsley's panegyric on the peerage and his vindication of martial law *ad libitum*, they could hardly find fitter language. Those who care, not to point out how a poet repeats himself, but how a noble thought presents itself under different aspects, will find it interesting to compare a few lines from each. Pym, in "Strafford," speaks of the old love and hope which he had cherished for the Wentworth of his early days:—

"Yes, I will say
I never loved but one man,—David not
More Jonathan! Even thus I love him now;
And look for my chief portion in that world
Where great hearts led astray are turned again,
In my inmost heart,
Believe, I think of stealing quite away
To walk once more with Wentworth—my youth's friend,
Purged from all error, gloriously renewed."

"The Lost Leader" ends thus in the same note:—

"Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,—
Forced praise on our part,—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again.
Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge, and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne."

Something of the same kind of connection, that of belonging to the same time and growing out of the same studies, we find between "A Grammarian's Funeral" and "Paracelsus." As the latter gives the portraiture of a man mingling thirst for knowledge with lower ambition, and finding therefore that all is vanity, so the former exhibits something of the life of the Scaligers and the Casaubons, of many an early scholar, like Roger Bacon's friend, Pierre de Maricourt, working at some one region of knowledge, and content to labour without fame so long as he mastered thoroughly whatever he undertook:—

"Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain;
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,
Bad is our bargain!
Was it not great? Did not he throw on God
(He loves the burthen),

God's task to make the heavenly period
 Perfect the earthen ?
 Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
 Just what it all meant ?
 He would not discount life, as fools do here,
 Paid by instalment."

We must hasten on ; but before passing to the last division of our inquiry we must glance at what seem to us at once among the most powerful and the least pleasing of Mr. Browning's poems. With a taste which reminds one of Teniers or Callot in their wildest and most grotesque moments, he appears sometimes to revel in what is horrible, repulsive, mentally or even physically loathsome. It is true that this never takes the form which, in a sensational artist of a lower kind, it would have done, and (with the exception of one scene in "Pippa passes") there is scarcely a passage in his poems from first to last which ministers to lubricity of thought. But with the exception of that perilous region, there is hardly any other abyss of man's nature from which he shrinks. The demoniac malignity of persecution as in "The Heretic's Tragedy," the festering squalor of the Ghetto in "Holy Cross Day," the animal ferocity of hatred in the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," the revelling in mould and mildew in "Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis"—these, though we cannot but recognize the titanic strength which they display, we feel that we could well spare. It is part of the same humour that we find in him (the comic extravaganza of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" and the "Flight of the Duchess" are the most conspicuous specimens) a rollicking, revelling delight in strange and, it might seem, almost impossible rhymes. "Porringer" and "month" would be trifles to one who can give us—

"And the mother smelt blood with her cat-like instinct,
 As her cheek quick whitened through all her quince-tinct."

"So glancing at her wolf-skin vesture,
 If such it was, for they grow so hirsute
 That their own fleece serves for natural fur-suit."

"And at last, as its haven some buffeted ship sees
 (Come all the way from the north parts with sperm oil),
 I hope to get safely out of the turmoil."

One more we add, with the wish, as we read the "Flight of the Duchess," that it had been more kept in view throughout that poem :—

"And were I not, as a man may say, cautious
 How I trench, more than needs, on the nauseous."

Even here, however, as in "Holy Cross Day," and the latter of the two poems just named, there are passages hardly equalled elsewhere for their loftiness and beauty. Mr. Browning feels, and leads his

readers to feel, that underneath what is most trivial or most repulsive there are abysses of infinite awfulness. Nothing in the life of man is altogether little.

Enough has been given to show those who are as yet strangers to his works, what Mr. Browning's readers have felt from the first, that he is as remote as possible from the conventionalisms of any school. Well-nigh every poem opens with an abruptness that takes one's breath away. We have to take a header into deep water. If we *can* swim we shall strike out with a fresh sense of strength and enjoyment, and a course of such plunges acts on the whole mental framework, the sinews and nerves of thought, as a health-giving tonic. If we *can't*, we lose our footing and our breath, the salt brine gets into our eyes and mouth, and we emerge with a sense of dislike and bewilderment, shivering and half disposed to confine ourselves for the future to the smoother lakes and freshwater pools, where we walk in quietly and have no chance of getting out of our depth. But with any reader of the former type it is surprising how soon Mr. Browning leads us into the heart of a subject, and keeps us spell-bound to the end. It seems, *e. g.*, a somewhat abrupt opening to start with—

"What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip?
Chose land-travel or seafaring,
Boots and chest, or staff and scrip,
Rather than pace up and down
Any longer London town?"

And what follows is no narrative, simply the sketch of a character,—the portrait of a man of many gifts and varied tastes, capable of great things, and winning many hearts; but we learn, as we go on, to become one of the man's familiar friends, and when we hear how he reappeared in a pilot-boat on the Adriatic, and was once more lost sight of, it seems simply natural, and of course, to join in the exclamation—

"Oh, never star
Was lost here, but it rose afar!
Look East, where whole new thousands are,
In Vishnu-land, what Avatar?"

III. The attempt to estimate the theology of a poet whose works no critic or publisher would class under the head of religious poetry may seem open to the charge that we are judging them by a standard which is altogether inapplicable. It is easy to sneer at the thought of testing a poet's excellence by the measure of his conformity with the Thirty-nine Articles, or with the evangelical or catholic tendencies of the schools that claim shelter under those names. To some minds, indeed, the thought of any ethical purpose in a poet seems to introduce an alien and deteriorating element.

Such an one seems to them, as Mr. Swinburne has said of Wordsworth, to be simply using nature to make pottage, and they prefer the "divine lust," the "etwas dämonisch," of a poet who, like Byron, foams and rushes on in the wild recklessness of a morbid and frenzied passion. With those, however, who hold that all energy is at its highest point when it is under the control of will, and that a will which, exercising this control, directs the energy to truth and goodness, is immeasurably higher than one that degrades itself by a voluntary bondage to what is false and evil, the ethical worth and influence of a poet cannot be excluded from our survey of his character and merits as such. Such at least has been the faith in which the greatest of our poets have lived and acted. Spenser, the "sage and serious," sought with—

"Fierce wars and ladies' love to moralize his song;"

and Milton held that the poet's work was essentially religious,—
"offering at high strains in new and lofty measure." Shelley, after his fashion, looked on his mission as that of a reforming prophet, and Wordsworth and Tennyson, in our own time, have been conspicuous examples of—

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control."

Mere reckless delight in the exuberance of power and the glow of passion, or in the fame which they bring with them, may produce the Byronic moodiness, or the fevered glow that burnt out the lives of Chatterton and Keats, but it is fatal to the attainment of any high and lasting excellence.* The school of revived paganism which began with the last-named poet, and has culminated in Mr. Swinburne, has in it, artistically as well as morally, all the evils of apostasy. The poet who, born in Christendom, would fain live and write as though "suckled in a creed outworn," is sure to glide down the slopes of Avernus, till the darkest phases of human passion and sensual sin have an irresistible fascination for him. Art and poetry seem alike in danger, in such cases, of as infinite a debasement as when they ministered to the diseased imagination of Tiberius among the rocks of Capri. And if we believe that, in a far higher sense than the

* Those who have been led by Archbishop Trench's Stratford sermon, or Bishop Wordsworth's larger work, to look on Shakspeare almost as a theologian with catholic sympathies, a devout reader and sound interpreter of the Bible, may wonder at the omission of the greatest name in English literature from this induction. We are constrained to own that, with him as with Goethe, evidence of this ethical purpose is precisely what we fail to find. There is, it is true, no preference of evil over good, of vice over virtue. He holds his mirror up to nature, and shows virtue her own image and vice her own deformity; and the very truthfulness of the representation leads us, as the realities do, to hate the one and love the other; and so, in spite of their impurities, the ultimate tendency and dominant tone of his dramas is on the right side, purifying and not corrupting, but we do not trace the desire that this should be so. As Goethe said, with less truth, of Sophocles, "He knew the stage, and understood his craft."

words commonly receive, Christianity is morality, that the highest ethical and the highest religious truth are mutually interdependent, then it is no idle or alien question to ask of any poet whose power calls for such a scrutiny as this, What is his relation to the belief of Christians? how far has he entered into its life? how far is he likely to make that life nobler and more true?

It is obvious that neither Mr. Tennyson nor Mr. Browning stands in this respect on the same footing as the author of the "*Christian Year*." He, in heart and soul the child of Anglicanism, lived under the shadow of the English Church, thought and felt as she taught him, looked on nature as foreshadowing or interpreting that teaching—as bringing man's restless temper into harmony with her repose. He seems not so much to have resisted the temptation to stray beyond her boundaries, as never to have felt it. All dramatic dealing with man's fiercer and more lawless passions would have been in his eyes a sin. He could not revel in the beauty and glory of nature for their own sake, but must learn their lesson of "sweet content" and "calm decay." The mythologies of ancient creeds were for him, with all his scholar-like knowledge of the literature of Greece and Rome, forbidden ground; and to sing of them would have been like burning incense on the altars of Baal. Even in the vast field which the books of the Old and New Testaments open to the imagination, he deliberately narrowed the region within which he moved. He read the Bible through the Prayer-book. The wild life of patriarchs,—the dramatic incidents and characters of judges, kings, prophets,—the thousand suggestions of pathos and passion in the Gospels, were to him as Sunday lessons, from which, reverentially, tenderly, devoutly, he derived strength or hope, warning or consolation. He avowedly wrote to lead others to feel the "soothing character" of the teaching of the Prayer-book, and would have turned away from any merely dramatic representation of the facts or characters of Scripture as irreverent. Dr. Newman, indeed, little as he is known to most readers in this character, had in him the elements of a far greater poet than his friend. Nothing that Mr. Keble ever wrote can compare in power with the short, half-fragmentary poems of "*Lead, kindly Light*," "*The elements*," "*Hidden saints*," "*Rest*," "*David*," "*Saints departed*," in the "*Lyra Apostolica*," or the more recent "*Dream of Gerontius*." Here and there, indeed, we have touches of vivid scene-painting,—the "*blossoms red and bright*," the prophet's "*wild hair floating in the eastern breeze*,"—but for the most part the pictorial and the dramatic elements are alike absent, and we see only the communings of a devout and meditative mind. And this, we think, explains the influence for good which the "*Christian Year*" has exercised, not only over tens of thousands of "children and child-like souls" like-minded with his own, but over many who

stand almost at the opposite extreme of religious thought. Writers who have never known the order and teaching of the Church, to whom the religious life is an unknown region, will simply sneer at poetry that ties itself down to the order of the twenty-five Sundays after Trinity, and will turn to the sensuous or passionate verse which is more in harmony with their tastes. But men of nobler minds—such, *e. g.*, as Mr. Maurice and Dean Stanley,—though they have passed on to regions of thought and criticism from which Mr. Keble would have shrunk, and hold opinions which he would have condemned as perilous and unsound, still turn to him with a true and loving reverence. They cannot forget what they once owed to him. He exercises over them that soothing influence which he most prayed for. He brings back to them something of the child-like spirit which the stir and conflict of the time, or the fascination of the pictorial aspects of sacred history, tend to wear away. Mr. Browning's influence, we need hardly say, is of a very different character. His creed is less definite, his temper less submissive, his handling of sacred themes bolder and more free, and the essentially dramatic character of most of his poems makes it difficult for us to determine how far he is speaking in his own person, or representing some phase of the great drama of man's religious life. No living writer—and we do not know any one in the past who can be named, in this respect, in the same breath with him—approaches his power of analyzing and reproducing the morbid forms, the corrupt semblances, the hypocrisies, formalisms, and fanaticisms of that life. The wildness of an Antinomian predestinarianism has never been so grandly painted as in "*Johannes Agricola in Meditation*:"—

"For as I lie, smiled on, full fed
By unexhausted power to bless,
I gaze below on hell's fierce bed,
And those its waves of flame oppress,
Swarming in ghastly wretchedness;
Whose life on earth aspired to be
One altar-smoke, so pure!—to win,
If not love like God's love for me,
At least to keep His anger in;
And all their striving turned to sin.
Priest, doctor, hermit, monk grown white
With prayer, the broken-hearted nun,
The martyr, the wan acolyte,
The incense-swinging child,—undone
Before God fashioned star or sun."

The white heat of the persecutor glares on us, like a nightmare spectre, in "*The Heretic's Tragedy*." More subtle forms are drawn with greater elaboration. If "*Bishop Blougram's Apology*," in many of its circumstances and touches, suggests the thought of actual portraiture, recalling a form and face once familiar to us, seen in gorgeous

pontificals at high ceremonies, or lecturing to curious crowds in Albemarle Street, it is also a picture of a class of minds which we meet with everywhere. Conservative scepticism that persuades itself that it believes, cynical acuteness in discerning the weak points either of mere secularism or dreaming mysticism, or passionate eagerness to reform, avoiding dangerous extremes, and taking things as they are because they are comfortable, and lead to wealth, enjoyment, reputation—this, whether a true account or not of the theologian to whom we have referred (for our own part we are disposed to think his character more genuine and more loveable), is yet to be found under many eloquent defences of the faith, many fervent and scornful denunciations of criticism and free thought. With a like minuteness, even to the degree of wearisomeness, does Mr. Browning pour his scorn, in "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," on the pseudo-spiritualism, with its acquiescence in imposture, its hysterical craving for sensation, its delirious dotage, its dreams of a coming revelation of God through the agency of mahogany tables, which during the last ten years has in our country led captive its hundreds of silly women and sillier men, "laden with divers lusts," and in America has numbered its adherents by tens of thousands. In "Caliban upon Setebos," if it is more than the product of Mr. Browning's fondness for all abnormal forms of spiritual life, speculating among other things on the religious thoughts of a half brute-like savage, we must see a protest against the thought that man can rise by himself to true thoughts of God, and develop a pure theology out of his moral consciousness. So far it is a witness for the necessity of a revelation, either through the immediate action of the Light that lighteth every man, or that which has been given to mankind in spoken or written words, by *the* WORD that was in the beginning. In the "Death in the Desert," in like manner, we have another school of thought analyzed with a corresponding subtlety. Dramatically, indeed, this seems to us among the least successful of Mr. Browning's portraits. Whatever we may think of the possible feelings of St. John towards Hymenæus or Cerinthus, we can hardly force our imagination to the task of conceiving what he would have said had he been reviewing the "Leben Jesu," still less to the belief (even poetically and for a moment) that that development of doubt entered into his apocalypse of the future, or that he felt himself, even in vision,—

"Feeling for foothold through a blank profound,
Along with unborn people in strange lands."

It may be that neither artist nor poet has as yet painted the beloved disciple as he was, and we may accept Mr. Browning's portraiture as, at any rate, a far closer approximation to the truth than the feminine gentleness with which he is popularly identified, or than M. Rénan's

picture of an irritable and pretentious egotist. Apart from this, however, the "Death in the Desert" is worth studying in its bearing upon the mythical school of interpretation, and as a protest, we would fain hope, from Mr. Browning's own mind against the thought that because the love of God has been revealed in Christ, and has taught us the greatness of all true human love, therefore

"We ourselves make the love, and Christ was not."

In one remarkable passage at the close of "The Legend of Parnic," Mr. Browning, speaking apparently in his own person, proclaims his belief in one great Christian doctrine, which all pantheistic and atheistic systems formally repudiate, and which many semi-Christian thinkers implicitly reject:—

"The candid incline to surmise of late
That the Christian faith may be false, I find;
For our *Essays-and-Reviews*' debate
Begins to tell on the public mind,
And Colenso's words have weight.

"I still, to suppose it true, for my part,
See reasons and reasons: this, to begin,—
'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie,—taught Original Sin,
The Corruption of Man's Heart."

And with this sense of the reality of the mystery of evil, there is also, forming the noblest element in his noblest works, if not an acceptance, in terms of Nicene theology, yet a clear and vivid apprehension of the glory of the "mystery of godliness," which makes us welcome one who can so speak as "not far from the kingdom of God," a brother in heart and hope. Thus, in the "Epistle of Karshish, the Arab Physician," travelling through Palestine, *circa* A.D. 70, the supposed writer comes across Lazarus, and registers his case as a curious instance of suspended animation, followed by an unparalleled change and elevation of soul, which he cannot explain by any previous theory:—

"He holds on firmly to some thread of life
(It is the life to lead perforceably)
Which runs across some vast distracting orb
Of glory on either side that meagre thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—
"The spiritual life around the earthly life;
The law of that is known to him as this—
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here."

But at the close, after a vain attempt to wrap himself in the details of his earthly science once more, the half-mystical, half-sceptical Arab returns to the thought which now haunts him:—

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice,
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!'"

Face, My hands fashioned, see it in Myself.
 Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of Mine,
 But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
 And thou must love Me who have died for thee!
 The madman saith He said so: it is strange."

In entire harmony with this is the close of that which we have already named as Mr. Browning's greatest poem, than which we know none nobler in the whole range of English poetry. And here the *genesis* of the poem gives it a special interest. In "Bells and Pomegranates," in 1844, in the "Poems" of 1849, we have but Part I. of "Saul." As it was, it was a picture of wonderful beauty,—the boy-minstrel, and the dark, maddened king; the song in which David sang of the joys of the hunter, and the shepherd, and the reaper, and the Levites in the Temple:—

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! no spirit feels waste,
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor sinew unbraced.
 Oh, the wild joys of living! The leaping from rock up to rock,—
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree,—the cool silver shock
 Of the plunge in a pool's living water,—the hunt of the bear,
 And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
 And the meal—the rich dates yellowed over with gold-dust divine,
 And the locust's flesh steeped in the pitcher! The full draught of wine,
 And the sleep in the dried river-channel, where bulrushes tell
 That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
 How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
 All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!"

But something yet remained behind. The wish and thought were loftier than as yet his power of execution. That reached its consummate and perfect skill when the poem received its completion. Then the good that David has wrought reacts on his own spirit, unfolds depths of human and divine possibilities that he had never before dreamt of, and his human love becomes an Apocalypse of the Everlasting Mercy:—

"See the King—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes fall through.
 Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
 To fill up his life starve my own out, I would—knowing which
 I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
 Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou, so wilt Thou!
 So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
 And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
 One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,
 Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
 As Thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
 Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
 He who did most shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
 'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
 In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
 A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
 Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever; a Hand like this hand
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

Side by side with this noble utterance of the central thought of a true belief in the Mystery of the Incarnation, we find, where Mr. Browning lets us hear his own voice, his confession of faith as to the ultimate issues of the divine work of love, of which It, and the Death upon the Cross were the manifestation. It will not surprise any one to hear that he shares the widest and fullest hopes of its ultimate victory over evil. Universalism is, indeed, essentially a poet's creed, not only or chiefly because it harmonizes with the idealizing temperament which shuts its eyes to the stern realities around it, but because it falls in with the spirit which looks on the whole history of the world, and of each single soul in it, as the unfolding of a great drama, in which men and women are the puppets, and God himself at once the great poet, and the one spectator. And so, as he himself, if the Creator of such a world, would lead it on, in its totality and all its parts, to perfect joy and peace, the poet who yields to this tendency thinks of this as the necessary issue. With Clement of Alexandria, he cannot limit the operation of the infinite mercies of divine love to the narrow space of life; with Origen, he cannot think, as long as man's freedom lasts, of the possibility of good being extinguished, and dreams of the redemptive work as extending even to the principalities and powers of spiritual evil; with Gregory of Nyssa, whose thoughts on this question went farther than Origen's, he looks forward to the time when one accordant song of jubilation shall ascend from the whole universe of God.* So the two great poets of our own time proclaim a hope as far-reaching and glorious as those of the patristic theologians we have named. Mr. Tennyson welcomes his "friend," the chief representative of that hope among religious thinkers of our own time, though "thirty thousand college councils thunder anathemas" against him, and utters in "In Memoriam" his own belief:—

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

* With Origen, who has often been reproached with introducing into the creed of Christians the thought of cycles of sin, punishment, restoration, and then sin again (compare the language of Augustine, "*De Civ. Dei*," xxi. 17, "*Alternantes sine cessatione beatitudines et miseriae, et statutis saeculorum intervallis ab istis ad illas, et ab illis ad istas itus ac reditus interminabiles*"), the starting-point of the hope is found in his belief in the indestructible freedom of choice in man and other spiritual beings, and the power of the Divine Goodness. Given these conditions of the problem, and he can see no limit to the extension of the saving work. But holding that the freedom of choice would exist still, and that man could not be raised to a higher perfection than that in which he had been created and from which he fell, Origen, with the logical sequence of an Alexandrian thinker, could not but admit the possibility of another fall, needing another period of discipline and restitution ("*De Princ.*," i. 6). In the few passages in which Gregory of

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring."

Mr. Browning, looking, in a poem in his "*Dramatis Personæ*," on "Apparent Failure" as seen at the Morgue in the lifeless bodies of those

"—— who most abhorred
Their life in Paris yesterday,"

and tracing, with his usual subtlety and power, the probable history of each, utters his trust that all is not over, his belief that the failure is not irretrievable:—

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

The same feeling finds utterance in yet more noble words in the prayer of "Rabbi Ben Ezra":—

"So, take and use Thy work!
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

One poem, the "Epilogue" to the "*Dramatis Personæ*," still remains as an expression of Mr. Browning's creed, and it shows what we believe to be the besetting danger of this wider hope, its tendency to glide into a pantheistic theory of the universe. The education of mankind, the birth and progress of successive systems of religion, the development of divine thoughts in history, these become everything, and the law of retribution and distinct personal responsibility fades into obscurity. The mind of such a thinker at least tends—

"To sit apart, holding no form of creed,
And contemplating all."

It may come to think of evil and good as but necessary stages in man's progress, and lead men to believe that the "wheat" and the

Nyasa (Catech. viii. and xxvi.) gives utterance to his hope (for the most part he uses the Church's current language of encouragement and warning), it rests more simply on his faith that all punishment is, in its nature, remedial, and that the loving purpose of God cannot ultimately be frustrated, nor Christ fail to "see of the travail of His soul."

"chaff" shall alike be gathered into the garner, the "dogs" and the "sorcerers" welcomed within the walls of the heavenly Jerusalem.*

In the poem of which we speak, obscure and oracular as are its utterances, this thought is, we think, distinctly heard, and as yet it is the poet's last word to us. We have the old faith represented by the chorus of Levites in the temple, singing as to a Living God who has chosen them as His inheritance:—

"When the singers lift up their voice,
And the trumpets made endeavour,
Sounding, 'In God rejoice !'
Saying, 'In Him rejoice
Whose mercy endureth for ever !'"

Then comes the contrast of the modern scientific scepticism which has cast aside this faith, and Rénan is made its representative. It scorns the old and exults over its disappearance:—

"Gone now ! all gone across the dark so far,
Sharpening fast, shuddering ever, shutting still,
Dwindling into the distance, dies that star
Which came, stood, opened once ! We gazed our fill
With upturned faces on as real a Face
That, stooping from grave music and mild fire,
Took in our homage.
. Awhile transpired
Some vestige of a Face no pangs convulse,
No prayers retard ; then even this was gone,
Lost in the night at last."

Then lastly, a spirit speaks. What comes is given as the solution of the problem, the conclusion of the whole matter. The scorn of modern sceptics for the old faith is blind and unreasoning. They too have but glimpses of the truth, and lose one while they grasp at another. The great ocean surges round them, and now this point and now that comes into prominence, and men think that the island-rock which is left bare is the one home of truth, when lo ! the waves come and sweep it from view, and the glory and the beauty appear again elsewhere. Nature, in her infinitude, thus dances round each one of us, forms each separate personality, moulding it now after this type, and now after that:—

"Why, where's the need of temple, when the walls
O' the world are that ! what use of swells and falls
From Levites' choir, priests' cries, and trumpet-calls ?

* Mr. Keble's language on this subject is, of course, within the limits of what he held to be the teaching of Scripture and the Church. His sympathy and hope for those who have "fallen asleep in Christ" lead him, however, to what was once recognised as a catholic and pious act:—

"There are who love upon their knees
To linger when their prayers are said,
And lengthen out their litany
In dutious care for quick and dead."—*Lyra Innoc.* p. 7.

"That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe, that feels and knows."

This is indeed but the condensed expression of the thought which dominates in what is in some respects the most complete and striking of Mr Browning's religious poems—"Christmas Eve, and Easter Day." There the opening scene is a small dissenting chapel on a bleak common, and on a wet and windy night. The congregation are painted, one by one, with all the truth, and all the grotesqueness of which Mr. Browning is so great a master. We have the old woman with her umbrella, the meek apprentice with his hacking cough, the Boanerges in the pulpit. It seems commonplace and mean enough, just what a mere artist, with a sovereign contempt for English middle-class life in general and its religious life in particular, would hold up to scorn; but the observer who speaks to us in the poem goes into the moonlight, and there he has a vision of a Form, dim, shadowy, wonderful, which he recognises as at once Human and Divine, and that Form has been present where the two or three were gathered together, and has not turned away. The scene changes first to St. Peter's, with all its gorgeous worship and its effete symbols, and its superb unrealities, and then to the lecture-room of a German professor, unfolding to his class, with the pallor of death already on his brow, the abysses of the mythical theory of the Gospels, taking from them what has been the faith of their fathers, and offering them a dreary and hopeless substitute. And yet even here, in both these scenes, the presence of the Form is seen, and a glory falls as from the border of its raiment. The worship of Rome is not altogether false. Faith mingles with the denial of the disciple of Strauss. The man who denies a personal immortality dies a martyr to his consuming zeal for truth. The Divine Judge pardons and accepts them both.

We have given but the barest outline of the first of these strangely fascinating poems. It will be seen on the one hand that they are inspired with a broad and true catholicity, which can see an element of truth or goodness at the most opposite extremes, and can sympathize with it under whatever disguises and with whatever accompaniments it may be found. On the other, we are compelled to add that they tend to the conclusion that all varieties of the Christian creed are equally true, equally acceptable, and so to a belief which, if it be a faith in a personal God, resembles that of some Eastern mystics who speak of the Divine Mind as delighting in the variety of creeds and worships as a man may delight in the varied colours and odours of a fair garden, and which at last glides into the pantheistic thought of a Divine Work evolving itself through the ages in all forms of human thought and life, not of a Will revealing itself through prophets and apostles, but above all in the Eternal Word.

We owe too much to Mr. Browning's spirit-stirring words, and think too highly of his purpose, as well as power, as a poet, to believe that in all that he has said as to the mystery of the manifestation of that Eternal Word in the Divine humanity of Christ, he has been simply dramatic, personating a faith which he no longer holds, or has never held at all. But if we may venture to say one word before we end, not of him only, but to him, it would be to suggest that this intensely dramatic power, while it is a great and wonderful gift, brings with it a subtle and perilous temptation. It leads, as he has himself pointed out in "*Sordello*," to the suppression of individual, personal life where it might be most powerful:—

"Sundered in twain, each spectral part at strife
With each; one joined against another life;
The Poet thwarting hopelessly the Man.

But the complete *Sordello*, Man and Bard,
John's cloud-girt angel, this foot on the land,
That on the sea, with open in his hand
A bitter-sweetling of a book—was gone."

The artist paints a thousand portraits, but we long to see himself. We could almost pay the price of forfeiting Hamlet or Iago if so we could have had the whole mind of Shakspeare. It is open, we believe, to Mr. Browning to attain a yet higher pinnacle of greatness, to exercise a wider and nobler influence on men of strong will and robust intellect, than he has yet done. As a "fashioner," to return to his own language, he has attained an excellence which no other living poet equals. Will he not realize the promise of his own words and appear, if years are given and the old strength remains, as a "seer," telling us with clearer and stronger voice what he has indeed seen, leading us not downwards to a fiery whirl of passions, or a chaos of grotesque horrors, or plunging the scalpel into the soul's ulcerous scabs, but upward as to the majesty of the Throne, purifying our hearts and attuning them to adoration? Asking himself what he himself believes, and uttering the answer which we hope he is prepared to give, in no faltering voice, he may come to be the greatest Christian poet that England has yet seen in this century or in all the past, and leave a name to live with those of Dante and of Milton.

NOTE.—I have learnt, since the publication of Part I., that two of Mr. Browning's dramas, besides "*Stratford*," have been brought upon the stage; "*A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*" at Drury Lane in 1842 or 1843, and "*Colombe's Birthday*" at the Haymarket more recently.



PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

*Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the
Revenues and Management of certain Colleges and Schools, and the
Studies pursued therein. 1864.*

The Public Schools Calendar. 1866.

A FEW months ago an eminent divine, writing to a brother clergyman, said, "The deterioration of the culture of the 'rising generation' is among the puzzles of our day." We believe that these words represent very fairly the feeling prevalent among the more thoughtful sort of fathers, who, having boys to send to school, do not, as a matter of course, send them to the place where they were themselves brought up, but turn their minds to the question what it will be best to do for their sons' welfare. There is a strong impression abroad that the young men of the present day are intellectually inferior to their fathers, and that this is very much due to the shortcomings of schools. While we admit that we believe the former part of this proposition to be true, we do not presume to offer any decisive judgment on the matter. But considering the great interest of the subject, we think that there can be no impropriety in raising the question, and stating the reasons for the opinion we entertain, more especially since it will afford an opportunity of drawing attention to some useful sources of information.

It is not very easy, or rather has not been until lately very easy, to get at trustworthy means of information about schools. The theories of scientific men about education do not much help a man to answer the question, "Where shall I send my son?" He can readily learn, if he has any acquaintances at either University, what schools happen to send up the best scholars at the time; but that is far from all he

requires to know. The "Report," however, which stands at the head of this paper furnishes a vast body of statistics and replies to all sorts of questions on almost every point that can arise in connexion with a school. The nine schools the Commissioners visited may be taken to represent, with tolerable fairness, both the advantages and deficiencies of English public school education as at present conducted. A man who has made himself acquainted with what they have to offer will know pretty well what he may expect at any public school. The "Report" itself is well worth reading. It occupies one volume out of the four issued by the Commissioners. It is divided into two parts—one containing a masterly review of the general results of the inquiry, and the general recommendations of the Commissioners;* the other, a particular account of the origin, endowments, government, and present state of each of the schools to which they were sent, with summaries of their recommendations respectively. If we may take any exception to it, it is that Rugby is rather too much held up as a model. Thus the good Harry Sandford, at Rugby, rests "on Sunday from all serious intellectual exertion till the evening, and passes the day in hearing a lecture, attending church" (at which exercises, we fear, the reporter thinks he does not use his intellects), "walking in the country, and strolling about the school close;" while naughty Tommy Merton, at Eton, requires a "tap," knows the road to "the Christopher," and even finds his way there now and then "on a Sunday after four." More than this, Tommy shirks his master, votes reading unfashionable, though he condescends "*not to think the worse* of another boy for reading;" so the misguided youth can do anything else—if he can row, for example, play cricket, or any other athletic game,—and finds the charms of idleness very numerous and very seductive at Eton. But this is a small blemish, and confined to a very small part of one chapter. On the whole, the "Report" is eminently complete and impartial; and if its style, as a literary work, be at all a fair specimen of blue-books in general, they must be much better reading than is usually thought. It is so long (consisting, with the appendices, of four folio volumes, containing near two thousand pages, of which more than three-fourths are printed in small type and double columns) that we cannot attempt to give an abstract of it, but we shall frequently refer to it in the following paper. We have also found the "Public Schools Calendar" of service. But we take the freedom of recommending the "Graduate of the University of Oxford," by whom it is edited, to acknowledge explicitly his obligations to the "Report of the Commissioners," or else to put expressions which he adopts from it, and which are probably better than such as would

* We venture to suggest that this portion of the Report might, with advantage to the public, be printed and published in a separate form.

come from his own mint, between inverted commas. We would point out, too, that if the account of the first nine schools were submitted to a reduction it would well bear, a much larger number of endowed schools might be added.

It will be perceived that we apply the term "public school" beyond the limits to which some of the persons brought up at six or seven schools wish to confine it. A public school we define to be one which is held under a trust for a public advantage. Every national, every proprietary, every foundation school, is a public school. The older schools would be more properly designated "charity schools," as most of them include a charity under some form or other, although it is commonly outgrown and almost hidden by the foreign and much larger body which surrounds it. Thus, at Eton there are seventy scholars, at Westminster forty, at Winchester seventy, fed, lodged, and taught by the charity of their founders. At St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', and others, no boys are boarded, but all feel the benefit of the charity in the reduction of fees for their schooling to little or nothing. Others, again, like the well-known royal foundations of Edward VI., are for the benefit of particular districts all over the country. These, if any schools in the kingdom, are entitled to be specially called *public*, since, while they present a cheap—in some cases, unhappily, a gratuitous—education to the sons of burgesses in the towns in which they were erected, they were expressly intended to form a nucleus for good county schools. The truth is, that the only real distinction among the schools is of wealth. Only very rich people can afford, without great self-denial, to send their boys to Eton or Harrow; and the very large admixture of the sons of *nouveaux riches* probably occasions a good many of the evils of which parents may reasonably complain. In academical contests, on the river or the cricket-field, and in the race of life afterwards, the ground is open to all alike. Nor have the *alumni* of humbler foundations the smallest scruple in beating their wealthier rivals. It is amusing to compare the two first-class men and one wrangler which it cost Westminster (a school where the "public school feeling," as it is called, is at least as strong as in any other) ten years to produce, with the fourteen first-class men and seven wranglers Shrewsbury was able to furnish in that time. Even poor old Bury, with not half the numbers of Westminster, and no capital of forty picked scholars to start upon, found three first-class men and a wrangler in the course of the same ten years. The assumption of superiority is not altogether unimportant, in view of the effect it may have on the character of the boys. Carried to excess, it tends to make them narrow-minded and exclusive, while, within reasonable limits, a *pictas* towards the old house is calculated to keep them respectful and affectionate. This is seen in its best form at Eton.

The regard of Etonians for their school is no matter of mere sentiment or pride. They think and talk of—sometimes a little bore their friends with—Eton, because they truly love and honour her, while their unequalled manners make their society always acceptable. It is therefore with satisfaction that we find the Commissioners, apparently not without purpose, speak of “the limited number of public schools referred to us.”

We proceed to treat of the various questions of interest which present themselves.

The first that arises is how far endowments are necessary or desirable. Together with this naturally comes the constitution of governing bodies, and the inquiry whether they should be paid or unpaid. The existing public schools present examples of almost every conceivable variety of support and administration. Two—Eton and Winchester—are great collegiate foundations, with a provost, or warden, and fellows, who seem, by the Report, to treat the schools committed to them much as the lawyers are said to have treated the suitors for an oyster. Others, like Westminster, Canterbury, or Ely, are charges upon chapters of cathedrals. The great foundations of King Edward VI., except in the accidental cases of Bedford and Birmingham, rarely possess much more than a school-house and premises and an estate of a few hundreds a year. Their governing bodies are usually chosen from the gentry of the neighbourhood, and have done their duty, on the whole, remarkably well. It is indeed most creditable to them that, with the very limited means in many cases at their disposal, the incubus of free boys, and under the vicissitudes of three centuries, they should have maintained the schools in the position of credit and usefulness they still enjoy. Others, again, like St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Ipswich, or Preston, are entrusted to the care of commercial companies or municipal corporations. Harrow from the accident of position, Rugby of wealth, have risen from the humble position of charity schools for the yeomanry of two or three country parishes to rank among the greatest schools of England. Some, as Marlborough and Rossall, are proprietary schools, so ordered as to admit sons of clergy at an advantage in point of payment. Some, like Hurstpierpoint and Shoreham, are managed by a body of diocesan clergy, and give an education to future farmers and tradesmen at terms so low that one wonders how the boys can be fed for the money, much less leave anything in the shape of pay for masters. Lastly, we find two schools—Woolwich and Sandhurst—established and maintained by Government for the purpose of training officers. These derive from Parliament what support they require beyond the payments of the students, and are under the control of the Horse Guards. From these we may at once say we expect to derive no

instruction, except it be what to avoid; first, because they are under Government; secondly, because military men, however excellent and useful in their own profession, are likely to be the worst possible schoolmasters.

The Commissioners devoted considerable time to their inquiry into the revenues and expenditure of Eton College. They find that the statutes assign the estimated revenue of the college to the provost, fellows, masters, and scholars, in such proportions that the provost would get, with allowances, say £90; the fellows together, £104 6s.; the masters and scholars, £238. "At the present moment, however, the sum drawn from the college property on behalf of the fellows, over and above the annual value of their houses, is about £6,000, while that taken out of the same fund for the support and instruction of the scholars may, as it appears, be estimated at about £3,400." The examination of the witnesses before the Commission was long and strict. Its severity may be estimated from an answer wrung from one of them,—*"I hold a living, but I do not consider myself a perjured man in consequence."** When we compare with this the evidence of Sir John Coleridge,—

"The non-observance of the Eton statutes, coupled with the oaths that are taken, is, I may almost say, a shocking thing, and the practice is, that when the functionary comes to take the oath, he says, 'I cannot keep this,' or 'I beg to pass over that,' as if he got rid of responsibility by that. It is a shocking thing that this should remain,"—

it is hard not to call to mind the saying "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*" Nor can the provost and fellows plead that their memories had not been jogged before. So long ago as 1818, Mr. Brougham's committee had called them to account. Lord Clarendon reminds the agent of the college that the appropriation of the college fines by the administrators of the Eton revenues was then brought before the governing body, which was warned that it was not according to the statutes. The witness replied that he did not think Dr. Goodall went so far as to admit that the practice was neither statutable nor legal, but when challenged to produce Dr. Goodall's words he does not do so. We find too that, had things remained in the state they were twenty years ago, the case would have appeared far worse than it does at present. In the year 1840 the maintenance bountifully ordained by the founder for the scholars had very nearly vanished altogether, and of so little value had the scholarships become, that they were not sought for, and at that date there were not more than thirty-five scholars in college.

* The question concerned accepting a dispensation to hold a living with cure of souls, forbidden under the statutes under pain of being held perjured. On the *reformationes* pleaded in excuse, one of the Commissioners pertinently remarked that "he understood from the clause that only the *penalty* of perjury was to be affected; that the *fact* of perjury was not altered." See *Evid.*, i. 747 *et seq.*

Shamed at last into a course of improvement, the society set about new buildings, and since 1846 the boys appear to have been tolerably lodged and fed. It seems, however, to have contrived to make the public pay part of the cost in the shape of subscriptions. As a specimen of their unexampled carelessness in the discharge of the trust committed to them, we may cite their management, or rather mismanagement, of the Godolphin benefaction. Dr. Godolphin left £4,000 for the improvement of the boys commons. *The income was left to accumulate, and not applied at all.** This, too, at a time when no breakfast was given them, and their dinner and supper were a mere pretence. In point of fact, they lived at their own cost out of college. Altogether, the history of the treatment of the Eton scholars is not creditable. The Commissioners are careful to exonerate the existing body from blame. But their opinion of the system may be gathered from their recommendations, in which they propose to reduce the number of fellows from seven to five, and to make them mere stipendiaries at £700 a year each. Unless this proposal be soon carried out, it may come to pass that "a strong man armed," in the person of a sturdy reformer, may come in and ask what need of five, or three, or one? For indeed one may look through the whole of the Eton evidence from beginning to end without finding that the fellows are of the smallest use in any one particular, except that they preach by turns in chapel sermons which one of the witnesses describes as "commonly very bad."

The inquiry at Winchester was of much the same kind, and attended with much the same results. Large fines are levied on the college estates, and divided among the warden and fellows. But the scholars seem to have been always fairly treated. The warden, in his written evidence, is able to say, "*Most certainly* I consider the position of a foundation scholar to be as advantageous (both positively and relatively to that of a fellow and that of boys not on the foundation) as it was originally." But when one of the Commissioners puts the question, "As these fellows never reside, nor ever do anything for the benefit of the school, will you tell us why the abolition of them would be injurious?" the only reply that can be given is, that, in the opinion of the witness, "it would be a great advantage to retain the fellowships, as they do at Eton, as a superannuation for the masters." When, however, we turn to the evidence of what "they do at Eton," and find that the continuance of fellowships is urged not merely as a means of providing for masters who have deserved well of the school, but also of getting rid of incompetent ones,† we are apt to question

* But as the money was left in 1780, and in 1844 the whole amount of stock was only £8,000, the receipts do not appear to be fully accounted for. This is one of the "collegi secrets."

† See *Evid.*, i. 4110 *seq.*

the advantage of retaining them. Besides, why should pensions be reserved for masters at Eton and Winchester more than any other school? The plain truth is that there are none in England better provided for, and yet there are no places from which there is such an outery for provision. On the whole, looking to the total absence of distinguished names from the past lists of fellows of both colleges—for they appear to have been for the most part mere idlers from King's and New Colleges,—their appropriation to themselves of large sums under a questionable administration of the college estates, and their present total uselessness, it is very difficult to see why they should be retained at all.

As governing bodies, the societies of Eton and Winchester fare scarcely less hardly at the hands of the Commissioners. The head masters of both try to find reasons for maintaining the authority of the provost and warden, but they are hard put to it. As for the fellows, they give them up altogether. And one of the assistant masters of Eton, asked his opinion of the present relations between the provost and the head master, says plainly:—

“They vary very much, according to the disposition of the provost and his love of interference. The interference of Dr. Hawtrey, when provost, with the head master was constant.

“In what way?

“He interfered in such a manner that the head master was simply crippled in all directions. The late head master did not like to press his own opinion in regard to any matter against that of the provost.”—*Evid.*, i. 4159.

This statement is nowhere contradicted, and does not appear to, leave much room for argument in favour of retaining an officer holding to the schools the present position of the provost of Eton or warden of Winchester. This appears to be the opinion of the Commissioners, as in both cases they recommend changes under which their control over the head master in the management of the school will necessarily disappear. The governing bodies they propose to constitute will, as nearly as possible under the circumstances, resemble the governors or trustees of other public schools, who in no case, except the master of the Charterhouse, derive any income from the estates of the foundation. These bodies appear in general to have excellently done their duty. Thus the governors of Harrow and Rugby have succeeded in raising their schools to positions of imperial importance. Nor have those whose means and opportunities are restrained within humbler limits failed to do the best they can. Thus at Macclesfield the governors have applied a part of their income to the establishment of an excellent English school of more than one hundred boys, so that a Macclesfield tradesman may choose between a classical and a commercial education for his sons.

Christ's Hospital maintains and educates more than twelve hundred poor boys. It is true that at that institution many improvements are urgently called for. Still the boys are beyond question recipients of great though not unmingled benefits. At Bancroft's Hospital, a school of the same kind, more than one hundred boys receive all the benefits the former affords, with none of its drawbacks. Bury St. Edmund's, Canterbury, Durham, Sherborne, Shrewsbury, and many others, are doing good service in their respective localities. The great proprietary schools, which begin to be scattered about in different parts of the country, such as Haileybury, Marlborough, Rossall, and others, appear, so far as their short existence admits of a judgment being formed, to be administered with the like wisdom. But we fear they must occasionally feel severely the want of a permanent endowment. The Commissioners say with great truth,—

"To a large and popular school, so long as it is large and popular, a permanent endowment is not of essential importance; but there can be no doubt that such an endowment is of great service in enabling any school to provide and maintain suitable buildings; to attract to itself, by exhibitions and other substantial rewards, its due share of clever and hardworking boys; to keep up by these means its standard of industry and attainment, and run an equal race with others which possess this advantage; and to bear, without a ruinous diminution of its teaching staff, those fluctuations of prosperity to which all schools are liable."

This passage seems to indicate very well how far endowments are desirable, or we may say necessary, for the permanent well-being of a school, and also the limits within which they ought to be kept.

Let us now turn to the expenses of keeping boys at school. This subject, always interesting to the paternal mind, is at this moment particularly so. For it is the prevailing opinion that the necessary expenses of schools are too high, and ought to be reduced.* This was our own opinion until we entered upon the present inquiry, and we must frankly confess that the evidence we have been led to look into has induced us to change it. Let us see what data we find.

In the sixteenth volume of the *Retrospective Review* is an account of the expenditure of two boys sent to Eton in the year 1560.† They were the sons of the famous "Bess of Hardwick" by her first husband, Sir William Cavendish. The account begins on the 21st of October, 1560, and goes on till the 23rd of November in the following year.‡ It does not appear to contain their whole expenses, but merely certain payments on their behalf by some person employed by their

* It is especially urged that they are greater in proportion than they used to be, and that boys are much more pampered and indulged than their grandfathers were.

† We had marked this paper for reference before finding it cited in the Report (i. 63; ii. 4). It seems, however, still worth while to make some mention of it, since it may be interesting to some in whose way neither the Report nor the *Retrospective Review* are likely to fall.

mother to look after them. Nor can we pretend to represent the sums entered for particular items in modern money. We believe this to be impossible. Professor Rogers, in his letter to the Commissioners, estimates the "purchasing power" of £1 in the years 1440-49 as equal to that of £12 now, while he rates £1 in the years 1559-68 as equal to only £4 in the present day. That is to say, the fall in the value of money in one century was twice as great as in the succeeding three. This seems to us, notwithstanding the influx of gold in that century, quite incredible. The truth seems to be that the conditions of demand and supply have so totally changed in the interval that no satisfactory estimate can be framed. In particular the difficulty of carriage must have made perishable goods, such as fruit, vegetables, poultry, &c., unreasonably cheap in some places and dear in others. We think we can find traces of this in the account in question. Thus "one lytull chekyn" is charged at Eton 4d. But in the bill which Prince Hal makes Peto pull out of Falstaff's pocket, at a tavern in London, a capon is put at 2s. 2d. Clothes, however, seem to have been dear everywhere. Thus Hostess Quickly puts the holland she bought for the knight's shirts at 8s. an ell. In the Cavendish accounts "pyseado" for coats is charged 8s. a yard; fine kersey, 3s. 4d. a yard; sewing silk, 1s. 8d. an ounce. The inference, then, we attempt to draw from such an account as this does not rest on the money paid, but on the *character of the items*. These seem to be, allowing for the difference of manners, just such as might be expected to occur in the present day in the school-bills of boys of such rank and wealth as the two Cavendishes. Thus, on their arrival at Eton, two friends, sons of Sir Francis Knolles, are asked to dine with them at the inn. They are attended by a man-servant from home. Furniture for their chamber is sent by water from London, and is returned in the same way at the end of the year. Although they wear the ordinary frieze school-gowns, the rest of their clothing, linen, hose, &c., is evidently both in quantity and quality far beyond the resources of poor boys on the foundation. This, we apprehend, will be the case, as between rich and poor, until the end of the world.

Let us come down to a period nearer our own day. We happen to possess an account rendered by a guardian to an orphan on his coming of age, of whose estate he had charge from 1790 to 1807. The boy had a moderate fortune left him by his father, and no relatives able to take charge of him. His guardian, therefore, though a friend of his family, was a stranger to him in blood. Even in the holidays he lived at his own cost. Every shilling, therefore, expended upon his maintenance and education appears in the account. He was sent to Bury St. Edmund's, to the house of Mr. Blomfield, father of the late Bishop of London. Mr. Blomfield, besides keeping a little

school of his own, of the kind ordinarily frequented by the sons of the humbler tradesmen of a country town, had what at Eton would be called a *dome's* house, in which boys lived who were taught at the Royal school. Mr. Becher, at that time head master of Bury school, was a fellow of King's, and seems to have taken Eton for his model in his remarkably successful administration of the school. Now the manner of life in Mr. Blomfield's house at that time, if it resembled what we remember it some five-and-thirty years later, was of the very humblest kind. And in fact we have often heard the person concerned speak in after life of the humble character of the accommodations of the place. We find, then, that in 1800 the boy's bills for board, payments to Mr. Becher, tradesmen's bills, &c., amounted to £59 2s. 6d. In 1801 to £69 1s. 9d. These amounts do not include clothing, which the accounts show to have been bought for him during his holidays. Travelling expenses are sometimes charged independently, sometimes not. In any case they could not have been great, as he commonly went to Cambridge, only thirty miles off. Had he boarded in Mr. Becher's house, his expenses would have been, we believe, about £15 a year more, or say from £75 to £80 a year.

Now what are school expenses at present? Let us take Dr. Kennedy's house at Shrewsbury as a fair parallel to Mr. Becher's in 1800. In the Appendix to the Commissioners' Report is printed a copy of a Shrewsbury præpostor's half-year's bill in 1861. It comes to £47 18s. 9d. It is stated to be near the average amount of bills from that school. Looking to the great rise that has taken place in the rate of incomes since 1800, this increase appears moderate. We may get at the very lowest point at which a boy can be kept and taught in such a way as to make it possible for him to go to college with hopes of success, by consulting the statement of receipts and expenditure published yearly by the governors of Christ's Hospital. We learn there that the average expenditure on account of each of the 1,205 boys is £41 1s. 7½d. Of this about £8 12s. may represent the cost of books and teaching. But it must be borne in mind that a considerable number of the boys are only seven or eight years old, and only forty or fifty (Grecians and deputy Grecians) above fifteen. Also that they are compelled to submit to various economies, if not privations, which would never be borne by boys of independent means, and which must materially reduce the expenses of the establishment. Take Marlborough for an example of the cheapest school possible consistently with a style of living more in accordance with modern habits and an education equal to the highest that can be obtained in England. Although Marlborough has no endowment, it has no rent to pay, as the subscriptions of governors, in return for

which they have the right of nominating boys, furnished the means of purchasing the ground and erecting the school-buildings. We believe, however, that the school was not carried through the first few years of its career without incurring a heavy debt, which has borne heavily on its resources, and, we fear, is not yet fully paid off. The great number of boys, exceeding five hundred, and some peculiar circumstances connected with the administration of the school, enable the governing body to keep the cost somewhat below what is possible at such a school as Shrewsbury. A clergyman's son is charged £52 10s. a year for board and tuition, a layman's £70. By the kindness of the bursar of Marlborough College, we have before us copies of two bills, one of either class, sent in last July. One comes to £43 16s. 6d.; the other £32 14s. 6d.: giving an average of £38 5s. 6d. Here they are:—

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

	A Layman's Son.	A Clergyman's Son.
College Account.—Board and Tuition, for the half-year ending Christmas, 1866, payable in advance, on or before the 15th of July, 1866	£35 0 0	£26 5 0
• Private Tutor (optional)		
Books	4 1 2	1 16 8
Bookbinding	0 4 6	
Parcels		
Detriments		0 4 2
Tradesmen's Accounts.—Tailor	2 18 4	2 10 2
Shoemaker	0 5 0	0 16 0
Hair Cutting	0 1 0	0 1 0
Draper	0 2 0	0 1 6
Perfumer		
Carpenter, Armourer, &c.	0 4 6	
Subscriptions, &c.—Rifle Drill		
Towards Washing Linen	0 10 0	0 10 0
Sanatorium and Medical Fund—10s. half-yearly	0 10 0	0 10 0
Exhibition Fund (voluntary)		
Total	£43 16 6	£32 14 6

Measured by this standard, it will be found that the charges of most of the old fashioned county schools leave no inordinate profit to masters.

Let us now turn to the schools which may be taken to represent the opposite extreme of expense. At Rugby the returns furnished to the Commissioners state the average amount of the bills sent home half-yearly at about £65. The highest actually sent home from the school-house at Christmas, 1861, came to £75 6s. 9½d. This included

• To twenty boys in or above the fifth form, selected by the master, private tuition is afforded gratuitously. In other cases the private tutor's charge is £5 per annum, or £2 10s. for the half-year, or any portion of the half-year; or £10 per annum, and £5 for the half-year when the pupil is in the fifth form.

a bookseller's bill of more than £10. The lowest was £50 2s. 3½d. At Harrow the charges vary according as a boy boards with the head master, with one of the assistant masters having a *large* house, or with one occupying a *small* one. The head master sets the average annual expenses of boys in his house at from £138 to £150. At a small house, admitting sixteen boys, the bills seem to vary from £150 to £210 a year. In a large house of fifty boys the lowest bill for the year ending Midsummer, 1861, was £138 1s. 6d.; the highest £197 6s. 2d. One of the masters remarks, in estimating his profits which he puts at £29 per boy,—

"Perhaps I ought to notice, by way of accounting for the large expenditure here implied [*sc.*, in the statement which precedes], that not only are the habits of public school-boys generally, and the accommodation provided for them, expensive, but Harrow itself is, from exceptional circumstances, a dearer place to live in than most parts of London."

At Winchester it is not easy to say precisely what the keep and education of a foundationer costs. But the portion of the expenditure of the college which may be placed chiefly, if not entirely, to their account,—that is to say cost of kitchen and hall, chambers and meals, and payments to masters,—came in the year 1860 to £4,383 2s. 8d. This gives an average of rather over £62 per head. The bills sent home to their parents for private tuition, tradesmen, &c., are shown, by an account furnished to the Commissioners by the second master, to have amounted for the whole seventy scholars, in the course of the same year, to £2,080 5s., or on an average to close on £30 apiece. This result goes far to justify the charges made with a view to include a reasonable profit at such a school as Harrow, and the estimate of profits sent in by the masters. With respect to commoners, Dr. Moberly sends in, as a specimen of their expenses, a copy of a half-yearly bill from his own house "as giving a perfectly faithful impression of the general rate of charges." We will insert it as one more example:—

Hatter	£1 3 ½
Linendrapers	0 6 ½
Hairdresser	0 10 3
Bookseller	1 8 10
Shoemaker	1 19 0
Tailor	4 8
Surgeon (a regular half-yearly charge)	1 1 0
Letterman	0 10 10
Money advanced	2 0 ½
Weekly allowance	1 2 0
Half-yearly charges	42 0 0
Sempstress	0 1 8
Porter (ordered from the wine merchant)	1 0 0
<hr/>	
£56 12 10	

It is difficult from among the labyrinth of items in the Eton accounts to disentangle the cost of the seventy scholars to the college; but it does not appear to exceed £4,000 a year,—a little less than at Winchester. The payments for their food seem to come to about £2,000; coals and gas to somewhat over £200; masters to between £400 and £500; *camera scholarium* to about £1,000. A foundationer is stated to pay ten guineas a year to a tutor, and certain school charges, amounting to about £3 a year. He pays for his own washing, and five guineas a year to the college. The latter sum is intended to defray the expense of a matron, superintendent in sickness, &c., and other attendance. No examples are given of foundationers' bills, but we gather from these items that the cost of a scholar to his father is somewhat more at Eton than at Winchester.

The charges for oppidans vary.

The cost of the board and tuition of a little boy in the lower school is £100 a year. The highest bill sent in at Christmas, 1861, on account of a lower schoolboy was £67 14s. 8d. (It should be observed that at Eton the year is divided into three, not two, portions) This very young gentleman had managed in the course of rather less than three months to spend nearly £10 on his tailor, and £4 6s. 6d. on hats and gloves. The lowest at the same time was £44 4s. 1d. In this case the tailor got but 7s. 7d., the hatter and glover 2s., the hair-cutter *nothing at all*. A thrifty boy that! A boy living in the house of an upper school assistant-master cost his father at Easter, 1859, £72 9s. 8d. This was a high bill. But this youth spent much less on the adornment of his body than the little Absalom of the lower school. An ordinary bill of the same date comes to £55 19s. 7d. In the upper school, board in a tutor's house costs £120 a year. In a *dame's* house it is about £20 or £30 less. Other charges, we suppose, are much the same. But Mr. Evans, who has one of these houses, thinks the payment not remunerative. Certainly it gives one a startling notion of the expensive way in which things are done at Eton to find that the addition of "evening things," that is to say, tea, sugar, bread, butter, and milk, in a house of thirty or forty boys cost the "dame" £470 a year. However, we fancy a good many able schoolmasters would be very glad to change places with Mr. Evans.

The expenses of the masters who have houses are evidently great. Some indication of the reasons for this is given in the passage cited above from the Harrow evidence. But fuller details on this point are given in the Eton answers than anywhere else in the Report. The expense of entry upon a house is very large. It is put at from £1,500 to £2,000. One of the Eton witnesses estimates it so high as from £3,000 to £6,000. Taking repairs into account, no great portion of

this sum can come back on leaving, unless the usual career of a master is by some accident cut short. The boys live well, exceedingly well. The table is spread for them four times in the day. The food is ample, and of the best quality. Twice a day, at dinner and supper, they have meat. One of the witnesses, a young man who had left Eton in 1861, states that the boys, not satisfied with this, commonly bought meat for themselves at breakfast. He thinks it was "common for boys to eat meat three times a day, sometimes four." At Rugby and at Winchester we learn that meat is only given once a day. At Winchester, boys are allowed to have hams and things of that kind sent from home, and care is taken of them on their behalf, but they are not allowed to buy in the town for themselves. In reply to a question from Lord Clarendon,—

"You do not think that meat is necessary more than once a day?"

the answer is—

"No; I have myself been brought up, and my children have been brought up, and the boys have in all former times been brought up to be satisfied with meat at dinner only, and bread and butter at breakfast and tea. I have recently instituted a supper of bread and cheese at 8.30 p.m."

We think most readers will agree with us in thinking this a very sensible reply. The scale of diet for the scholars is rather higher, as they have meat for supper four times, cheese three times a week.

"Shortly after I went there, the bursar put it to the vote of the school whether they wished to have cheese or meat, and they decided to have cheese three days a week and meat four."

A good example of the reasonable way in which these little commonwealths are governed. At Rugby, a witness who had left the school says that they never had meat twice a day, "unless sometimes when we had been out having a very long run, or anything of that kind; then they used to send some in at tea-time." But the boys frequently got meat for breakfast for themselves. No complaint is made by any of the witnesses. On the contrary, although they do not scruple to speak of things which they thought wrong or ill-managed, there is a remarkable tone of contentment throughout the evidence given by young men who had lately left the schools or boys still in them. Now we cannot say that there is anything here like unreasonable pampering. Nor is the scale of diet higher, even including what the boys buy for themselves, than it appears to have been three centuries ago, when the two Cavendishes, having two guests to dinner, have a soup and *bouilli*, then a roast joint, and a chicken to follow. On the contrary, we think the masters deserve credit for providing a table calculated to diminish the frequency of appeals to the pastrycook—

for there seems to be generally a pudding or tart after meat,—and at the same time teach the boys temperance. Only in very thrifty and well-ordered homes, except under actual pressure of poverty, would boys be restricted to fare like this. The true source of expense is in the number of meals—excellent for the boys' health, but far more costly to the master than if they were allowed to gorge themselves twice a day,—and the style in which things are expected to be done. One witness says,—

“The boys would turn up their noses if you did not give them silver forks and spoons. Everything must be silver.”

Another, speaking of the large establishments required, says,—

“The whole expense of my predecessor's establishment, as rendered to me, was £38 *per annum*. Less than I give my man-servant.

(*Lord Clarendon*.) “How many boys?”

“I do not know how many there were. My wage-book amounts to nearly £300. I think it is £284. I put the best servants round them I can get; I suffer them to take no perquisites, and I believe they are very honest in their service.”

If this appears to show an increase in the scale of living on the part of the boys, hear what the witness says further:—

(*Lord Lyttelton*.) “Are you very careful about servants?”

“Very careful: I think that is a most important matter. In the first instance, when I took this house, I found the whole establishment belonging to the boys, paid by the boys, by perquisites; for which perquisites, of course, service was rendered, and it was with great difficulty that I got over things of that kind.”

The masters, one and all, speak of the difficulty of estimating their profits. The Income Tax Commissioners, we are told, went fully into the question of profits from boarders in tutors' houses at Eton, and decided that, making all deductions for that proportion of household expenses and establishment which might be considered as belonging to the family of the tutor, the cost of the boys and their establishment was £75 *per annum* each. Mr. Wickham, at Winchester, judging from an experience of two or three years, puts his profits at about £23 per boy. At Harrow, the masters of small houses (holding not more than seven boys) sent in a joint statement, putting their profits at £50 for each boy. At a large house, as we have already seen, the estimate is about £30. At Rugby the profits on boys in the school-house are put at £17 10s. per head; in other houses at £13. Dr. Kennedy thinks he gets about £21 by each boarder, though he has been in the habit of returning it to the Income Tax Commissioners at £25.

We have entered thus fully on the question of expense, because

it has been much debated of late with regard both to schools and universities. We think that if the above statements are but approximately correct,—and surely there is no reason to doubt them,—no one can maintain that school charges are too high. £20 or £30 for the responsibility of the charge of a boy would not bear much reduction. For a boarding-house master lives on a volcano. A fever, unpopularity, getting one or two bad boys into his house, or the breaking down of his own health, may do him serious harm, possibly ruin him altogether. Then, while the labour of every other calling falls to a man by himself, here he must avail himself of the assistance of the ladies of his family. A schoolmaster's wife, with young children, has a hard time of it. Men are apt to grudge this far more than their own exertions. Schools, too, demand men who have attained high University honours. Such men have a wide field open to them, and will not work except for an adequate return. In school-keeping this can only be represented by a handsome income. If exception can be taken to any of the profits we have indicated, it will be to the £50 or £60 an Eton tutor makes by each of his pupils. But why should not a rich man pay £50 a year to a scholar capable of teaching his son how to spend wealth honourably? If it be argued that it is desirable the school should not consist entirely of rich men's sons, we grant it at once. We acknowledge that as it is undesirable to have none but very poor boys in a school, so far more undesirable is it to have none but rich. The best thing is just such a mingling of rank and wealth as God ordains in the great world. But that is not the master's affair. If rich men want to have the school as it should be, let them perform the part their wealth enables them. Some mixture there already is. The founder has already done much towards it by the seventy scholars he provided for. Further, many parents, having, for example, moderate means themselves, but one of whose sons is heir to a fortune, or who, having but one, wish to endow him with the best educational capital they can, send him to Eton. If, again, the books of the masters, of Eton and many other public schools, were examined, we undertake to say they would exhibit instances of liberality that would shame the rich fathers who send them their sons and look sharp after every guinea. For when does a rich man pick out and educate a deserving youth of gentle blood at school with his own sons? But schoolmasters, never men of fortune, help many and many a boy. Also under present, and indeed under all circumstances, thrift must tell. No one can fail to remark the very wide difference between the examples of the highest and lowest bills given above from two or three schools. This too, notwithstanding that, although in former days we can conceive it to have been possible to maintain poor oppidans at Eton for much less money than their richer companions, it is by no means easy to do so

now. Changes of manners for the last two centuries have all tended more and more towards equality in expense. Dress, once so decisive a mark of distinction, has become, as far as men are concerned, so precisely alike that a smart shop-boy in his Sunday clothes and cabbage leaf in mouth might be walking on the same pavement with the Prince of Wales and no one know which was which. Wine, formerly in the middle ranks of life a luxury for high days and holidays, is now seen daily on every table. Personal attendance is far more required and obtained than was thought of a century ago. This is singularly illustrated by the practice of schools. Boys in old days waited, generally speaking, on themselves. If they wanted help, and were rich enough to hire it, they brought a servant, as the Cavendishes did, from home. This practice has not died out so very long, if indeed it be entirely extinct now. We ourselves remember a large family of a country gentleman's sons who, as they came up to college in succession, were waited upon by the same old servant, brought from home with the eldest. We imagine that the state of things described by Mr. Evans, when the servants who waited on the boys were paid entirely by perquisites, represents the transition state from the period when they had chiefly, if not entirely, to wait on themselves—a state of things we acknowledge we should gladly see restored,—to that when the service was taken in hand by the master. It began probably with *tips* from an idleback here and there to do this or that little thing, and grew and widened into a regular system to which all contributed. It is no more possible to alter this than to make the world turn the other way. Consequently, those differences of attire or habits of life which formerly, whatever they involved, were at least not shameful or galling, would now be very painful. It is quite right, therefore, that schools like the great proprietary schools of which we have more than once spoken, and which are expressly arranged on the most economical scale, should contrive as far as possible to avoid any striking outward marks of difference between their own boys and those of other public schools. Nor can we reasonably expect that a boy of poor parentage should be able to go at pleasure to Eton or Harrow—may we not add to Oxford and Cambridge?—and by favour of his teachers to live at half the cost of his well-to-do neighbour. The only way in which this can be done is by putting into the hands of school and college tutors the means of helping deserving boys of good birth. This we believe to be practicable, and capable of being done with considerable advantage to the country. Whether it will be done is another matter. So sordid have the rich become, so corrupt in their use of wealth, that we do not expect it. But they, not the schoolmasters, must pay the penalty.

We conceive, then, that the profits of schoolmasters are on the

whole far from unreasonable. We trust, too, that we have succeeded in showing that the scale of living, so far as rich men's sons are concerned, has not been raised, and that if boys of poorer birth cannot be maintained at school for much less money than their wealthier companions, it is due to a general change of manners rather than to carelessness on the part of their masters. Indeed, we think the evidence taken by the Commissioners shows that they have done what they can to repress luxurious habits. We believe that the pressure which is undeniably felt among the class of fathers who are most desirous of giving their sons a good education, and who find themselves hard put to it to find the means, arises from a different, and, we fear, a very hopeless reason. This is, that professional incomes have remained stationary, or even decreased, while all others have been very largely augmented. We doubt whether even barristers and solicitors have been able to raise their receipts in the course of the last fifty years in anything like proportion to the profits of trade and commerce. Very few bankers or merchants could have made larger fortunes than Lord Eldon, but the accumulations of the most successful lawyer of the present day must be small indeed compared with those of the tradesmen who inhabit the vast mansions about Hyde Park, or whose yachts crowd Cowes harbour. Nor can the leaders of the medical profession, we apprehend, make more than Sir Astley Cooper or Sir Henry Hallford did, if indeed more than Dr. Mead or Dr. Radcliffe, for the physician's fee was a guinea in their day, as it is now, and they seem to have had about as much as they could do. What then must be the case with country clergy and doctors with large families? It must be a hard matter indeed with them to maintain sons at schools of the most moderate cost. For by the nature of the case, they must board them in masters' houses. A good public school is rarely within a walk of a village. The pressure on men of this class may be in some measure estimated from their eagerness to avail themselves of a good public day school for their sons when they get the opportunity. Thus we read in Dr. Hessey's evidence about Merchant Taylors' school,—

"Clergy, physicians, surgeons, barristers, solicitors, and others of limited and life incomes, are generally those whose sons come to Merchant Taylors'. Were the school moved into the country, it might and indeed would, if conducted vigorously, be full of boys; but it would not meet the case of those who at present send their sons to it, *i. e.*, who live sufficiently near town for their sons to attend it daily."

A wise and self-denying argument. For Dr. Hessey, it can scarcely be doubted, would be a richer man if he were at the head of a great country school with plenty of boarders. We cannot, therefore, but express an earnest hope that schools like St. Paul's, Westminster, and

Merchant Taylors', may never be moved from London, but placed on such a footing as to extend much more widely the benefits they already confer on the classes indicated by Dr. Hessey.*

One word more, and we have done with money matters. We trust that what we have said about assisting deserving boys may not be interpreted into a desire to see exhibitions, scholarships, &c., thrown open to competition in larger numbers than at present. Without entering upon the question of how far commercial rivalry is likely to affect a boy's character, we think most people will agree that there is already quite enough of it. We believe that many tutors think the minor scholarships, which may now be obtained at most colleges before coming into residence, of very doubtful advantage. We venture to think it more than probable that a college which would have the courage to give them up, and let the tutor distribute the money quietly among the most needy men of good character, by no means excluding those who are not likely to attain great distinction, would find no occasion to regret the step. These mercenary strifes certainly contribute their full share towards that *commercial* view young men are too apt to take of their studies to which we shall have presently to advert. On the other hand, nothing can be more mischievous than indiscriminate benefaction, and of all schools in the kingdom none fall so short of the intentions of the founders, or are productive of so little benefit to the public, as those to which the bulk of the boys are admitted by right of birth, either gratuitously or on payment of a nominal fee. These rights should be commuted for a fixed number of queen's or founder's scholars, appointed by a competent committee of nomination in concert with the head master, adding, where the estates of the school permit it, a free maintenance.

We come now to inquire into the teaching boys get at school, a subject far more difficult than the foregoing to handle and to arrive at impartial conclusions. We will do our best, however, to lay the case fairly before our readers, as we find it in the Commissioners' Report, and from such other sources as we can obtain.

The Commissioners began by proposing to examine a portion of the boys—"the senior boys, constituting about one-fifth in each"—

* One of the advocates for the removal of Westminster into the country says, "No large increase in its numbers can be expected unless it be removed from London. It cannot be urged that it would be an injustice to the London clergy, and other residents in town, to remove the school; for, as it is, they do not send their sons there." A most astounding argument! If a man happen to refuse his dinner, are we to infer, without question, that he has no appetite and never will have any again? This would have easily settled the "bread and butter question." We should like to know what reply Church-logic could furnish to the inquiry, why other schools in the very heart of London are full to overflowing with the sons of "clergy and other residents in town"? We do not ourselves believe there is any reason for the comparative emptiness of Westminster but a prejudice arising from circumstances which in the main no longer exist.

of the schools to which they were sent. Two head masters, with a good deal of reluctance, accepted the proposal. The rest expressed the strongest objection to it. We own we find it difficult to understand this want of courage. They might have relied on the Commissioners, not merely as upright and impartial men, but as accomplished scholars, well able to judge of the results of an examination. They were told that they would in every case be consulted as to the choice of men to be sent to examine the boys. Not that we think that such an examination would have been of any great weight in determining the value of the teaching of the schools. The masters said very truly, that the results of a single examination, held at a particular time, can afford no fair test of the character of a school, and that there were plenty of means ready to hand of finding out what was desired to know of their teaching. The strongest argument against it was urged by Dr. Moberly, who feared it might prove a precursor of periodical Government examinations. These would be ruinous indeed. But considering the great labour of examining public schools, and the few men willing and competent to do it, we do not think this need have been apprehended. What we do wonder at is, that the masters should have lost the opportunity of letting the Commissioners see their boys. They might very well have stipulated that the Commissioners should visit the schools and conduct some part of the examination in person; a stipulation which, looking at the names on the Commission, it is impossible to suppose would have occasioned any difficulty. The satisfactory result we anticipate is, we consider, made exceedingly probable by the evidence given by junior scholars of some of the schools before the Commission. Several were called up, —some elder boys, some quite little ones. The impression left by the Report—much stronger, no doubt, on the minds of those who saw and heard them—is, that whether the boys knew little or much for their years, they were of thorough good metal. Whatever opinion we may have of the average public school-boy as a *scholar*, we believe that he is all that can be expected, and much of what can be reasonably desired, as a *man*. In short, we maintain that the schoolmasters missed playing the best card in their hand; and we regret it very much, because we conceive that an important element is wanting in coming to an estimate of the condition of the schools.

The Commissioners were therefore driven to seek the information they required from other sources.

They first appealed to several college tutors in either University. The evidence given by these gentlemen is in some respects conflicting. It is, too, sometimes hard to make out whether they use the term "public schools" in the narrower or broader sense. But all seem to agree that the average acquirements of young men who come up to

the University are below what might be reasonably looked for. Thus Mr. Kitchin says,—

"The average men bring up but small results of the training to which they have been subjected for years. There is a general want of accuracy in their work; even the rudimentary knowledge of grammar and Latin prose writing is far less than it ought to be. . . . The University course of teaching is much hampered by the crude state of the men subjected to it."

Mr. Hedley says,—

"I think that the education given at the schools does not sufficiently prepare boys for the University course. The boys are not well grounded in the subjects to which most of their time has been given, and on other points less strictly academical their ignorance is sometimes surprising. In fact, I am sorry to say that many boys come to the University from school knowing next to nothing."

Of the comparative merits of schools we have some useful evidence. Mr. Rawlinson says,—

"I have observed a great difference in the state of preparation of boys from different schools, and (I think) a still greater difference between boys from schools and boys educated at home or by private tutors. The best prepared of our students are, undoubtedly, boys from the upper classes of the public schools; and I think, upon the whole, the great public schools, with respect to their upper classes, may be said to be nearly upon a par. Sometimes one, sometimes another, takes the lead; but all in turn bear away their fair share of our honours. The case, however, is very different when we descend a little, and come to a lower grade of boys,—boys from forms below the sixth and fifth. From some schools these boys come up thoroughly well taught up to the point to which they have attained; from others they come up miserably ill taught, or scarcely taught at all. . . . Of the boys who come up to us from schools, the worst taught, the most absolutely ignorant, are those who come up from the lower classes of the largest of our public schools:—in manner often all that one could wish, in knowledge they are absolute ignoramuses."

Mr. Hammond:—

"(1.) Of all the young men who come to Trinity College, the most ignorant, the worst prepared, as a rule, are, in my opinion, those who immediately before coming to the University have been under the care of private tutors.*

"(2.) The large public schools, patronized by the wealthy, are represented at Trinity College by a very mixed collection of good, bad, and indifferent, apparently supplied from every form, and certainly with great diversities of character and capacity. They always furnish a fair and uniform number of good men, and a large number of average men; and even their worst, though probably the illest, are not generally the most ignorant men in college.

"(3.) Proportionally to their numbers, the schools which are confined to persons of small or moderate means send up the best students, partly because they send up none but their best men, and partly because the men themselves, having generally no private fortune, are stimulated to work by the

* It must be borne in mind that most of these young men are sent to private tutors because they have been found at school hopelessly idle and stupid, and therefore get rid of.

consciousness that their future prospects depend entirely on their present exertions."

It is satisfactory to find that the education at the less expensive schools is in all points fully as good, in some better, than at those which are chiefly frequented by the wealthy.

Thus we hear from Mr. Kitchin,—

"The lower public schools, if I may use the term, and the better grammar schools, send us up the best prepared men. Boys from the larger proprietary schools are sometimes very good, but we only see the best of these."

So from Mr. Latham :—

"The schools which seem to me to do the best for all their boys on an average, are the foundation schools, lying, in point of numbers, just below the great public schools, where the head master is able to exert a personal influence on the mass, and the proportion of masters to boys is large. Such schools carry off a great proportion of our scholarships which are got by competition before residence, and it is seldom that an undergraduate who comes from thence has any difficulty in passing the University examinations." *

Before entering upon the reasons to be assigned for these complaints of the ignorance boys bring away from school, let us inquire to what studies they are supposed chiefly to devote themselves while there.

The staple of school education, at least so far as the schools we have in view are concerned, is plainly Greek and Latin. Readers will doubtless have observed that the replies we have just cited chiefly concern classical knowledge, as it is called. All, we may say, agree in the importance of this kind of learning. Even mathematical men do not venture to disparage it. Thus Sir John Herschel—whose reasonable letter appears to us one of the most valuable communications received by the Commission—says that he should be "one of the very last to depreciate all which is included in the idea of classical scholarship."

Professor Airy—

"Cannot express the value which it has been to him all his life to have had a good classical training. He has had, in particular, an enormous quantity of poetry committed to memory."

To the question whether scholarship has on the whole advanced or declined of late years the replies do not agree. Thus Dr. Scott "ventures to say that the average of scholarship has declined within his memory." But he proceeds to explain that he means to speak of kind rather than degree. Mr. Ridding considers that "translating into English has very considerably advanced. The composition of the best men is as good, and there are more men that

* Had our limits permitted it, we would have given a list of the minor scholarships given away at Cambridge last year, with the names and schools of the boys who gained them. It would have been found to fully bear out Mr. Latham's statement.

do respectable composition, and have good knowledge of higher critical questions." Mr. Chase thinks that "in the case of classical honour men, scholarship has certainly declined."

Mr. Hammond writes,—

"I do not consider that scholarship, and particularly the writing of Latin prose and verse, and of Greek verse (of a certain excellence), has declined during the last twelve years. Probably more students attempt to compose in the dead languages now than did formerly; and I am inclined to think that the best do it as well as ever it was done. . . . There has been an improvement of late in the critical knowledge of the classical languages, owing to the sounder and broader views adopted in modern grammars; but strict grammatical accuracy in the accidence and syntax appears to me to be rather on the decline."

On the whole, the balance of opinion appears to incline to improvement. If this be the case with the higher class of men, it is rather provoking, if one may so speak, to be assured that the average freshman is a more ignorant creature even in Latin and Greek, which are supposed to be especially drummed into him, than he used to be. We believe that Mr. Hammond hits the blot when he complains of the want of grammatical accuracy. Grammar is, one may almost say, although boys are always supposed to be learning it, scarcely *taught* at all. That is to say, boys learn by heart out of a book rules which they are perpetually plagued to quote in the course of lessons, but there is nothing more rare than for these rules to be explained to them in simple words. We own we never could see the value of what Dr. Arnold said would be *μάλιστα κατ' εὐχὴν*, a common grammar jointly concocted. On the contrary, we cannot see that it the least signifies what book boys learn either accidence or syntax out of. All that is really important is to have plenty of examples under each part of speech. A few doggerel rhymes, such as Dr. Donaldson gives in his *Rudimenta*, or compositions like the old "*Propria quæ maribus*," are very useful. But what is wanted for grammar is oral teaching. If a master would take, say a couple of lines, and make the boy who was up parse *every word in them*, calling upon boys here and there in different parts of the class to correct him where he was wrong; if, we say, this were done from the lower classes upwards, till found to be unnecessary, we venture to predict the knowledge boys possess of accidence would soon be very different from what it is now. We particularly specify *every word*, because we have observed that, besides the large class of freshmen who cannot parse a single word, there are a good many who know the hard words but not the easy ones. This we account for by supposing that they have been practised in the one, especially irregular Greek verbs, but have been presumed to know the other. So again with syntax. Let a master take an *easy* sentence of Greek and show the boys how to analyze it, explaining to them as he

goes along the meaning of the words he uses, such as subject, copula, predicate, &c. Let them never see a printed rule of syntax until the technical terms have become familiar to their minds through the simplest explanations, such as that noun means a name, tense means time, predicate means preached or declared, and so forth, with plain illustrations of course added. Then let there be put into their hands a really scientific grammar, and let them be shown how to use it by frequent handling in the course of lessons. We venture, indeed, to say that all classical teaching at schools would be better if there were less of books, and more of the master. Supposing him to be, as he ought to be, acquainted with the lesson of the hour, the best thing he can do for his boys is to bring in nothing but a plain text himself, and insist on their doing the same. Then, instead of dry discussions on the opinions of commentators, his own mind, and the minds of the boys with it, will be in active play. Nor let him be dissatisfied if he does not get through very many lines. Often two or three will occur which ought to suggest him plenty to talk about. Take, for example, such lines as these from the most Christian of heathen poets:—

οὐ γὰρ τὰ χρήματ' ἴδια κέκτηνται βροτοί,
τὰ τῶν θεῶν δ' ἔχοντες ἐπιμελούμεθα.

A man entering first on the grammar and then the sense of such a text, will not find much to spare out of ten minutes. We are inclined to think, indeed, that one of the greatest difficulties classical masters have to contend with is to cover ground enough—since there are a certain set of authors with whose works a boy who aims at classical honours must be familiar before he leaves school,—and yet make their teaching thorough. But it is time to pass on to mathematics.

In this department of study all agree in finding fault with the greater schools. Professor Price says,—

“I do observe a very marked difference between young men coming to this University from the great public schools, and from other schools or private tutors, as to their mathematical attainments. The young men from public schools are far worse prepared.”

Mr. Hammond:—

“Freshmen have but a small and inaccurate knowledge of arithmetic, Euclid, and elementary algebra. This is, in fact, the weakest point in the education given at the public schools, so far as it is tested by the ordinary University course.”

As far as Eton is concerned, we do not wonder that mathematics are not thought much of by the boys. The assistant mathematical masters, although graduates of the Universities, and generally (the provost acknowledges) men who have taken high degrees, were found by the Commissioners not to have been, until quite lately, allowed

desks in chapel, or to wear their caps and gowns, nor permitted to assemble in the same room with the other masters. At the time of their visit a mathematical master, even if in holy orders, was obliged to yield the religious instruction of the boys in his house to a classical master who was not in orders.*

The provost and head master were closely interrogated by the Commissioners on this subject. Their answers may be found in vol. iii. of the Report, pp. 69 and 111. On the character of their evidence we will leave our readers to form their own judgment.

The assistant classical masters, to do them justice, showed perfect willingness to admit the mathematical masters to equality with themselves. Their evidence to this effect is so uniform that we need quote but one sample:—

"Every mathematical master ought to be looked upon and publicly recognised by everybody as an assistant to the head master, just as much as ourselves, and not merely as 'assistants to the mathematical master,' which is their title in the printed school lists."

What alterations, if any, have been made at Eton since the publication of the Report we do not know. In the "Public Schools Calendar" for 1866, the mathematical masters are still placed by themselves under the heading of "Assistants in the Mathematical School," except two, one of whom is a near relative of the late provost, and the other is a junior fellow of King's. Their emoluments appear to be still far inferior to those of their colleagues. There is no complaint from any of the other schools of the *status* of mathematical masters. So far as we can judge from the arrangement of the lists in the "Calendar," care seems to be taken to give them precisely the same position as the classical masters. The replies of the head and other masters show no disposition to undervalue mathematics as a branch of education. Mr. Coleridge proposes a plan which appears simple, and which we may be sure, with his great experience, he would not have proposed had it not been practicable. He says,—

"I would, in every remove, have at the top of the remove two first classes, —a first class in classics, which should have the highest position and value attached to it, on account of the quantity of the work; and I would also have a first class in mathematics. In those two classes I should place a few of the first boys in classics and mathematics in each remove. They should be printed as first-class boys in classics or mathematics, as the case might be; and with respect to all the other boys of mediocrer ability, and who

* One piece of evidence on the position of mathematical masters at Eton is so astonishing, that, had it not been vouched for by the names of the witnesses, it would have been absolutely incredible:—"If a mathematical master ventured into college or into chapel in his academical dress, he was requested to take it off". Once a year, on the founder's day, he was invited by the college, but was only allowed to come in in the evening, after the other masters had dined."—(II., p. 169.)

would have no right to peculiar distinction, the relative number of marks they might obtain [*sc.*, in the school examinations] would determine their position."

The reason why mathematics are worse in the great schools than in the smaller ones is, most likely, that the mathematical masters have an enormous number of boys to look after, and are obliged to give an undue proportion of time to the more promising ones, while the others are left to take care of themselves. Mr. Coleridge's plan would, in a great measure, meet this difficulty by enabling them to part off the best boys, and take them at a different hour. No one can fail to be convinced by the evidence that the low state of mathematical knowledge at the great schools is in no way due to any want of skill or industry on the part of the masters. Nor do we believe that the study of mathematics is a bit more repulsive to boys than any other. On the contrary, a boy has a kind of pleasure in getting a proposition written out right, or seeing his sum "come out." It is a result almost tangible, a little piece of property to be added to his stock. But if he finds that he cannot easily get the attention of his master, the conclusion at which schoolboy logic is sure to arrive is that "mathematics don't signify." We fear that the University of Cambridge has unintentionally done much to strengthen this feeling in schools by making a mathematical degree no longer necessary for admission to the classical tripos. Had such a degree never been required, it might perhaps have been found possible to hit upon another way of inducing classical men to acquire some little sound mathematical knowledge. But we can hardly doubt that the removal of an existing restriction has served to discourage the study of mathematics. We do not place much faith in the "Honour little go." Some have proposed a general matriculation examination. No doubt, as far as schools are concerned, this would go far to meet the case. But the reasons assigned by Mr. Latham, in his letter to the Commissioners, appear to us conclusive against this plan.* Colleges, too, may easily do it for themselves. Is it too much to hope that such words as these of Sir John Herschel, full as they are of wisdom, may induce the University to retrace her steps?—

"As to the common remark that a very large proportion of young men entering the Universities with a high degree of classical training evince a repugnance to the mathematical studies there followed, and not unfrequently rather ostentatiously declare, and proceed to illustrate in practice, their inaptitude for such studies, it proves nothing but that the one-sidedness of their previous education has produced its natural effect; and the consequence I believe to be that a great mass of good mental power, which might have become available to human progress, if duly fostered and developed, has thus been lost to the community. All that I intend, however, in thus pro-

* See vol. ii., p. 28.

testing against this prevalent notion, is to deprecate its being drawn into an argument for not insisting on attendance on the mathematical classes in the case of boys who really *do* make little progress, and throwing them back into an unmitigated classical routine."

Substitute *undergraduates* for *boys* in the last sentence, and these words seem to us to gather rather than lose weight. Surely nothing can be worse for the ripening minds of youths from eighteen to twenty-two years of age than an "unmitigated routine" of any study whatever.

It is encouraging to find that the *amount* of mathematics thought by the highest authorities desirable for a boy to bring to college from school is not large. In classics it is undisputed that a young man has very little chance of university success without a thorough early training, and without having given the greater portion of his schoolboy hours to their study. It appears not to be so with mathematics. The Astronomer Royal's estimate is so extraordinarily low that we must give his own words. After saying that he thinks two or three hours a week abundantly sufficient for a schoolboy to devote to mathematics, he proceeds,—

"I should take these as the limit—algebra [he assumes arithmetic, which he calls elsewhere a step towards algebra, and says it ought to be taught very well] as far as quadratic equations, and including them; the whole of plane trigonometry; and about two books of Euclid. I think that would be amply sufficient for commencing at the University; and taking the ordinary run of boys, it would be quite as much of demonstrative mathematics as they are competent to do. . . .

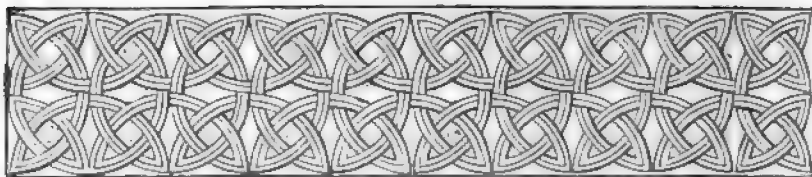
(*Mr. Thompson.*) "Would it be possible, with the knowledge you have mentioned, that a boy going to the University should, with what he learnt there, obtain a place among the first six wranglers?"

"I have no doubt of it, or even be senior wrangler."

If these words be true, it is hard indeed if boys of average ability do not get a fair share of skill in mathematics. As for promising classical scholars not liking them, we pay no heed to it. One of the first errors a young man has to get rid of, if he is ever to be worth his salt, is attention to likes and dislikes.

THOMAS MARKBY.

(*To be continued.*)



A LEGEND OF THE COUNCIL OF NICE.

FLING wide thy gates, and deck thy walls, but not for fight or feast,
Old city ! on the borders of the West world and the East.
Fling wide thy gates, and deck thy walls, there comes a post from far,—
Propontis whitens with their sails that bring nor trade nor war ;
And all along thy silver lake, and through thy rich grass plain
Come hurrying posts, and weary men, in many a dusty train.
There is no voice of traffic in thy silent market-place,
Though every bearded merchant hath a strange light in his face ;
No long thin files of camels bring their spicery and myrrh ;
No traders come by Astrachan, laden with costly fur.
The famished beast may lash his sides, and gnash within his cage,
No captive, vainly combating, shall fall to glut his rage.
Yet open wide thy four great gates to the four winds of heaven ;
They come from east, they come from west, by the same purpose driven ;
They come from north, they come from south,—the Cæsar has made tryst
To hold high council in thy walls of the great Church of Christ.

Then souls of men were shaken with emotions new and strange,
And creeds and thoughts were tossing in an agony of change.
The world, that had grown weary of its pleasures and its gains,
Felt a tide of youth and rapture rush through its wasted veins,
And life it never knew before was stirring to its core
The proud and puissant empire that was “pagan Rome” no more.

The seed that was so small had grown a tree that flourished grand,
The leaven in the woman's cake had leavened all the land.
Where silver Jordan runneth from the Lake of Galilee,
A narrow kingdom lies between the mountains and the sea ;
From its hill-sides red with vineyards, the gentle Syrian wind
Bore the only voice that answered to the sobbing of mankind.
To the cottage of the fisher, to the poor man's mean abode,
The "desire of the nations" came, th' Incarnate Son of God.
The sign that was a sign of shame to pagan and to Jew,
Had become an image glorious that all men flocked unto ;
The martyr at the stake for this esteemed the world but loss,
The emperor victorious won his battles in the cross.
Watered by the blood of martyrs, fed by the saints' good prayers,
The Church's words were on all tongues, her hymns upon all airs.
But over as the tide that rides triumphant to the strand,
Hath rotten things and noxious, that she casts upon the sand ;
So in the tumult and the swell of that returning life,
Were heresy and unbelief, and words of shameful strife.
Men stood up by hearth and altar, who did not fear to fling,
Led on by false Arins, foul dishonour on their King.
And the Emperor indignant, returning from his wars,
Heard the clamour of their discord, the tumult of their jars :
That man of double nature, whom the worst side ever wins,
Whose soul was with his Saviour, while his heart was with his sins.
From Thrace to Lusitania, from Persia unto Gaul,
Nations trembled at his eagles, and answered to his call.
There was peace in all his provinces, from Oxus to the Rhine,
But a peace of men's opinions were more dear to Constantine.
The world he holds his vassals, sage and savage, slave and chief ;
One Rome they have, one master, they shall have but one belief :
So he sends his seal imperial, and he bids the fathers come
To hold at Nice high council for the peace of Christendom.
From old Egyptian Thebes where broods the shadow of the Sphinx,
From far Euphrates' water where the red-eyed lion drinks,
Paphnutius came, and Paul, who braved the pagans' utmost ire,
They showed the sightless eyeball, and the right hand seathed with fire ;
Spridion from his pastoral home on Cyprus' sunny steep,
Potamon from where Pispir sees the Nile's young waters leap,
Who dwelt with great St. Anthony, and could the marvels tell
Wrought by the wondrous solitary in his lonely cell ;
And Theodore of Tarsus, who had drunk the Attic wine ;
Macarius from the vine-rough hills of fallen Palestine ;
And from his Persian wastes, where roamed no form more rude than his,
Cled in his coat of camels' hair, St. James of Nisibis ;
Eustathius from his palace-home in Antioch the grand,
Marcellus of Ancyra, free of spirit, bold of hand ;

Leontius, whom the faithful men of Cæsarea send,
 And Nicholas the tender one, the little children's friend ;
 Cecilian dark, and Capiton from Sicily the fair ;
 Nicasius come from soft Provence, and Phodrius, were there ;
 Protogenes of Sardica, Eustorgius of Milan ;
 And, light of all the Western Church, the learned Cordovan,
 Hosius, whom Pope Sylvester sent, an old man full of years,
 To speak for him the voice of Rome, and sit among his peers :
 And from his beauteous wave-washed home, time-honoured, high in place,
 Came Alexander, leaning on the youthful Athanasæ ;
 Not yet with pastoral staff endued, nor yet with mitre crowned, }
 Truth's champion, eager for the strife, proudly he looked around, }
 Like a young knight who feels his sword upon the battle-ground. }
 That weapon of his eloquence, men said, who heard him speak,
 Was tempered like the Roman blade, and polished like the Greek.

Nor wanted Arian prelates, all men of subtle speech,
 And practised in discussion, clever and crafty each :
 Paulinus from Phœnician Tyre, still in her ruins fair ;
 Aëtius came from Lydda, and Theodotus was there,
 From famed Laodicea, one of the holy seven,
 Whose love was cold in olden days, whose lamp was dull in heaven ;
 Proud Gregory of Berytus, Theognis too of Nice,
 And Menophantus from the town rich with the shrines of Greece ;
 Patrophilus from his hill-fort, with green palms shaded o'er,
 And wild Narcissus hasting from Araxes' reedy shore ;
 Eusebius of the fawning tongue, who played the courtier's part, }
 And he alike in fame and name, and most alike in art, }
 The bitter twain who wrung with pain their noble mother's heart. }

Beside them many a curious man of differing creed and state,
 Idlers who hung upon the skirt of that august debate.
 There were noble Christian laymen, heathen, and learned Jew ;
 Restless minds in a restless age, craving for something new.
 The Stoic with his creed effete that long had ceased to bind ;
 The son of Epicurus, that could charm no more mankind ;
 The mystic of the East, the slave of Egypt's rites impure,
 Brought here their sneers and cavils, and the want they could not cure.

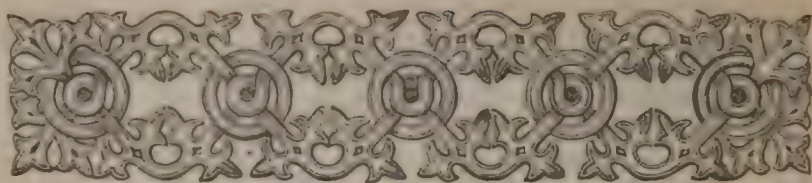
Now while the Emperor tarried, and ere the seats were set,
 Pagan and Christian, saint and sage, in many a strife they met.
 One was there, wise in argument and eloquent of tongue,
 Trained in the schoolman's rhetoric, polished and proud and young,
 He argued in the public place,—men listened at his will ;
 With all an orator's wealth of words, with all a sophist's skill,
 He spake of Christ, and ribald wit pointed each golden shaft,—
 While the good Christians trembled sore, and the light pagans laughed,—

Like one who rides into the lists, and doth a host defy,
And no man picks the gauntlet up, and gives him back the lie.
Till pressed an old man from the crowd, and barred the scold's way,—
A good confession he had made in Diocletian's day,
When truth was more than parts, and love won martyr robes in death,—
Slow of sense, and slower of speech, but he was strong in faith.
The watchful pagans sneered again, the Christians paled with dread,—
"Hearken, O philosopher, in the name of Christ!" he said;
"There is one God, Creator of all this visible frame,
Green earth and heaven, and things beyond we may not see nor name;
He made them by his Word Divine, and by his Spirit's might,
Called the black chaos into form, and gave the darkness light.
That Word Divine is God's own Son, who in his infinite love
Felt pity for our anguish in his glorious home above,
Looked on us lost, corrupted, and left his Father's side,
Took our nature of a woman, lived with us, for us died;
He shall come again in glory to judge the sons of men,—
This is the Christian's creed,—and thou must stand before Him then.
Use no more vain distinctions, no flowers of language weave,
But look on me, philosopher, and say, dost thou believe?"
Then as on some wild shore, a heap of drift-wood deftly piled,
Leaps into flame, touched by the match held by a little child,
A strange light shot into his eye, men saw his nostrils heave,
And, touched by love, and won by faith, he answered, "I believe."

• • • • •

Faded from old Nicea, gone is the pomp of that hour,
Never more emperor passing shakes her old Roman tower.
Never more primate and exarch meet in her narrow street,
Waked by the bells of the camel, waked by the Tartars' feet;
But the creed that she witnessed, but the true words that were told
In that basilica's chamber, where, in purple and gold,
Blazing with jewels, the Cæsar heard the learned and good,
Fight for the faith of the Christian, each in the place where he stood;
Bishop and priest, and the deacon consumed with holy ire,
Young Athanasius pouring out words like a torrent of fire,—
This shall never be changed. The faith of the Trinity lies,
Shrined for ever and ever, in those grand old words and wise;
A gem in a beautiful setting; still, at matin-time,
The service of Holy Communion rings the ancient chime;
Wherever in marvellous minster, or village churches small,
Men to the Man that is God out of their misery call,
Swelled by the rapture of choirs, or borne on the poor man's word,
Still the glorious Nicene confession unaltered is heard;
Most like the song that the angels are singing round the throne,
With their "Holy! holy! holy!" to the great Three in One.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.



METRICAL TUNE-BOOKS.

1. *A Reprint of all the Tunes in Ravenscroft's Book of Psalms. With Introductory Remarks.* Edited by the Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A. London: J. A. Novello. 1845.
2. *Church Hymn Tunes, Ancient and Modern, for the Several Seasons of the Christian Year.* As formerly used in Margaret Chapel, St. Marylebone. Selected, composed, and edited, by RICHARD REDHEAD. London: J. Masters. 1850.
3. *The Supplementary Tune-book; containing One hundred and One original Psalm and Hymn Tunes never before published, comprising Thirty-five different Metres.* Composed and arranged for Four Voices by WILLIAM JONES and THOMAS CAMP, (late of Therfield, Herts). London: J. A. Novello. 1859.
4. *Old Church Psalmody: a Manual of good and useful Tunes, either Old or in Old Style.* Selected, harmonized, and arranged, with Prefatory Remarks and Historical Notices, by the Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A. Fourth Edition. London: John Shepherd. 1900.
5. *A Selection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes.* Edited and arranged by E. H. THORNE, Organist of Chichester Cathedral. Enlarged Edition. London: John Morgan.
6. *A Handbook of Congregational and Family Psalmody; containing One hundred and Fifty-three Tunes and Fifty-one Chants.* Edited for CORNWALL SMALLEY, M.A., Incumbent of St. Matthew, Bayswater, by W. C. FILBY. London: Charles H. Purday. 1861.
7. *Hymns, Ancient and Modern, for use in the Services of the Church, with accompanying Tunes.* Compiled and arranged under the musical editorship of WILLIAM HENRY MONK, Organist and Director of the Choir at King's College, London. Twenty-first Thousand. London: Novello & Co. 1861.
8. *Chorals and Hymns, Ancient and Modern; chiefly from the German.* Compiled by WILLIAM H. WALTER, Organist of Trinity Chapel, and of Columbia College, New York. New York: Protestant Episcopal Church Book Society. 1862.
9. *The Chorale Book for England: a complete Hymn-book for Public and Private Worship, in accordance with the Services and Festivals of the Church of England.* The Hymns from the "Lyra Germanica" and other sources, translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, the Tunes from the Sacred Music of the Lutheran, Latin, and other Churches, for four Voices, with Historical Notes, &c., &c., compiled and edited by WILLIAM STRENDAL BENNETT, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, and OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT. London: Longman, Green, & Co. 1863.

10. *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship, with appropriate Tunes.* Revised and edited by JAMES TURL, Organist of Westminster Abbey. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1833.
11. *Music used in St. Anne's, Averburth.* Edited and arranged by W. HARRISON, Organist and Choirmaster. London: Novello & Co.
12. *The Church Psalter and Hymn-book.* By the Rev. WILLIAM MERCER, M.A., Incumbent of St. George's, Sheffield. The Harmonies revised by JOHN GORS, Esq., Composer to Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, and Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Oxford Edition. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1864.
13. *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns, arranged for the Public Services of the Church of England.* By the Rev. CHARLES KEMBLE, M.A., Rector of Bath. The Music, which, in addition to Standard Tunes, includes many Original Compositions, is taken from "The European Psalmist," selected, arranged, and partly composed, by SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY. London: John F. Shaw & Co. 1864.
14. *Tunes New and Old, comprising all the Metres in the Wesleyan Hymn-book, also Chants, Responses, and Doxologies.* Compiled by JOHN DOBSON, and, for the most part, revised and rearranged by HENRY JOHN GAUTLETT, Mus. Doc. London: Novello & Co. 1864.
15. *Congregational Church Music: a Book for the Service of Song in the House of the Lord.* With a Preface by the Rev. T. BINNEY. Organ Score Edition. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1865.
16. *Hymns for the Church of England, with Proper Tunes.* Edited by CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc. Cantab., Professor of Harmony at the Royal Academy of Music, and Organist to the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn. London: Spottiswoode & Co. 1865.
17. *Hymnau a Thonau er Gcwsinaceth yr Eglwys yn Nphymru.* Wedi eu dethol a'u trefnugan y Parch. DANIEL EVANS, Periglor Corris Meirion, a Chaplan y gwir anrhydeddus Iarll Vane. [*Hymns and Tunes for the Service of the Church in Wales.* Compiled and arranged by the Rev. DANIEL EVANS, Incumbent of Corris, Merionethshire, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Earl Vane.] Llundain [London]: Novello & Co. 1865.
18. *The Parish Tune-book: a Selection of useful Psalm and Hymn Tunes for various Metres.* Compiled by GEORGE F. CHAMBERS, F.R.A.S., of the Inner Temple. The Harmonies revised by R. REDHEAD. London: Metcaler & Co. 1865.
19. *The Holy Year: or, Hymns for Sundays, Holydays, and other occasions throughout the Year.* By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster. With appropriate Tunes, edited by WILLIAM HENRY MONK, Organist and Director of the Choir, King's College, London. London: Rivingtons. 1865.
20. *Comprehensive Psalmody. A Selection of Standard and Modern Psalm and Hymn Tunes, forming a Complete Companion to all the Hymnals in general use; to which is added a Collection of Single and Double Chants, &c.* Edited and arranged in Four Parts, for Voices and Organ, by CHARLES DABNTON. London: Alfred Whittingham. 1866.

IF the present goodly pile of books, devoted, in the words of the title-page of one of their number, to "the Service of Song in the House of the Lord," be deemed sufficiently bewildering, it must at the same time be allowed to present also a cheering aspect. Willing hearts and hands have laboured with considerable industry, and with more or less of skill, to achieve the result; and the least worthy member of the pile is a great advance, in taste at least, upon the tune-books with which choirs and congregations were familiar thirty years ago. Then, anthem-tunes of great pretension, with strains of varied length, and numberless repetitions of words, as *Praise* and *Calcutta*, alternated with the triple-timed glee-tunes of *Harrington* and *Stanley*. Now, the former class of tunes may be said scarcely to exist (at the best, it is a desperate struggle for life which a few churches and chapels,

chained to their modern traditions, subject them to), and the more decorous only of the latter kind, as *Irish, Warcham, Rockingham, &c.*, are permitted to jostle the syllabic tunes of the Reformation and Ravenscroftian eras, which have again been restored to favour. Shortly, it may be opined, even the few eighteenth century glee-tunes which remain will be bade adieu to, unless our religious poets come to their rescue with some anapaestic or other trisyllabic-footed hymns adapted to the rhythm of their strains.

It may be fairly assumed that the syllabic rule of the sixteenth century—"one note to a syllable, and one syllable to a note"—is now accepted on all hands as the most simple and fitting to apply to music in which mixed congregations are expected to take part. No tune-books now dares show itself which does not contain a large proportion of old tunes constructed on this simple model. Most new compositions also aim at the same simplicity. The triple-timed tunes which remain, so long as they are set to the ordinary forms of iambic measure, as L.M., C.M., and S.M., are therefore, by this showing, quite unnecessary. And not only are they quite unnecessary, they are also positively mischievous. They effected the ruin of our national psalmody once, and may, unless expunged or put to proper use by new hymns being provided, as above suggested, ruin it again. The gradual course of such ruin was thus glanced at in a recent preface:—

"Such tunes as *Trinity, Hursley, Rockingham, St. Philip*, and others, though respectable of their class, have, as a class, all the evils of the late fatal age of psalmodic deadness to answer for. With the heaviness incident upon the triple time being connected with iambic feet, came the natural desire to eke out the semibreve with two minims by way of relief. The syllabic style thus broken in upon, nothing hindered the gradual addition of crotchets and other 'graces,' till at length the result was as all now agree in deploring. Whether a return to that state be prevented or not depends upon the effectiveness of the stand at present made by a few minds jealous for the purity of British psalmody, against any, the smallest, coquetting with so fertile a cause of mischief as that now under consideration. Put it at the best, what line distinguishes the *Trinity, &c.*, school from the class of glees of which '*Breathe soft, ye winds*,' is an example?"

The syllabic tune, though frequently, on its first revival at the Reformation, formed of notes of varied length (to suit, as many think, the varied values of syllables, but really in consequence of the yet incomplete deliverance from the thralldom of the schoolmen who had, at their pleasure, varied the *canti fermi* to suit the requirements of their science), ultimately settled down into a few established forms, with two lengths of note only, variously combined. The most universal form for iambic measures made the first and last notes in each

* *Vide* preface to "Tunes, Supplementary to Rev. W. H. Havergal's 'Old Church Psalmody,' adapted to 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' selected and arranged by S. G. Hatherly, Mus. B." London: J. Shephard.

strain of double length, the intermediate notes in the strains being of single length only. This is the most simple form, easily remembered by children and poor persons, and, though sometimes effecting an unwelcome separation of lines in the hymn, as satisfactory in working as any fixed form of notes to words of varying sentiment can be expected to be. The second form varied from that just described in making the second note of divers strains, principally the even strains in tunes of common measure, take the double length instead of the first note. This device satisfies the accentual requirement of iambic lines admirably, and when, as is frequent in common measure hymns, one thought is continued from the longer line to the shorter, the unwelcome separation incident to the first form of tune is entirely avoided. But its unpractical nature, excepting in a few well-remembered cases, makes against it, hence its sparing use in the present revival. The third form is that known as the original of the *Old Hundredth* tune, consisting of the first and three last notes of each strain in double time. The effect of this disposition of the notes is very pleasing, and commends itself readily to all hearers, uniting in a marked degree boldness and cheerfulness. American writers affect it very much of late years, but it has as yet identified itself only with the fine *Old Hundredth* in English tune-books.

Of these three syllabic forms, the first is unquestionably that to which those who have best succeeded in the attempt to promote congregational music are most indebted. It came as a corrective of the isochronous "drawl which made four single verses quite long enough;" and it is equally competent to arrest the progress of the isochronous gabble now so common in many churches. The compiler of a very respectable and well-accepted tune-book,* to be presently noticed, has felt it his duty to call attention to the current phase of psalm-singing in the following earnest words:—"May I venture to entreat the clergy not to encourage the undignified speed with which the psalm-tune is sometimes now sung; a speed no less subversive of musical effect than it is of devotional feeling?" On first perusal of this note the present writer replied by letter to its author thus:—"But how much of this deprecated gabble may be fairly laid to the charge of your editor, who, without reason and without permission, altered the restored rhythmic form of the numerous tunes he borrowed from 'Old Church Psalmody'?" With pain it must be said, those editors who, since 1847, have felt satisfied with copying Mr. Havergal's harmonies, but have preferred to revert to the modern isochronous notation, can have little appreciated the value of the restored form, also made ready to their hands by that gentleman. The interpolation of two slow notes (the final note of one strain and the initial note of

* Mercer's "Church Psalter and Hymn-book." Oxford Edition.

the next) between the groups of notes of single length, which interpolation occurs three times in the course of the shortest tune, has the effect of preserving reverence intact amid the cheerfulness produced by the quicker notes. Cheerfulness is, by this means, prevented from degenerating into levity. But the isochronous notation can never produce other than the "drawl" when all the notes are alike slow, or the "gabble" when all are alike quick. Better the former than the latter; better still to observe the old traditions, and combine reverence with cheerfulness.

The old psalmists possessed, in addition to most happy rhythmical forms, an equally happy system of harmony. With them concords were the rule, discords the rare exception. Of concords, fundamental harmonies upon all notes of the scale excepting the seventh were preferred to derivatives. The first and last notes in each strain were especially treated fundamentally. Of derivative concords, the first or third-sixth chord was that in most common use. Of discords, the minor seventh upon the second and fifth of the scale, with their first derivatives (styled respectively the added-sixth and fifth-sixth chords), and occasionally their third derivatives, with the fourth-fifth chord, make up the entire list. The second derivative concord, or chord of fourth-sixth, was little regarded, most probably being held to occupy a debateable position between concord and discord—needing resolution, like any other chord which contained the fourth, yet derived through a concord; and the second derivative of the discord of the seventh, or third-fourth chord, was scrupulously avoided. That this third-fourth chord now so common is no grand modern discovery, is evident from the fact that the third derivative of the seventh (one step beyond the second) was reached by the old harmonists; also the occasional use of the second derivative concord shows they were familiar with the process which generates it. Why the third-fourth chord was avoided was most certainly for the following reasons:—1. The fourth is a discord needing resolution. Thus the positive fourth-fifth and the debateable fourth-sixth both resolve into third-fifth chords. 2. The third-fourth containing in itself the intervals of discord *and* resolution, the necessary resolution of the fourth upon the third is thereby precluded. To consider the third a discord, and suffer the fourth to remain unresolved, as is the modern practice (and none other is possible), would have been abhorrent to the deep thinkers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The foregoing remarks on the two great characteristics of old Church tunes, their rhythmic form and harmonic system, have been thought necessary, less for the general reader (whose indulgence must be craved for intruding on his notice such purely technical matters) than to furnish, as it were, a gauge or standard whereby to determine the

values of the respective works under review. Since all, actually or by implication, profess to lead their disciples along the "old paths," let us see how they themselves "walk therein."

1. The first work on our list is a highly important publication. The thanks of all musicians are due to Mr. Havergal for his timely reprint of that most rare "*Booke of Psalmes*," by Thomas Ravenscroft, Mus. B., of which Sir John Hawkins, in his "*History of Music*," said, "Even at this day [now 90 years since] he is deemed a happy man, in many places, who is master of a genuine copy of Ravenscroft's '*Psalmes*.'" Yet such is the frequency with which it is professedly consulted by all who attempt a publication of tunes, that few books would seem to be more accessible. It is to be feared, however, that the bulk of our modern editors never saw the work in question. But the sum of five shillings and eightpence procures for them, at the trade price, a copy of the present reprint; and armed therewith, they are at once competent to quote "from Ravenscroft's *Psalter*." Yet in no instance save one, and then only in a private communication, has any acknowledgment been made of the source whence the said "*Psalter*" has been derived. In the words of the doggerel,—

"The ladder by which they mount
Is held of no account."

The present reprint does not profess to be a *fac-simile* of the original work, nor does it contain by any means "*The Whole Booke of Psalmes*," as the original title states. It is a compression into short score of Ravenscroft's four separately printed parts, of which, as in all old books, the tenor is the chief or tune part, and contains no repetition of the tunes when arranged by the same hand, as does the original. It is merely, as Mr. Havergal's title has it, "*A Reprint of all the Tunes*" to be found therein, in number "ninety-eight. Of these, forty are newer tunes with names to them; the rest, with a few exceptions, are the usual '*Church tunes*,' which were printed for one voice only, in the psalters of the day." A few typographical errors, which detract but little from its value, may be traced by those who have an opportunity of comparing it with the original work. Ravenscroft was assisted by, or copied the settings of, twenty-three of the ablest of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors, men justly held in repute, not in this country only, but by Continental *savans* of their own time also. Of the merits and failings of these worthies, as displayed in the present work, it is not necessary at this time of day to treat. Their merits are great and permanent; their failings, though sufficiently numerous, affect us but little, the rules as to the progression of perfect concords being now so well established that no harm need be feared from defective examples, whether the consequence of as-yet-not-sufficiently-binding laws, as in Ravenscroft and his pre-

deceivers, or of oversight, as in the case of Handel and the modern masters. Those who can sufficiently appreciate the excellences as to mould their course of action thereby, will be proof against being led astray by what is objectionable in their models. But experience in other matters proves generally how much easier it is to imitate defects than virtues. Were harmonists the exception to this rule, "the musical world" would be indeed a desirable sphere to live and move in.

2. Mr. Redhead's Margaret Chapel selection, entitled "Church Hymn Tunes, Ancient and Modern," must have proved, first and last, a lucrative speculation for its publisher. Frequently do High Church tune-books announce that the right to reprint tunes so-and-so from this book has been *purchased* from Mr. Masters. A stranger to the work, as was the present writer till recently, might well be pardoned for wondering what manner of book this could be, especially as some of the purchased tunes were of most questionable character. One favourite, No. 4, here styled *Ancient Melody*, but elsewhere named *Miletus*, is such a wretched specimen of harmonization that, on first reviewing a revised form of it, the following exclamation burst from the writer in the preface quoted from above:—

"What master of counterpoint would pass such work of any of his pupils? . . . It is the worst specimen of harmony which, in all the editor's experience, he has ever seen attached to a tune for religious use, and must be repugnant alike to competent musicians of all schools."

This verdict was strengthened by subsequent acquaintance with the unrevised copy. Another favourite with copyists is No. 29. This, although "purchased" like the former by those who think it a genuine *Redhead*, is a simple plagiarism of the first part of the too-little-known *Old 132nd Psalm* tune, as given in Ravenscroft, A.D. 1621. It is found also in Day's "Psalter" of 1563. The good consequences of the present writer's exposure, in 1863, of this literary offence already are,—1, that the most prominent copyist, in another work since edited by him,* has quietly dropped the title *Redhead* No. 29, and substituted *Daye*, the name, as furnished by the writer's stricture, of the oldest known producer of the tune. But no acknowledgment of the previous mistake or corrector is thought necessary: another version of "the ladder" trick. 2. Another editor,† who had chosen this tune and paid its price, when acquainted with the exposure, after inquiring of his friend, most chivalrously entered upon his defence in the following, which was subsequently published in *The Record*, for the satisfaction of those who could be thereby satisfied:—

* Wordsworth's "Holy Year," by W. H. Monk, Editor of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

† Mr. Chambers, of "The Parish Tune-book."

"The melody was copied into a book of Mr. R.'s some years ago, and was stated to be 'from Ravenscroft's Psalter.' In issuing a second edition these words were accidentally omitted, and so the individuality of the tune became lost sight of, even by Mr. R. himself. Some compilers wishing to copy it, and having no other designation for it, called it by the ordinal number it bore in Mr. R.'s book: so Mr. R.'s connection with it was perpetuated, and most undesignedly so far as he was concerned."

The weak points in this defence are,—(1) that the first edition of "Mr. R.'s book," that now under review, contains no notice that the tune in question is "from Ravenscroft's" or any other "Psalter;" consequently, (2) the second edition made no omission, by accident or otherwise, which the first did not also make. (3) It is inconceivable that "the individuality of the tune should become so lost sight of, even by Mr. R. himself," that when compilers wished to copy it, he should be so deceived as to be unable to undeceive them. The story is too like that of the Warwick showman, who had repeated his round of fables so long that he "almost" believed them himself.

From these specimens it may be gathered that the present work is of no great reliability; and so far as harmonic skill goes, this is sufficiently correct. The editor has the vaguest possible notion of the treatment of discords, and his eye is little fitted to detect forbidden progressions. But the book possesses one good feature,—the modern isochronous and triple-timed forms have little place; so that, despite its grave harmonic faults, many may have imbibed therefrom the true principles of psalmodic rhythm.

3. If the talented composers of the entirely original "Supplementary Tune-book" have not attained the true ideal of psalmodic music, they have evidently laboured to do so. Several of their trochaic tunes are worthy the attention of future compilers, and the common-timed iambs, if divested of their isochronous form, and recast in a Church mould, would also do good service. There is an air of scholarship generally throughout the book which makes one regret that any departure from Church rule should occur to destroy the pleasurable impression derived therefrom. Fifteen of the iambic tunes are in triple time.

4. In the "concluding remarks" of the excellent preface to the reprint of "Ravenscroft's Psalter," Mr. Havergal announced,—

"It is the intention of the editor, as speedily as practicable, to publish a selection of the tunes, with the cantus and tenor inverted, or of necessity altered, to suit our present mode of singing. To such selection will be added other tunes, principally for other metres, but strictly in the same generic style of melody and harmony."

This promise was redeemed by the publication, in 1847, of "Old Church Psalmody," the fourth edition of which is now before us. It is not too much to say that whatever is old and good in most subse-

quent publications, is traceable to this important, yet modest and inexpensive book. The testimonies to the truth of this remark, gathered from ten of the works to be presently noticed, are as follow:—

" . . . and especially to the Rev. W. H. Havergal, for so kindly allowing him [the editor] to avail himself of the valuable materials contained in his 'Old Church Psalmody,' a work to which all modern compilers of tune-books are largely indebted." •

" . . . to the Rev. W. H. Havergal, for the use of his valuable collection of 'Old Church Psalmody.' " †

" I have also great pleasure in acknowledging my obligations to the Rev. W. H. Havergal, for placing at my unfettered disposal the harmonies in his invaluable work, 'Old Church Psalmody.' " ‡

" To the Rev. W. H. Havergal, for much valuable aid from 'Old Church Psalmody.' " §

" To the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A., Author of 'Old Church Psalmody ;' " a Dedication. ||

" Except where the excellent arrangements of the Rev. W. H. Havergal have been adopted." ¶

" Tónau wedi eu harwyddnodi ag (a) wedi eu cymeryd, trwy ganiatâd, o weithiau Havergal." **

" . . . from the Rev. W. H. Havergal's valuable 'Old Church Psalmody' several excellent tunes have been derived." ††

" Among those who have kindly permitted the insertion of tunes, the names may be gratefully recorded of the Rev. W. H. Havergal," &c. ‡‡

" The editor's thankful acknowledgments are due to the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A., for allowing him to select from his excellent compositions." §§

That the copies made by most of the above editors have not been fair ones, the modern rhythm having been preferred by them, has been already mentioned. Yet their testimony to the merit of what they understood is none the less marked. The work as now published contains thirty-eight tunes more than the first edition, but is of less bulk, in consequence of the compression into "short score." The fact of so many new peculiar measures having come into favour during the last few years, has somewhat interfered with the introduction of "Old Church Psalmody" into places where hymnals containing those measures are in use. Two attempts to adapt it to existing hymn-books by the addition of supplements containing the necessary tunes, have already been made. Other attempts may yet be made, with considerable success, to suit other hymnals. Of the one hundred and twenty-five tunes in the fourth edition, one, a specimen of writing "in reports," No. 46, would be as well removed. Two others, *Bedford*

• Thorne's "Selection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes."

† "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

‡ Mercer's "Church Psalter and Hymn Book."

§ Dobson's "Tunes New and Old."

|| Organ Score Edition of "Congregational Church Music."

¶ "Hymns for the Church of England."

** Welsh "Hymns and Tunes."

†† Chambers' "Parish Tune-book."

‡‡ Wordsworth's "Holy Year."

§§ Darnton's "Comprehensive Psalmody."

and *St. Mary's*, which are given in their original triple-timed form, are so universally preferred in common time, that their present appearance is rather to be regretted: though it is right to add, that, as here given, there is no instance in either tune of two slurred minims in lieu of a semibreve on the long syllables. But against these must be set the great residue of first-class tunes in genuine Church forms. Some of them seem to have been, by anticipation, made on purpose for sundry popular hymns of the present day. If *Goldbach*, by Vulpus and C. E. Bach, may be somewhat improved upon for "Jerusalem the Golden," the same can scarcely be said of *Weimar* by Vulpus for the harvest hymn, "Come, ye thankful people, come;" while *Old 124th*, and Henry Lawes' *Whitchall*, make one wonder that "Abide with me" and "Sun of my soul" should ever have gone begging for tunes to suit them. Readers will have little difficulty in verifying this for themselves; and this done, will have still less need to apply to modern sources for "accompanying tunes" to their favourite hymns.

5. Mr. Thorne is no mean musician, as his prominent position as organist of a cathedral church, and still more his excellent published cathedral services, prove: but it is likewise true that he is no psalm-odist. To say nothing of many questionable tunes which have found a place in his "Selection," many of the otherwise good tunes have been dealt with very unfairly. A few retain their proper rhythmic form (those from Mr. Havergal's book among the number); others, the great majority, take the objectionable modern form. Scarcely a tune but one or more of its strains commence with derivative chords, and not unfrequently (especially in the modern tunes of the editor and others) with discords. These things are not as they should be. Objectionable harmonic treatment is also not unfrequent, though the undoubted skill of the editor has prevented much of this species of disfigurement. It will be necessary for him to remodel such passages as occur in bar 2, strain 4, of *St. Christopher*, by J. Coward, where a minor seventh becoming afterwards a minor fourth is permitted to ascend; and in bar 3, strain 1, of his own *St. Lawrence*, where another minor seventh rises. That the work altogether most unworthily represents its editor is a matter of sincere regret.

6. In his "Handbook of Psalmody," Mr. Smalley, instead of laying the axe to the root of the evils which have troubled our English parochial music for a century and more, contents himself with pruning the redundancies and suspensions from *Mount Ephraim*, *Salvation*, and in part from Worgan's *Easter*, thinking it, perhaps, wise to make the best of a bad matter. In this particular work of reformation few will follow him, as people will either sing those tunes as they are or not at all. But in his further proposal to adapt trisyllabic-footed

hymns to the triple-timed tunes too long associated with iambic words, as *Montgomery*, *Wareham*, *St. Olave*, *Bonn*, *Manchester*, *Northampton*, *Brunswick*, and *Surrey* (he does not plead for the eighteen other tunes of the same class to be found in his book), he takes the same line as the present writer, and is cordially welcomed and congratulated by him. The getting up of his "Handbook" is, however, very poor, and scarcely anything better can be said of Mr. Filby's editorship. The modern tunes will promote no true musical progress, and the harmonization of the old tunes is very inferior. Mr. Smalley, in his "analytical index," makes remarks respecting the three old iambic forms as though they were peculiar to *Savoy*, *St. David* and *Glastonbury*, and *Windsor*. The only tunes he has printed in the old manner beside *Savoy*, are *York*, *Abbey*, *Winchelsea*, *Digby*, and *Bethel*.

7. For a detailed criticism of the music to "Hymns Ancient and Modern," from the commencement to Tune 133, the reader is referred to the pages of *The Record* newspaper. The writer has no wish or intention to go over the ground therein traversed; but for the information of those who wrongly think that pressure has been brought to bear for the suppression of the strictures, it is right to state that nothing but lack of time on the part of the writer has prevented their completion; and that as soon as his convenience permits, they will be completed and separately published in pamphlet form, as promised. He may further be permitted to say, in extenuation of his present silence, that he has cultivated the acquaintance of the book so thoroughly, that he is already more than tired of it. One thing he feels it right to add, that the promises of correction, made in consequence of his strictures and of Sir F. Ouseley's subsequent list of upwards of two hundred emendations, have not been kept, the work, as recently seen on its publisher's counter, containing all the original faults of plagiarism, consecutive perfect concords, false harmonization, imperfect melody, &c.

8 & 9. We have every reason to be thankful that the German Protestant churches, during the time our psalmody was retrograding, held fast the form of sound notes they received in trust from the first Reformers, many of whom were good musicians. Not that deadness of another kind did not set in even with that highly musical people. But the fact of their being musical prevented such stuff as our *Arabia* or *Comfort* appearing in the midst of them. Their deadness took the form of a drawling unisonous singing of the old tunes, with an elaborate organ accompaniment, frequently of four or more notes against one, and an interlude after each strain. The tunes, however, held their ground, and the labour of German Church musicians is consequently limited to the restoration of their ancient manner of performance. For our new and popular metres, many of which come

to us from the German, the stores of foreign Protestant melody opened up from time to time furnish ample choice. For this reason Mr. Walter's American edition of "Chorals and Hymns," and Professor Bennett's "Chorale Book for England," are especially welcome. Mr. Walter, a disciple of the excellent Dr. Edward Hodges (an English gentleman upwards of thirty years a resident of New York), has given in his work forty old chorals and seven modern compositions, chiefly his own, to popular hymns of the day. These latter are as German in their conception as the former; two of them (Nos. 39 and 47) being in the old Phrygian mode. "The Chorale Book," in the compilation of which Professor Bennett has had the valuable assistance of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, is more entirely German, containing but one tune of so-called Scotch origin, in a collection numbering 121 tunes. As it may be said that German tunes require a treatment of their own, and as the learned Professor is competent to decide as to that treatment, the tune *Abbey*, our solitary boast in the volume, shall alone be subjected to review. Less difficulty need be felt in attempting it, as the editors in their preface profess to "have striven to preserve, as far as possible, the character belonging to the period of their [the tunes'] composition." Viewing our *Abbey* in this light, we are bound to protest against,—1, the alteration of its melody to the isochronous form; 2, the derivative chord at commencement of third strain; 3, the third-fourth discord at fourth note of said strain; and 4, the imperfect triad upon the leading note of the dominant at seventh note of the same strain, all of which are repugnant to the principles of "Ravenscroft's Book of Psalms, London, 1621," given as the authority for the tune.

10. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, when about to publish the "Appropriate Tunes" to their metrical "Psalms and Hymns," doubtless thought themselves well advised to employ a metropolitan organist of the first standing, who has had a deservedly great reputation as an accompanist, and who from his earliest days has been accustomed to have before his eye only the best class of Church music. But thus much is certain, that whatever the subjects are which specially enter into the training of our cathedral organists for their high position, psalmody, or its true principles, is not among the number. Were it otherwise, and had our organists been trained therein, the present resurrection would have been impossible, as there could have been no death from which to arise. This must be borne in mind while the unpleasant duty is performed of passing what may seem a harsh judgment upon the present well-intended book. Not only in its rhythmical forms is the book no better than, say, "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (there are but two unaltered iambics in the book), but strange things can be espied also

in the harmonization—things that Church writings in daily use by Mr. Turle can never justify. To attempt a detailed proof of this assertion would be impossible, the work being so extensive; but the first eight tunes shall be glanced at, to satisfy readers that no ill-will is concealed behind a general condemnation. Tune 1, *St. David's*: in strains 1 and 3 the sixth notes have a modern third-fourth discord. Tune 2, *Erfurt*: in strain 2 the sixth note has an imperfect triad upon the leading note of the supertonic. Tune 3, *St. Mary's*, is satisfactory. Tune 4, *St. Ann's*: in strain 1 the seventh chord has no fifth, an unprepared minor seventh in similar motion taking its place; in strain 2 the fourth chord has all four parts enter by similar motion; and strain 3 commences with a derivative chord. Tune 5, *Windsor*, is satisfactory. Tune 6, *Halle Orphan House*: strains 3, 4, 6, and 8, commence with derivative chords; and the last tenor note in strain 4, to avoid consecutive fifths, comes in with the forbidden leap of minor fifth. Tune 7, *London New*: strain 2 commences with a discord. Tune 8, *Dulwich College*, one of the worst class of tunes, with two and three notes to a syllable, has the first six notes of treble and bass in similar motion.

11. In the small book of "Music used in St. Anne's, Aigburth," there is little to commend but the good intention of the editor. Like most of its more pretentious neighbours, it is an *omnium gatherum* of all sorts. Its first tune is the triple-timed *Abridge*. Of the forty-seven iambic tunes susceptible of a Church form, eighteen possess it against twenty-nine which do not. A tune of the editor's, *Fornett*, a half-canon in treble and bass, gives promise of better things.

12. The great use made by Mr. Goss in Mercer's "Church Psalter and Hymn-book" of the tunes in "Old Church Psalmody," would have led, one had hoped, to an attempt to rival their merits. Instead whereof, all the modernisms against which "Old Church Psalmody" is a protest, have place found for them. Mr. Havergal's old rhythms are cut down to the bald modern form, as stated in the early part of this paper; and in the tunes from other sources, which are of all kinds, syllabic and otherwise, the modern third-fourth chord occurs in almost painful profusion. The "Oxford edition" should have been a *real* improvement. It is pleasing to notice an attempt to utilize Stanley's *Montgomery* by adapting it to an 11's hymn instead of one of L. M. It is a pity more triple-timed tunes were not so treated. On the whole, though there are many sins against light to be found in Mr. Mercer's book, it is satisfactory to know that it is able to keep the market against its two powerful imitators and rivals, Nos. 7 and 10. Possibly, but for the success of these latter, which has helped to spread and perpetuate the evils here complained of, an alteration for the better might have been made ere this by Mr. Goss.

13. It is wonderful what may be done by the possessor of a good name. If for honesty, the proverb tells us he may steal a horse without suspicion. If for consummate organ-playing, he may "select, arrange, and partly compose" music to popular hymn books in a fashion of his own, setting at open defiance all the safeguards which were formerly needed to separate the music of the Church from that of the world. Perhaps Dr. Wesley's "selection" is not worse than some others, but the "arrangement" is as unecclesiastical as any, and the "partial composition" in places most *outré*. It is morally certain that of the thousand churches using Mr. Kemble's hymn-book, very few of the congregations, if able to perform them, could find pleasure in the thirty-four tunes bearing the name of the distinguished editor. In their way they are perfect curiosities. *Orisons*, No. 126, and *Redemption*, No. 128, are worthy the study of English Church musicians, if only to know what not to do. They defy criticism.

14. Mr. Dobson, the compiler of "Tunes New and Old," at the close of an otherwise sensible preface, in which some of the hindrances to the revival of pure syllabic music among "the people called Methodists" are glanced at and answered, felicitates himself on the choice of a musical editor thus:—

"Lastly, to H. J. Gauntlett, Esq., Mus. Doc., very special thanks are offered for his masterly rearrangement, &c. . . . Dr. Gauntlett has dedicated many years, not only to the improvement of Church music in general, but also to the composition of tunes, which, like those of Luther and the early composers, bear an individual expression of the text of many beautiful and highly valued hymns. The numerous excellent original compositions supplied to this work, and to so many others, by our distinguished countryman, justly place him in the highest position as a composer of this particular order of sacred music."

As past experience of this gentleman's music never seemed to warrant such a panegyric, curiosity was naturally attracted to the present volume to discover the new grounds on which to base it. Twenty-three of the 148 tunes in the work bear Dr. Gauntlett's name. Of these, the first, *Alpha*, No. 1 (elsewhere called *St. Alphege*), is a compound little creditable to the inventive powers of "a composer of this particular order of sacred music." Its four strains consist of,—1, the greater part of the first strain of *French*, No. 9; 2, the second strain of Norris's chant, No. 172; 3, the first and third strains of Tallis's well-known *Ordinal* tune (not included in the present selection); and 4, a "stock phrase," common to scores of old tunes as a concluding strain.* If these be the means whereby "our distinguished

* Perhaps our contributor is a little hard on Dr. Gauntlett. We cannot help thinking that considerable praise belongs to one who, even short of originality, has united strains previously known into such a tune as *St. Alphege*, which is everywhere remembered and welcomed. By criticism like that of our contributor, any modern tune whatever, and

countryman" hopes to rival "Luther and the early composers," it will scarcely require a prophet of Mr. Dobson's calibre to predict that he will be inevitably disappointed.

15. Another of the large dissenting bodies, that denominated "Congregational," has also signalized itself by its efforts to restore to proper use the admirable psalmody of our forefathers. In the "Organ Score Edition" of the Weigh-house series of "Congregational Church Music," the compilers make no secret of such their wish in their preface and dedication, which latter, as before observed, is addressed to Mr. Havergal, "in grateful recognition of the wide-spread and beneficial influence produced by his abundant labours in behalf of the music of the Church." That the compilers should be inconsistent with themselves in admitting tunes of a lower standard than their ideal, and in printing the old tunes, sometimes with their correct rhythm, at other times in the modern isochronous form, as if innocent of the difference, is no great wonder, when so many of the preceding books, of far higher pretensions, and intended for the use of a far more numerous religious community, are guilty of the same, or (where the old forms are of set purpose excluded) even worse practices. The "getting up" of this "Organ Score Edition" is deserving of praise,—the oblong folio and clear notation are a perfect luxury for the organist. No other work in the present list can at all approach it in this particular.

16. In the preface to "Hymns for the Church of England, with Proper Tunes," an explanation of the term "Proper Tunes" is offered. The editor says, "The expression is used in its old signification: an appropriate tune is assigned to each hymn, and the same tune is in no instance made to serve for more than one hymn. By thus wedding together the words and the music, it is believed that, in a short time, they will become so associated, that the one shall suggest the other." This attempted "wedding of words and music" naturally challenges attention and remark from the interested, as do all alliances, whether of individuals, political parties, or nations. Being the principal feature of the present work, it shall be the first thing glanced at in this review.

The first and second parts of Bishop Ken's morning hymn are set respectively to *Göddel* and *Leipsic*, from "Old Church Psalmody;" the former acknowledged, the latter not. "Sun of my Soul" is set to *Bararia*, from the same; "Abide with me," to the *Old 124th*. These are wisely paired, excepting Keble's hymn, which, as before stated, is so admirably

almost any modern sentence, might be shown to be taken second-hand. No small part of invention consists in adaptation. The *alias* of Alpha for St. Alphege occurring in this particular volume is highly amusing.—EDITOR C. R.

befitted by *Whitehall*. "Lo, He comes," and "Day of wrath," are poorly mated with a *Pange lingua*, and a tune by C. Steggall, 1865. "While shepherds watched" is set to *Winchester*; "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," to the common-timed form of Hugh Wilson's *Martyrdom*; and "There is a book who runs may read," to *Salisbury*; each in good taste. "Hail to the Lord's anointed" is associated with an execrable attempt at operatic effect, by G. B. Allen, M.B., 1865; and "From Greenland's icy mountains," to a most unchurch-like piece of harmony by C. Wesley, 1836. These are certainly most im-"proper tunes." "The spacious firmament" is well set to *Rostoc*, from "Old Church Psalmody;" so is not "Jesus, refuge of my soul," to another German tune by J. Hintze, 1660. "When I survey" has a minor tune taken from J. S. Bach's writings; "Rock of Ages" is set to a tune by C. Steggall, 1849; and "There is a land of pure delight," to the halting, though original triple-timed form of *Bedford*; each in middling taste. "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," has Mr. Havergal's proposed *Dortmund*. "Holy, holy, holy," is badly set to a tune by the Rev. F. Southgate, 1854. "God moves in a mysterious way" has the old *Abbey* tune. Reversing the process we find the following—

TUNES	Set to the little-known HYMNS:—
<i>St. James</i>	Awake my love, awake my joy.
<i>St. Anna</i>	How glorious is the morning sun.
<i>Moravia</i>	O Sion, rise and watch.
<i>St. George</i>	The mountain of the Lord's abode.
<i>Rockingham</i>	What light is this whose silvery gleam.
<i>Bristol</i>	O Lord our God, eternal Fount.
<i>Windsor</i>	In entrance of the city gates.
<i>Tantum ergo</i>	Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.
<i>Sacoy (or Old 100th)</i>	As chief among ten thousand, see.
<i>St. David</i>	To-day triumphal praises wait.
<i>Tallid's Ordinal</i>	The everlasting hills declare.
<i>Warham</i>	What word so full of melody.
<i>Nottingham</i>	Behold the vineyard of the Lord.
<i>St. Stephen (or Nayland)</i>	Alike, O Lord, in weal and woe.
<i>London (New)</i>	I know that my Redeemer lives.
<i>Old 132nd (or Redhead No. 29)</i>	Behold, I come, and with me bring.
<i>Whitehall</i>	With joy was heard the ancient seer.
<i>York</i>	How brightly shine these glorious saints.
<i>Melcombe</i>	To God be glory, while we tell.
<i>St. Mary</i>	Most gracious Lord, in all distress.
<i>St. Bride</i>	For ever with the Lord.

From the above it will be readily seen that in the union of words and music which this book seeks to establish, the music has decidedly the best of it, and is anything but "the weaker vessel," which in the nature of things it ought to be. There is little risk in predicting the general failure which the proposal will meet, notwithstanding the ability which has presided over the musical department of the work.

It is but just to Dr. Stegall to admit that, musically, this is one of the best books on the list. Very few tunes have other than the old rhythmical forms. The exceptions are chiefly from the copies current in the German Protestant churches, in which all the notes of the strains are alike slow. The harmonies are also, with the exceptions last mentioned, generally of the old stamp, and well chosen.

17. The work now under consideration, with its unpronounceable title, is, as it should be, edited by a member of the Welsh Church, and contains 197 tunes of various degrees of merit, but of a generally high melodic standard. Of this number 41 tunes are copied from "Old Church Psalmody," or other works of the Rev. W. H. Havergal; 31 from "Hymns Ancient and Modern" of which 14 are by other harmonists than Mr. Monk; 20 from the Rev. R. R. Chope's "Congregational Tune-book;" 9 from the Weigh-house series of "Congregational Church Music;" 5 from Messrs. Goldschmidt and Bennett's "Chorale Book for England;" and 3 each from the S. P. C. K.'s "Hymns and Tunes," the Welsh "Tune and Chant Book," and the Rev. Samuel Roberts's "Llyfr Tonau Cynulleidfao." These 115 reprinted tunes may fairly be passed by, the works from which they are taken having already been noticed, or are otherwise well known. The remaining 82 tunes, which alone constitute the peculiarity of the present work, may be thus classified:—37 are Welsh tunes, ancient and modern, with Welsh harmonists; 13 are other tunes with Welsh harmonists; and 32 are other tunes with other harmonists. The latter class consists chiefly of good specimens from the German, though a few are compositions by living or recent writers, as Sir F. Ouseley, the late Bishop Turton, and others. The Welsh tunes form, as might be expected, the chief point of interest in the volume. Some of the older melodies are uncommonly fine, as *Erfyniad*, *Bethel*, *Christmas*, *Clod*, and others. But of the Welsh harmonization of native and other tunes it is impossible to speak as favourably. Some good work bears the name of the editor, Mr. Evans, as *Handel*, *Aberayron*, *Gwahoddiad*, &c. Less satisfactory settings by the same hand are, however, more frequent; and of the many tunes harmonized by Eos Llechyd there is scarcely one that does not contain the most elementary schoolboy faults of which a harmonist can be capable. As a rule, iambic tunes take the modern form, but a few exceptions may be traced.

18. The work next in order, "The Parish Tune-book," unlike the last and many which preceded it, has no hymnal printed in connection with it. Its compiler is so enamoured of the S. P. C. K. collection that he thinks it unnecessary to produce another. His work must therefore be looked upon as a self-imposed attempt to rival Mr. Turler in his function of caterer to the Society's customers. The work contains 203 tunes of all kinds—good, bad, and indifferent. *Mount Ephraim*,

Shirland, *Warwick*, and *Bartleman's Morning Hymn*, jostle the more decorous *Abridge* and *Bishopthorpe*, and these again the fine old melodies of older days. And this *omnium gatherum* is presented to the world as the result of "seven years' preparation." "Little short of two thousand tunes have been sifted" to produce this residuum. Of this number, 20 are presented by their proprietors or composers, while the use of 15 others "has been acquired by purchase." The first of these latter is the now well-known pirated *Old 132nd Psalm* tune, which is here inserted as *Redhead's 29th*, with the name REDHEAD in the composer's corner. This is not, as in the case of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" reprinting the tune with a false name, the result of ignorance, but a deliberate act in a work whose preface says,— "The musical editing has been conducted entirely by Mr. Redhead"—and as such is deserving of all reprobation.

Of the other "purchased" tunes, which in a sense must be the most valuable portion of the work, *Lindisfarne* and *Derwent*, by E. Sedding, contain consecutive octaves and consecutive major-fifths; and *Veni Emmanuel*, by Dr. Gauntlett, contains an upward resolved minor-seventh, and an unresolved ditto. If the select portion of the book be thus faulty, few will expect the bulk to be much better. Yet marks of care in other matters evidence themselves, and especially is this the case in the preservation of the old form for old tunes, for which Messrs. Chambers and Redhead have our best thanks.

19. In some respects Mr. W. H. Monk improved in the four years which intervened between the publication of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and of Archdeacon Wordsworth's "Holy Year;" in others he retrograded. Thus, in Hymn 181, he perceived the weakness of his own *St. Ethelwald*, but in effecting a cure previous to its double insertion in the present work, he made a pair of consecutive major-fifths which did not before exist. But in the case of *Redhead No. 29*, he wisely declined to make any further "purchase," and accepted the present writer's word for the origin of the tune, and changed its name to *Daye*. The disingenuousness of the change, without any mention of the previous error, or thanks to his corrector, has been before alluded to.

20. What Mr. Chambers essayed with respect to the S. P. C. K. book, Mr. Darnton attempts for not only that, but for Morrell and How's, "Hymns Ancient and Modern," Mercer's, Kemble's, the Wesleyan, the Congregational, "Hymns for the Church of England," and fourteen others, without any recognition of the labours of Messrs. Turle, Thorne, Monk, Goss, Wesley, Gauntlett, Steggall, &c. This is, to say the least, taking rather high ground, especially while congregations, who know less of other musical matters than those organist-editors, accept in good faith the little they know on metrical psalmody, and buy their

books freely. There is good work in store for a properly constructed book of *Comprehensive Psalmody*, but Mr. Darnton's is not that book. When the public mind is ripe for it, such a book will, without doubt, appear to satisfy the felt want.

The present work, though inadequate to its desired end, is harmonically very passable. The editor eschews generally the use of the third-fourth discord, and causes his parts to move melodiously. But the evil of the modern rhythmical form prevails throughout; and occasional tunes of a very poor character, some of them originals, find admittance. One, a prize tune for "Jerusalem the golden," is inserted. It is a remarkable production, reflecting upon its judges far more than upon its composer. Skips of sixths and sevenths abound in the melody and other parts: one of the latter in the melody occurring downward upon a strong time, followed by an upward sixth to the weak time; and three of the strains commence with discords. What must other competing tunes have been if this be the chosen from among them? and what does it reveal of our nakedness as a musical community!

Let it not be thought that the present writer, from the tone of his remarks, has no sense of the great advance made during the last few years in our Church music. Tentative steps, though occasionally false ones, are yet, in the infancy of an art, and still more in its resurrection, necessary. He gave his testimony to the improvement, in taste at least, witnessed by the poorest work now under review, and he gladly repeats it. He has no knowledge of, or feeling against, any one of the writers whom it has been his duty to reprove, and has simply regarded their works from the standpoint which his advantages, not his deserts, have procured for him.

S. G. HATHERLY.



APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.

Apollonius of Tyana, the Pagan Christ of the Third Century. An Essay by
ALBERT REVILLE, Doctor in Theology, and Pastor of the Walloon
Church in Rotterdam. Authorized Translation. London: J. C
Hotten. 1896.

THE writer of this book takes for certain much that we shall make it our business to dispute. He regards it as a fact that the life of Apollonius of Tyana was written by Philostratus for the express purpose of representing him as another Christ; a person equal or superior to Him from whom the Christians were named. This, however, is but assumption. We have no intimation, either from Philostratus himself, or from any other sure authority, that such was the object of the book. All that Philostratus tells us on this head is, that he was requested by the Empress Julia Domna to draw up, in regular form, a biography of Apollonius from certain memoranda of Damis, one of his friends and followers, which had been presented to her by one of Damis's relatives. Some accounts of the man of Tyana had previously been written by Maximus of Ægæ, a secretary to one of the emperors, and by Mæragenes, but these seem to have been but imperfect, and to have made him appear much more of a magician than the Empress and some others liked to think him. Philostratus had also seen a will of Apollonius, but all he says of it is that it showed him to be a divinely-inspired philosopher.* But whether the intention, in producing a more complete life of him, was simply to portray him as he was believed to have lived and acted, or to extol him as a Pythagorean, and recommend, through him, the

* "Philostr. Vit. Apoll.," I., 1, 2, 3, 12.

doctrines and practices of Pythagoras; or, again, to depreciate, by a display of his performances, the character and actions of Jesus Christ, are matters on which, though we have ourselves settled our opinions on them, we shall here bestow a little discussion for the sake of others. If we examine these questions with such attention as we can give them, the investigation may be one of some interest; and if we do not satisfy every one, at the end of our course, that we have taken the right road, we may yet have found something to please or console us in our journey.

Let us observe, at the outset, that in the work of Philostratus there is no mention of Jesus Christ, nor any indication that the author was aware of his having been on earth; nor is there any resemblance in his language, except in one passage, to that of the New Testament. We therefore set out on our researches on this point without any bias from that which we are to examine; we may dismiss from our minds, as far as we can, all that has been said on the subject by others, and endeavour to form a conclusion for ourselves. The matters which we shall chiefly have to consider, in attempting to do so, are the state of things in the Roman empire at the time that Philostratus wrote; the character of Philostratus himself; the life and actions of Apollonius, especially as an imitator of Pythagoras; and, last of all, the opinions or suppositions of various writers concerning Apollonius and the object of his biography.

We turn our attention first on the Emperor Septimius Severus, who, in A.D. 193, was elected by the legions in Pannonia, being then forty-six years of age; and on his wife, Julia Domna, whom he had married about eighteen years before, at Emesa, in Syria, of which place she was a native, daughter of Bassianus, a person, as we learn from Dion Cassius, of a humble rank in life. Severus, having great trust in astrology, had espoused her on the faith of an astrological prediction that she was destined to be the wife of a sovereign, and, with his superstitious feelings, always allowed her much influence over his proceedings. It was by her advice, as it is said, that he took up arms against Pescennius Niger, who had been chosen by another part of the army as a rival emperor, and, having defeated him, established himself and his wife firmly on the throne, which he held for eighteen years, amply fulfilling the prediction respecting her. At the time that the aspiring Plautianus, a relative of Septimius, elated with his vast riches and distinctions, and abusing his influence with the Emperor, threw contumely on her and her sons, Caracalla and Geta, she is said to have lived much in seclusion, devoting her time to literature and philosophy, surrounded by rhetoricians, grammarians, and sophists, among whom were Dion Cassius, the lawyers Ulpian and Papinian, and Philostratus; and it may have been about this time,

though on this point we have no certainty, that she requested Philostratus to compile the Life of Apollonius from the fragmentary relics of Damis. Plautianus was put to death in the year 203, the tenth of her husband's reign, and she had therefore no need to prolong her studious retirement on his account. But if it was during this period, as some critics have suggested, that she set Philostratus his task, he was a long while over it; for, as the work is not dedicated to her, it is fairly inferred that it was not finished till after her death, which took place in the year 217.

As for Septimius Severus himself, though a man of war, and of no great feeling for human suffering, he was yet, according to Ælius Spartianus and others, much devoted to the studies of philosophy and rhetoric, and extremely eager to acquire knowledge. But whether he supported his wife in her philosophic views, or had any communication with Philostratus about Apollonius, we nowhere find the least intimation.

She had the support, however, of a sister named Mæsa, or Julia Mæsa, who came with her from Emesa to Rome, and, marrying Julius Avitus, a man of consular rank, became the mother of Julia Soemis and Julia Mamaea, the former of whom was the mother of Elagabalus, and the latter of Alexander Severus. Mæsa was a woman of powerful mind, and was always treated by her brother-in-law, the Emperor, with great respect. At the death of her nephew Caracalla, the son of Julia Domna, she had great influence in transferring the imperial power from Macrinus, who, by causing the assassination of Caracalla, had held the title of emperor for about a year, to her grandson Elagabalus, persuading the troops that he was the son, not of Marcellus, as he really was, but of the late Emperor Caracalla; and when Elagabalus's follies wrought the destruction of himself and his mother Soemis, Mæsa, to save herself from being involved in it, had the policy to make him adopt his cousin, Alexander Severus, for his successor. As for Alexander's mother, Mamaea, after having inculcated high moral principles into him during his boyhood, and having exercised great influence over him during the thirteen years of his reign, she met a fate like that of her sister, being slain with her son, in a mutiny of the soldiers consequent on his parsimony, in the year 235. Mæsa had died some time before, full of years and in high honour.

We have been particular in marking the career of these ladies, and the part which they took in public affairs during the forty years between the accession of Septimius Severus and the death of Alexander Severus, because Dr. Réville attributes to them great influence in supporting paganism and depressing Christianity; and founds upon this assumed influence the object which he imputes to Julia Domna, in causing the life of Apollonius to be written. It is undeniable, we

consider, that they must have had great influence; but that they used this influence for other than political objects we do not find indicated in the records of those times. Dr. Réville assumes—what we do not find attested—that Julia Domna and Mæsa were daughters of a priest of the sun, and that as Mæsa brought Elagabalus, a sun-worshipper, from the temple of the sun to the throne, they, with Mæsa's daughters Soemis and Mamæa, would be eager to disseminate sun-worship, and to encourage any species of idolatry, or adopt any other means, by which this end might be promoted. "We find," says he, "that in the contemporary writings, such as the histories of Dion Cassius and Herodian; in the Augustan history, which is not of a much later date; and in the historical records of the Lower Empire, a consistent course of action in religious matters may be discerned, which, commencing in a somewhat mysterious way in the days of Julia Domna, is fully revealed under the auspices of Julia Mamæa. The absurdities and follies of Elagabalus are explained by what we may term the theology of his family on the mother's side." Our discernment, we must persist in saying, is at fault respecting this "consistent course of action in religious matters;" we look into the histories which Dr. Réville specifies, and fail to trace it. We know that Julia Domna and the princesses of her family were pagans; we think it likely that they would promote the pagan form of worship to which they were attached; we are inclined to admit that many of the extravagances of Elagabalus may be palliated on the ground that they were acts of homage to the sun; but we do not see in all this any deliberate course of action to depress the religion of the Christians. As far as we see, Julia Domna and her family went their own way, and allowed the Christians to go theirs. We discern no connexion between the two,—nothing, certainly, that can induce a belief in a meditated attack on Christianity by means of Apollonius of Tyana.

We do not forget, what we should have expected to see advanced by Dr. Réville in support of his theory, that Septimius Severus, in the tenth year of his reign, issued an edict against the Christians; an edict by which, as Mosheim understands it, "every subject of the empire was forbidden to change the religion of his ancestors for that of the Christians or Jews," and which gave rise to what is called the fifth persecution. But it seems much to be doubted whether this edict was directed against every subject of the empire. The authority for the edict is Spartianus, in his *Life of Severus*, who mentions it in this way:—When Severus, after defeating the Parthians and settling the affairs of the East, was returning through Syria towards Alexandria, "*In itinere Palæstinis plurima jura fundavit. Judæos fieri sub gravi pœnâ vetuit. Idem etiam de Christianis sanxit. Deinde Alexandrinis jus buleutarum dedit.*" From the mode in which these

matters are here related, it would appear that the edict was but local, intended to affect only the people of Palestine, and perhaps of Egypt, where he considered that the Christian religion was spreading too rapidly and widely; and accordingly we find from Eusebius, that the place where the Christians at this time were chiefly called to testify their adherence to their faith was Alexandria. Gibbon calls it an edict which "could not be carried into strict execution without exposing to danger and punishment the most zealous of their (the Christians') teachers and missionaries." Accordingly there seems to have been no effort made to carry it into general effect. There followed, as the same historian observes, only a "mitigated persecution," in which "we may still discover the indulgent spirit of Rome and of polytheism, which so readily admitted every excuse in favour of those who practised the religious ceremonies of their fathers." There was no enforcement of the edict, assuredly, during the latter part of the reign of Septimius Severus, and the subsequent reigns of Caracalla, Elagabalus, and Alexander Severus, when Mamæa was in the height of her power; and during the following reigns also until that of Decius in the year 249, a period of thirty-eight entire years, the Christians were left almost wholly undisturbed.* Alexander Severus kept a statue of Christ in his own private place of worship, and had even thoughts of building a temple to Him, as the emperor Adrian had previously had, but had been dissuaded from his design lest the Christians should become too numerous.† As for Mamæa, she is even said by Orosius, who however is an author of no great weight, to have been a Christian; but it is confidently stated by Eusebius, who extols her piety and religion, that she sent for Origen, when his reputation was rising, to Antioch, to hold a conference with him on religious subjects.‡

Forbearing to urge further argument on this head, we proceed to notice Philostratus and the subject of his biography.

Of Philostratus little need here be said, and little is indeed known. He was born, probably in Lemnos, about A.D. 172, studied rhetoric for some years at Athens, and went from thence to Rome about the beginning of the third century, when, as we have said, he was among the literary characters that gathered around Julia Domna. He lived, according to Suidas, beyond the age of seventy. His other works, besides the life of Apollonius, are lives of the Sophists, short biographies of fifty-nine rhetoricians and philosophers; *Heroica*, discourses on the heroes of Homer; *Icones*, comments on certain paintings; and a collection of Letters, seventy-three in number, chiefly of an amatory cast. But from none of these writings do we learn that

* Spartianus, "Vit. Sept. Sev.," c. 17. Euseb., vi. 1. Sulp. Sev., i. 49. Mosheim, Cent. III., c. 2. Gibbon, c. xvi.

† Lamprid., "Vit. Alex. Sev.," c. 43.

‡ Oros., vii. 19. Euseb., vi. 21.

he was at all inimical to the Christians, or that he bestowed much attention on them; all that we can gather respecting his character, indeed, is, that he was fond of his profession as a Sophist, and was much of a Pythagorean; and to Apollonius, as a Pythagorean, he was anxious that his book should do honour.

Apollonius was born at Tyana, a Greek city of Cappadocia, about the same time, as far as we can judge from his history, with Jesus Christ, or, as some think, about four years earlier. His father, named also Apollonius, was of an old family, connected with the founders of the city, and distinguished for wealth in a wealthy community. While his mother was pregnant with him, she was one day surprised by the apparition of a majestic figure, who told her that he was the god Proteus, and that the child that she would bring forth would be an incarnation of himself; "an intimation," says Philostratus, "that he was to excel in penetration of intellect and variety of knowledge; and in fact," he adds, "he in these particulars far excelled Proteus." At his birth, which took place in a meadow, his mother was surrounded by swans, soaring into the air and uttering sounds in chorus. At the same time a thunderbolt was seen to fall to the earth, and then to reascend and vanish in the sky. Hence the people of the neighbourhood called him the son of Jupiter.

As he grew up, he was remarkable for personal beauty, and showed great strength of memory and inclination for learning. At the age of fourteen his father put him under Euthydemus, a rhetorician residing at Tarsus in Cilicia; but disliking, as is said, the luxury and licentiousness of the place, he prevailed on his father to remove his preceptor and himself to Ægea, a neighbouring town in the same country, where there were ample conveniences for study, and numbers of young men under the tuition of philosophers of different sects. Here he became an ardent admirer of the doctrine and discipline of Pythagoras, and was transferred, in his sixteenth year, to a master named Euxenus, a Pythagorean in name but a Bacchanalian in life, "who repeated to him," as Philostratus says, "the precepts of Pythagoras as a parrot repeats sounds, regardless of their meaning." Uninfluenced, however, by his example, Apollonius submitted himself to the strictest rules of the Pythagoreans, abstaining from animal food, and also from wine, which, though the pure offspring of the earth, he pronounced adverse to the calm exercise of the intellect. His dress was of linen, and his hair was unshorn. At a temple of Æsculapius, which stood in the midst of the town, he excited the admiration of the priests by his conduct and converse; and large numbers of the Cilicians came to see and hear him. A young man who came to the temple to be cured of a dropsy, brought on by intemperance, he induced to reform his life, and thus restored him to health. A man who came to ask that the

sight of his eye might be restored, he declared to be unworthy of cure for his impiety, and, with the aid of a convenient vision of Æsculapius, sent him away.

In the twentieth year of his age he was recalled to Tyana by the death of his father, whose property he shared with an elder brother, and then, giving up most of his portion to his poorer relations, and reserving but a small maintenance for himself, he declared his intention to relinquish all pursuit of gain, to abjure marriage, and devote himself to the life of a philosopher. He observed the silence of five years required of the Pythagoreans, and employed the time in storing and strengthening his memory. He also travelled, during that period, through Pamphylia and Cilicia, and is said to have quelled tumults in several towns, especially one at Aspendus on account of a famine, merely by signs. When he resumed the use of his tongue, he adopted a concise and sententious mode of speech, similar to that attributed to Pythagoras.

How he passed the next twenty years of his life Philostratus leaves us utterly uninformed, except that he speaks of his having been at Antioch. But when he was between forty and fifty he determined to extend his travels to the East, for the purpose of conversing with the Magi of Babylon and the Brachmans of India. He had seven disciples, as his biographer tells us, to whom he communicated his intention, inviting them to accompany him; but only two, who had been in the household of his father, had the courage to accept his invitation. We hear nothing further of him till he arrives at Nineveh, where he meets with Damis, already mentioned, a person of simple and credulous character, who became his constant attendant and devout worshipper. From this period of his history Philostratus intersperses it, from the memorials, it is to be supposed, of Damis, with various kinds of marvellous and incredible narrations. Damis offers to conduct him to Babylon, observing that he knew the languages of all the nations on the way, but Apollonius tells him that his knowledge was superfluous, as he himself understood the languages of all men, although he had never learned them; and when Damis expresses his wonder at such universal science in language, Apollonius adds that he knew even what people had in their minds but forbore to utter. Yet, when he reaches India, we find that he does not decline the aid of an interpreter (ii. 26). Damis, however, not disputing his word, fell down and worshipped him as a god, and from this time continued to take note of his sayings and doings. "The language in which he recorded them," says Philostratus, "is far from correct, savouring very much of the barbarian," but he could set down, as well as any man, what he saw and heard, and the *ἐκπαρυσματα*, "sweepings of the manger," or "scraps from meals," which he left, give proof of his care in registering.

When some one who noticed his labours told him that he was like a dog, feeding on scraps from his master's table, he replied, "When the talk is that of a god, it is well to take care that nothing of the ambrosia from it be lost."

As Apollonius passed through Arabia and Mesopotamia, he added to his linguistic qualifications a knowledge of the language of beasts; learning it from the inhabitants of those countries, who acquire it by eating the liver or heart of dragons.

Approaching Babylonia, he finds that the satrap on the borders had heard of his reputation. Being allowed to proceed into the country, he lights on a lioness killed by hunters, pregnant with eight whelps, and tells Damis that he knew from this occurrence that he must stay a year and eight months in the country. At length they arrive at the metropolis, and the Magi; but from the conferences with these sages Damis was excluded, and all that he could elicit from his master about them was, that they were wise, but not in everything.

From the Magi, Philostratus, whose geography, like that of many of the ancients, is highly fanciful, sends his hero to India across Mount Caucasus; on which Damis sees the fetters suspended with which Prometheus had been fastened, and finds it difficult to guess of what material they were made, but ascertains that when Prometheus's arms were stretched, there must have been the space of a furlong between his hands. Descending from the mountain, they meet with an Indian king, who, being much of a philosopher, receives Apollonius with great respect, and gives him information concerning the Brachmans, "who," he said, "lived very peacefully on a hill at some distance, but had such command of thunder and tempests, that they had repulsed Bacchus and Hercules from the ascent." They reach the hill, and find the wise men, about eighteen or twenty in number, surrounded by a cloud, by means of which they made themselves visible or invisible at pleasure. They were also provided, like Homer's Æolus, with a cask for holding winds, and another for rains, which they let out over the country whenever they wished. Such an influence issued from the ground as enabled them to walk two cubits high in the air. Iarchas, the chief of them, knows Apollonius at sight, addresses him in Greek, and tells him the contents of a letter which he had brought from the Indian king, before reading it. He could see into the thoughts of any person's mind, and shows his knowledge of all that Apollonius had previously done in Europe and in connexion with Damis. He tells Apollonius that his soul had once inhabited another human body, that of a sea captain, and that he had saved a ship from pirates on the coast of Greece; and Apollonius begins to recollect that such was the case. He shows Apollonius a boy who had been Palamedes, and had fought at Troy. The Wise Men have messengers

swifter than birds, and tripods that walk about like those of Vulcan in the "Iliad." They are gods, as Iarchas asserts, because they are good and know all things, yet whether there is a Hades or not he is much in doubt. While Apollonius stayed with them, there came, from among the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains, a woman whose son was possessed with a *dæmon*, and one of the Wise Men gives her a letter to the *dæmon* to order him off; a lame man also, a blind, and one with a diseased hand, are cured with little more than a touch. Apollonius, during a stay of five months, receives from them much instruction, especially in divination and astrology; but of their learned conferences Damis, who was not admitted to them, can give no account. At last the man of Tyana, who had been much edified, and his followers, who had been well entertained, force themselves to take their departure and return, seeing various wonders in the way,—such as cattle fed on fish, and oysters of enormous size,—by the Erythrean Sea, the Euphrates, Nineveh, and Babylon, into Asia Minor.

Being well received here, he goes about showing his extraordinary powers and virtues. Visiting Smyrna, he is there asked to stay a plague at Ephesus, and passes thither in a moment, emulating his master Pythagoras, who was seen at one and the same time at Thurii and Metapontum. At Ephesus he fixes his eyes on a beggar, and desires the people to stone him; they, from pity for his seeming helplessness, obey with reluctance, but at last, when they think he must be dead, see him turn into a *dæmon* with fiery eyes, who vanishes into air; and when they have cleared away the stones, they find that the plague is at an end. He goes to a temple of *Æsculapius* in Pergamus, and heals many sick. Wishing to know where Palamedes was buried, and some other particulars respecting the Trojan war, he goes to Troy to ask the shade of Achilles, who appears to him at first five cubits high, and then gradually lengthens himself to ten, and tells him that Palamedes was buried at Methynne in Lesbos, and that Helen never was at Troy, but was carried by Paris to Egypt. At Athens he liberates a young man from a *dæmon*, who, on escaping, throws down a statue for a sign of his departure. At Corinth he cleared the sight of a youth, and gave him to see that a seeming lady, whom he was going to marry, was in reality an *empusa*, or vampire, and caused the preparations for the marriage feast to vanish. Sparta he is absurdly said to have recalled to its old manners. To Crete he was induced to go by a vision; and from thence he proceeded to visit Italy and Rome.

He landed in Italy with a large train of followers. On his way to Rome he meets with Philolaus, a Stoic, who dissuades him from proceeding, lest Nero, who was then emperor, and persecuted philosophers as magicians, should put him to death; and many of his disciples,

alarmed at the intelligence, invented various pretences for leaving him. He himself, however, with Damis and the more faithful, went forward into the city, where he spent several days in conversing with the priests in the temples. But Tigellinus, the prefect of the city, a devoted slave of Nero, at length caused him to be arrested, at the instance of some informer, as a mover of sedition, and brought before him for examination. The informer presented himself with a large roll, in which he had written the heads of accusation; but when he opened it, he found that the writing had vanished; an effect which was attributed to Apollonius's magic; and Tigellinus, struck with wonder, took him into an inner room to examine him privately; where he put to him several questions, one of which was, "What do you think of Nero?" "Better than you think," replied Apollonius, "for you think he ought to play and sing, but I think he ought to be silent." Some other answers of a similar nature so surprised Tigellinus, that he told Apollonius, as his biographer relates, to go his way, as he appeared to be more of a god than a man.

Afterwards, as he was passing along the street, he met the funeral of a young girl of a noble family, with a numerous train of mourners, whom he desired to stop, as he would put an end to this lamentation. They obeyed, though unwillingly, and he, touching the body, and saying something in a low tone, roused the girl, as his biographer expresses it, from her seeming death, who then, uttering some words, arose and returned to her father's house. Her parents offered him a large sum of money as a recompence, but he told them to keep it for their daughter's dowry. "But whether," says Philostratus, "he discovered a spark of life remaining in her, which had escaped the observation of the physicians, or whether he really revived and recovered the life which had been extinguished, is not only uncertain to me, but was uncertain to those who were present at the time."

As an edict was now issued by Nero forbidding any philosopher—a term by which was meant magician or astrologer,—to remain at Rome, Apollonius resolved on visiting the western countries of Spain and Africa. During this journey he begins to mix himself with political affairs. He may be supposed to have had no good-will towards Nero, and it is intimated by Philostratus, on the authority of Damis, that he conspired with the governor of Bætica, with whom he had an interview of three days at Gades, to further the insurrectionary movements of Vindex in Gaul. He goes from thence to Africa, and then to Sicily, where he hears of Nero's death, and predicts that the reigns of the next three emperors would be short. Desirous to estimate the learning of Egypt, he goes to Alexandria, and meets with Vespasian, who, as he was then ambitious of the throne, received him with respect in order to secure his support, and begged him, as Philostratus

relates, to make him emperor. Apollonius replied that he had already done so, by praying to the gods for "an emperor just, magnanimous, and temperate, to be respected for his years, and venerated as a parent." Vespasian was delighted with his answer, but at a subsequent council of philosophers, at which Euphrates and Dion, two eminent Stoics in his train, were present, made a show of apprehension on account of his age, and Euphrates advised him to restore the old Roman Commonwealth, while Apollonius argued for the rule of one, who watches for the good of all; a difference that led to lasting hostility between these two philosophers, who had previously been good friends. Apollonius assured Vespasian that he should rebuild the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome, which he knew, by his preternatural science, had been burnt the preceding day. He stayed some time at Alexandria after Vespasian's departure, and noticing one day, as he was walking along the street, a very tame lion, he discerned in it the soul of Amasis the Egyptian king.

He then sets out, with the boldest of his disciples, to visit the Gymnosophists of Egypt, and in passing up the Nile, sees a handsome young man, named Timasion, approaching in a boat, whose whole history he communicates to his attendants before he comes up, and then receives him as a disciple. With the Gymnosophists, who have an elm that salutes him with a voice like a woman's, he converses on various subjects relating to gods and men, virtue and nature, and decides that they are on the whole inferior to the Brachmans of India. He returns from Egypt in the reign of Domitian, and passing through Tarsus, tames a mad dog, and remarks that the body of a young man whom it had bitten was inhabited by the soul of Telephus. Towards Domitian, on account of his wickedness, he shows the same feeling as he had shown towards Nero, and in his travels through Asia Minor encourages the people to rebellion. Euphrates discovers that he is in communication with conspirators at Rome in favour of Nerva, and lays information against him. Domitian issues an order for his arrest, but Apollonius comes to Rome of his own accord, surrendering himself in order that those connected with him might not be suspected. Ælianus, the prætorian prefect, with whom he had formerly been in intimate friendship, endeavours to save him, but Domitian takes care to have him seized and brought before him, when he has to defend himself against charges on three heads,—his pretences to divine knowledge, his singularities in dress and conduct, and his having sacrificed a child to discover auguries in encouragement of Nerva. Giving no satisfaction to the Emperor on these points, he is sent in chains to the common prison, with his hair and beard shaved. But though he submits to this treatment, he shows Damis, by slipping his feet out of his fetter for a moment, that he submits voluntarily, and Damis, more than

ever confirmed in his belief that he is a god, obeys his directions to go to Puteoli, and wait for him at the house of a philosopher named Demetrius. He is afterwards brought to a formal trial, and Philostratus occupies a great part of his eighth book with a laboured defence which he is said to have composed, recapitulating the chief events of his life. It was expected that the delivery of it would exasperate the Emperor, but it seems rather to have subdued him and shaken his wits, for without deciding about Apollonius, he proceeded to the next cause, in which he seemed utterly bewildered, and asked questions nothing to the purpose. Apollonius seized the occasion for withdrawing, whether miraculously or not; but certainly, on his departure, he put himself to miraculous speed, for he joined Demetrius and Damis at Puteoli, a hundred and fifty miles distant, in the latter part of the same day. From this time he seems to have been unmolested. He passed two years in different parts of Greece, and spent seven days in the cave of Trophonius, going underground at Lebadea and coming out at Aulis, and bringing with him a book from Trophonius in praise of the philosophy of Pythagoras; which book was kept for a while at Antium, and came afterwards into the possession of the Emperor Adrian.

His latter days he passed at Ephesus, where he perhaps died, at the age, as some say, according to Philostratus, of ninety, others of more than a hundred. The story told of him, that, at the time of the death of Domitian, he suddenly stopped in a speech at Ephesus, and cried, "Strike, Stephanus, strike," seems to intimate that he was privy to another conspiracy, and knew when it would be carried into execution. Other accounts say that he died in Crete, at a temple of Diana, which he entered and was no more seen, but that female voices were heard singing, "Come from the earth, come up to heaven."

To a young man who had expressed doubts of the immortality of the soul, which Apollonius always maintained, he is said to have appeared after his death in a dream, and to have assured him, in an impressive manner, that the soul never dies.

Such was the career and character, as detailed by Philostratus, of Apollonius of Tyana. His biographer represents him as an ardent emulator of Pythagoras, but nowhere manifests any design of setting him in rivalry with Jesus Christ. He was probably a man of far more ability than he appears, on the memoranda of Damis, in the pages of Philostratus; but in many of his doings he shows himself evidently a quack; and quackery, a term which we reluctantly apply to a man of such powers, was equally apparent in much of the conduct of Pythagoras. Pythagoras was conscious of his superiority, in knowledge and talent, to those about him, and became desirous, in an

age of ignorance, to make himself appear greater than he really was. He pretended to hear the music of the spheres, which others could not hear through the weakness of their nature. Lucian, though a professed satirist, does him no injustice when he characterizes him in his "*Vitarum Auctio*:"—"His look is not ignoble," says he who thinks of buying him, "but what does he know?" "Arithmetic," is the reply, "astronomy, jugglery, geometry, music, and imposture." He was an impostor when he pretended to recognise the shield which he had borne as Euphorbus, and to recollect the names of three other persons whom his soul had animated afterwards. He was an impostor when he hid himself for several days in a cave, and pretended to come up with accounts of the dead, and to tell without assistance all that had occurred in his absence. He was an impostor when he pretended to have a thigh of gold. He was an impostor in pretending to talk with beasts, to divine by numbers, and to tell persons of their lives in other bodies. He was an impostor in forbidding the use of beans, for some reason not to be told, and in prohibiting cypress for coffins, because it was the material of Jupiter's sceptre. In such particulars Apollonius was well disposed to follow him. Pythagoras dwells for many days in a cave, and comes forth with preternatural intelligence; and Apollonius does the like. Pythagoras dresses in a particular fashion, and Apollonius imitates it. Pythagoras goes to Egypt, and Apollonius goes thither also. Pythagoras understands the language of beasts, and Apollonius is able to learn it. Pythagoras allows himself to be called a god, and Apollonius accepts the same title. Pythagoras adopts concise and oracular speech, and Apollonius delivers himself in the same mode. Pythagoras writes a book on the gods, and Apollonius writes another on sacred rites. The one is seen in two places at once, and so is the other. The one is saluted by a river, and the other by an elm-tree. Both worship the sun; both discern the souls of men in beasts; both tell people histories of their past lives; both make pretences to heal diseases; both stay plagues,—the one at Ephesus, the other in Italy; both perambulate towns in order to rouse the people to assert their liberties,—the one those of Italy and Sicily, and the other those of Asia Minor. For all these particulars we were thinking of giving references, but it is hardly necessary to encumber our pages with them; for whoever, making due acquaintance with Philostratus, will cast his eye also over the pages of Jamblichus, Porphyry, and Diogenes Laertius, and his bountiful commentator Menage, will acknowledge that we say of these two characters nothing more than is fitting.

But if we look for points of similarity between Apollonius and Jesus Christ, we find them by no means so plentiful. The resemblances between them are, indeed, so few, that many years appear to

have elapsed after the Life of Apollonius was written by Mæragenes, and subsequently by Philostratus, before any thought of comparing them arose. No desire to set the one against the other appears till the time of Hierocles, the persecuting proconsul under Diocletian, who wrote his *Φιλαλήθεις Λόγοι* probably about the year 300,—more than half a century after the thirty-eight years of tranquillity enjoyed by the Christians, which we mentioned above. Eusebius, in his treatise against Hierocles,* expressly says, *μόνη, περὶ τοὺς πρότε καθ' ἡμῶν γεγραφότας, ἐξαίρετος νῦν τοῦτω γέγονεν ἡ τοῦδε πρὸς τὸν ἡμέτερον Σωτῆρα παράθεσις τε καὶ σύγκρισις*,—"To Hierocles alone, among all those that have at any time written against us, has occurred this remarkable collation and comparison of Apollonius with our Saviour." It was reserved for Hierocles to imagine a likeness between the two. But in no part of Eusebius's animadversions on Hierocles, which are indeed rather animadversions on Philostratus, do we find any indication that Hierocles supposed Philostratus to have written with reference to the Christians. Had he been of opinion that Philostratus's book had this object, and that it was composed at the request of Julia Domna or of any person in authority, it would have strengthened his cause to have advanced this opinion. But he took Philostratus as standing by himself and unsupported; and Eusebius, in animadverting upon him, treats him as one who had no abettors. Eusebius's strictures on Hierocles for paralleling Apollonius, as portrayed by Philostratus, with Jesus Christ, amount to little more than an exposition of the absurdities, inconsistencies, and contradictions in Philostratus's story, which he thinks it superfluous formally to confute, as they fully confute themselves. Berwick, the translator of Philostratus, very well observes that "if Philostratus had been well acquainted with the history of Christ, and had intended making his hero His counterpart, he might have been more successful in his attempt."

Yet, from the time of Hierocles to the present, writers, on the impression that Philostratus intended his hero as a rival to Jesus Christ, have wearied themselves to find the points of resemblance which he may be supposed to have contemplated between them. An enumeration of such similarities, real or imaginary, is given by Tillemont; but the longest and most elaborate list of them may be seen, we believe, under the ninth proposition of Huet's "*Demonstratio Evangelica*," where every particular, in which the slightest correspondence between the two characters can be discovered or conceived, is specified. One particular is that "as Jesus pleaded his cause before Pilate, so Apollonius pleaded his before Domitian." Assuredly the Bishop must

* C. i. *fn.* Tillemont's "Account of the Life of Apollonius Tyaneus," p. 47, Eng. Transl.

have been eager to swell his charge when he inserted in it such a count. He might just as well have said that as the one went up to Jerusalem, so the other went up to Ephesus. He goes even beyond this, saying that "Apollonius let his hair grow, after the manner of Samson, who was a type of Christ." The force of comparison could go no farther. If such circumstances in lives were to be taken as points of resemblance, any one human life might be likened to any other.

Looking soberly to the matter, we conceive that very few circumstances of similarity between the life of Apollonius and that of Jesus Christ, and the rest of the Gospel history, beyond those specified by Bishop Douglas in his "Criterion," can be thought worthy of serious consideration. The points are these:—1. Jesus Christ was the Son of God; Apollonius was called the son of Jupiter. 2. The birth of Christ was celebrated by the appearance of angels; that of Apollonius by a flash of lightning recoiling from earth to heaven. 3. Christ raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead; Apollonius raised a young maiden at Rome. 4. The fetters of Paul and Silas were miraculously shaken off; Apollonius could shake off his at pleasure. 5. The apostles received the gift of tongues; Apollonius understood all tongues. 6. Jesus Christ cast out dæmons; Apollonius cast out dæmons also: and there is a remarkable similarity in the language used by Philostratus, in his account of one case, with that of St. Luke in his account of another. 7. Christ rose from the dead; Apollonius appeared after his death. On these seven points Dr. Douglas is content to rest his belief of an intended correspondence between Philostratus's narrative and that of the evangelical writers. The first and the last are of little weight; for the appellation "son of Jupiter" was applied to hundreds of eminent men, and Apollonius's pretended resurrection was merely a phantasm in the brain of a dreaming boy. The second is of about equal gravity; for a flash of lightning is hardly comparable to a company of angels, even though the attendant flight of swans be taken into account with it. Upon the revivification of the maid at Rome, certainly little stress can be laid; for Philostratus himself is inclined to think that some sparks of life may have been left in her. Compared with the miraculous falling off of the fetters of Paul and Silas, Apollonius's ability to get one leg out of his shackle, which, allowing all that Damis said of it to be true, was probably an accident, is a mere trifle. Apollonius's pretension to understand all languages, set against the miraculous gift of tongues at Pentecost, would be a matter of more consideration, but that his biographer himself, while he tells it, admits that the pretension was unsound, as he had need of an interpreter. The casting out of dæmons, performed, it is said, by Apollonius on several occasions, and

the coincidence of language with St. Luke's in the account of one case, deserves, perhaps, the most attention of all the seven particulars. But the *dæmon* in this case was of a different description from those mentioned in the Gospels; it was of the female sex, appearing in its own person like a fair woman, and was in reality a vampire; so that it was not cast out of any person, but transformed into its own nature. When it appeared in its proper shape, it seemed to weep, and ἐδεῖτο μὴ βασανίζειν αὐτό,* "entreated him not to torment it," using the same phrase as the *dæmon* in St. Luke,† δεῖμαί σου, μὴ με βασανίσῃς, "I beseech thee, torment me not." To the inquiry how this resemblance occurred, the probable answer, we should say, is, that the credulous Damis, from whom Philostratus took his matter, believing his master possessed of all imaginable supernatural powers, recorded in simple good faith, as we may suppose, the various manifestations of such powers as he considered Apollonius to have given; and that Philostratus, in drawing up his account of this particular instance, if he did not use the phraseology of Damis, adopted, consciously or unconsciously, that of some other narrative that he had heard, perhaps that of St. Luke's Gospel itself; for of the miracles recorded in the Gospels doubtless something must have come to Philostratus's knowledge. But tales of power over *dæmons* were in circulation regarding many upstart persons in those times,—as, especially, Simon Magus, so that Philostratus may have caught the expression from some other account, in which the word βασανίζειν and its concomitants occurred. But even if we admit a deliberate imitation of St. Luke in this passage, the admission will avail little to establish the hypothesis of Philostratus having intended Apollonius's history as a rival to that of the Gospels.

We see with surprise such a writer as Tillemont‡ repeating Anthony Godeau's dictum, that Apollonius was "the ape of Jesus Christ." He does not say that Philostratus represents him as the ape, but that he himself was the ape in his own person and actions. But if he aped Christ, he could have done so only in the latter part of his life, for during the first forty years of it he was probably unaware of Christ's existence. We fail, however, to find the resemblances more numerous in one part than another.

One of the first authors of this country that paid much attention to Apollonius of Tyana was Dr. Henry More, commonly called the Platonist, who, in his "Explanation of the Grand Mystery of Godliness," § a work famous in its day, but of no great force, and abounding with trivialities, animadverts, at considerable length, on "this deified

* Philostratus, "Vit. Apoll.," iv. 25.

† viii. 28.

‡ "Hist. des Empereurs," tom. ii., p. 125. Godeau, "Hist. Ecclesiastique," tom. i., p. 247.

§ Book IV., chaps. ix., xi., xii.; Book V., chap. viii.

impostor," as he calls him, "a mere natural man, dressed up and disguised by his Pythagoric diet and habit." He speaks of him as being "befooled by the devil," who had given him "a magical power of working miracles." He is so far misled by Hierocles and others as to suppose that Philostratus intended something of a parallel between Apollonius and Jesus Christ; and he compares them, as far as a comparison can be made, but concludes by saying that "the line fails on Apollonius's side."

The first Englishman, and, we believe, the first writer since the time of Hierocles, that expressed himself of opinion that *Philostratus did not design to make Apollonius a rival to Jesus Christ*, was Dr. Samuel Parker, Bishop of Oxford in the reign of James II., in "A Demonstration of the Divine Authority of the Law of Nature and of the Christian Religion," published in 1681. Dr. Parker was no honest ecclesiastic, but was well qualified, both by abilities and attainments, to form a judgment on any literary question. His observations on this subject are given at large by Lardner in his "Jewish and Heathen Testimonies."* He regards Apollonius as "a mere fanatic and pedantic Pythagorean," and rejects all comparisons between him and Jesus Christ. He remarks that he travelled, for the honour and advancement of his sect, into various parts of the world, but that, in the accounts of his travels, he, or his historian, has acquitted himself so badly as to bring him merely into ridicule. He laughs at the tales of the Brachmans, and those of other wonders and monsters. As to the parallelisms of Huet between the matter of Philostratus and that of the Gospels, he says the most of them are so forced or so slender, that "it were easy to make as many, and as probable, between any histories whatever." Indeed, he adds, in such a design as this of Philostratus or Damis, which was "to make up a story as full of strange things as he could contrive, it is scarce possible not to have hit upon some things like those of the miracles recorded in the Gospels;" and as to the correspondence between him and St. Luke in the passages where the word βασιλιζειν is used, he says, perhaps rather too decisively, that any two writers on such a subject might easily use the word "without theft or imitation, it being the common Greek word that signifies to torment; so that they could no more avoid *that* in Greek than we could *this* in rendering it into English. Nay," he proceeds, "setting aside this one story, I find so little resemblance between the history of Philostratus and that of the Gospels, that I scarce know any two histories more unlike; for it is obvious to any man that reads Philostratus, that his whole design was to follow the train of the old heathen mythology, and by his story to gain historical credit to the fables of the poets." Dr. Parker was the first who fixed upon Damis

* Appendix to chap. xxxix.

the title of Apollonius's Sancho Panza, which several subsequent writers have repeated.

Whether Michael de la Roche, a man of considerable learning, who edited a periodical publication in London called *Memoirs of Literature*, in the years 1712—1717, had seen this opinion of Parker, we do not know; he does not intimate that he had; but he expressed his conviction to Dr. Lardner, after careful consideration, that "Philostratus had said nothing more in the Life of Apollonius than he would have said if there had been no Christians in the world." He read Philostratus purposely to judge whether he had intended a parallel between Apollonius and Jesus Christ or not, and, after having finished his reading, "was fully persuaded that he never designed to draw such a parallel."^{*}

Mr. De la Roche's remarks led Dr. Lardner, one of the most honest of men and writers, to consider the question also, and he arrived at the same conclusion; though he appears previously to have been of a contrary persuasion. A few of his remarks may very well be given here. He says,—

"It is manifest that Philostratus compared Apollonius and Pythagoras, but I do not see that he endeavoured to make him a rival with Jesus Christ. Philostratus has never once mentioned our Saviour, or the Christians his followers, neither in this long work, nor in the Lives of the Sophists; . . . nor is there any hint that Apollonius anywhere in his wide travels met with any followers of Jesus. There is not so much as an obscure or general description of any men met with by him, whom any can suspect to be Christians of any denomination, either catholics or heretics. Whereas I think that if Philostratus had written with a mind averse to Jesus Christ, he would have laid hold of some occasion to describe and disparage his followers, as enemies of the gods and contemners of their mysteries and solemnities, and different from all other men.

"Nor is there any resemblance between Jesus and Apollonius. Apollonius travelled from Spain to the Indies,—*à Gadibus ad Gangem*. Our Lord never travelled abroad; He never was out of the small tract of the land of Israel, excepting when He was carried into Egypt to avoid the design of Herod upon his life; and He ate and drank and dressed like other men, without any affectation of austerities like those of the Pythagoreans. . . . Nor has Philostratus told any such wonderful works of Apollonius as should make out any tolerable resemblance between Jesus and him in that respect."

Yet, though such evidence, from men who have read and studied Philostratus, has been offering itself to the eyes of Englishmen, not to say of other nations, for scores of years, we still find Apollonius and his biographer mentioned in our literature, time after time, as if the object of Philostratus had been the same as that of Hierocles. It is considered, by numbers who never read Philostratus, as indis-

^{*} *Memoirs of Literature*, vol. i., art. xiii., p. 99. Lardner, chap. xxxix., vol. viii., p. 269, ed. Kippis.

putable, that he set up Apollonius as a rival to Jesus Christ. The Germans Neander, Buhle, and Jacobs, indeed, as Dr. Réville admits, have advanced a contrary opinion, but to them very few in this country, and not many, it would seem, in any other, have been disposed to give heed.

The notion of Dr. Réville that Julia Domna and her party directed Philostratus's pen against the Christians is not new. We find it intimated in Huet, and asserted in the "*Biographie Universelle*," as many other things are asserted in biographical dictionaries, without any attempt at proof. "There is no doubt," says the writer of the article in the "*Biographie*," "that the Life of Apollonius was undertaken at the instigation of the Empress Julia in hatred of Christianity, and with the insidious intention of weakening the authority of the Gospel." And so repeats Dr. Réville, "*there is no doubt*." We have been astonished to see how readily many of our contemporary papers catch up the statements of Dr. Réville, and repeat them as if there was no doubt. "Julia Mæsa and Julia Mamæa," says one, "carried out what Julia Domna had begun;" as if he knew it to be indubitable that Julia Domna did begin. We could quote several others to the same effect, but it is needless. Hobbes said that writers were like sheep, treading in the steps of one another; and certainly, in this matter, there has been much sheep-like following of tracks.

We trust that we have now given our readers some reason to believe that which it was our desire at the commencement of this article to establish. We hope we have made it apparent that there is an utter want of proof that Julia Domna set Philostratus to write the Life of Apollonius in order to confound the Christians. We would think it must now seem credible, too, that however strongly Philostratus himself may have desired to exalt his hero, and make him a wonder to the world in his character of a Pythagorean, he had no thought of attempting to make him, as Cudworth expresses it, "a corival to Christ,"—an attempt left to be made in after times by Hierocles, and those by whom Hierocles has been too inconsiderately followed.

It would afford us satisfaction if we could consider that by our little discussion of these matters we have at all contributed to discourage that great corrupter of history, assertion without proof.

J. S. WATSON.



EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

Méditations sur l'Etat Actuel de la Religion Chrétienne. Par M. GUIZOT. Paris. 1866.

Eugénie de Guérin. Journals Fragments. Par G. S. TREBUTIEN. Onzième Edition. Paris. 1864.

Lettres d'Eugénie de Guérin. Par G. S. TREBUTIEN. Neuvième Edition. Paris. 1860.

Maurice de Guérin. Journals, Lettres et Poèmes. Septième Edition. Paris.

THE first work prefixed to our article is one which is interesting, both in itself, and from the eminence of its author. M. Guizot, purposing to close an active life of politics with a philosophical view of the principles and present position of Christianity, has chosen a noble occupation for his later years. He had already published one part on the dogmas of the Christian revelation, and his second volume was to have taken up the subject which Mr. Westcott has treated so ably in his works on the "Bible in the Church." But M. Guizot proceeded at once to the topic which he had reserved for his third series, but which he felt was specially called for now,—the actual state of the Christian religion, and the revival which has sprung up in our own times, both in the Romish and in the Protestant Churches. Regarding this revival as alike remarkable in both, M. Guizot has placed Romanism and Protestantism alongside of each other with entire impartiality. He gives us no direct sign of his preference for the one system over the other. We shall hereafter, in the course of our remarks on the effects of Christianity on the character and life, be constrained to point out some distinctions between the Protestant and Romish systems of faith which appear to us just, and are certainly very striking in their consequences.

But for the present we content ourselves with one observation,

which must have been strongly present to the mind of a politician so eminent as M. Guizot, though, writing as he does with the recollection of his duties as the chief minister of a Roman Catholic state, he has abstained from bringing it into view. We mean the corporate position and political influence of the Church of Rome.

That influence has been sufficiently marked in the events of our own days. We have seen the Church of Rome confronting the policy and resisting the laws of the kingdom of Italy. We saw it fighting a long battle with Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and the Parliament of Turin, anathematizing and conspiring, and only after a hard conflict put down. At an earlier period we observed it, under Archbishop Droste, confronting the authority of the King of Prussia, and there put down only after a sharp struggle. At a still earlier period (1815) the Romish prelates of Belgium denounced the acts of the King of Holland, who had granted to that country a constitution tolerating all sects. They warned him that, if this plan was persevered in, it would shake his throne; a prophecy which, in 1830, they helped to fulfil.

If we review the case of those states which have made their laws conformable with the Romish canons, we shall find that the result has been to place Government in antagonism to the opinions of its subjects. Thus in Austria, where the Concordat, made some years ago with the Pope, gives the head of the Church absolute power over the lower orders of the clergy; the decision of all causes, ecclesiastical and matrimonial; and the oversight of all schools, public and private, and their teachers, within its realms,—the result has been to cause a wide dissatisfaction; so that when the system worked by the Jesuits was about to be introduced last year into Bohemia, the Bohemians declared they would rather leave the Church of Rome than submit to it. The like system, threatened in Baden a few years ago, led to such a storm that the ministry resigned, and the Grand Duke had to cancel the Concordat. The same demands made upon the Emperor of Mexico, when the Pope announced that the liberation of other religions was a violation of the canon law, have caused a quarrel between the Emperor and the Church of Rome, which has seriously added to the difficulties of Maximilian's position.

It seems, then, that the canon laws of Rome, which every bishop swears to obey, "have always rejected schism and heresy from the bosom of the Church. The Christian emperors thought it their duty to maintain these laws, and to secure their execution."* The corollary from which follows clearly, that if the fundamental laws of the state protect the public profession of heretical doctrines, "we should be in formal opposition to the laws of the state." And if any one imagines

* Address of the Belgian prelates in 1816 to the King of Holland.

that these doctrines of the Church of Rome are obsolete, the answer is, that in the last document of authority, the Pope's Encyclical, they are given in the plainest terms, and all the organs of the papacy, not in Italy only, but in England, enforce them,—Archbishop Manning's sermons and pamphlets, the *Dublin Review*, and all the Romish newspapers here and in Dublin. Gallican doctrines are now universally disclaimed, and the Jesuit or Ultramontane view is accepted wherever Rome prevails. If we bear this in mind, and recollect at the same time, that the *policy of a full toleration and liberty of religious opinion* is now the accepted creed of all liberal politicians in all parts of the world, we shall see reason to expect a wide divergence between the civil power and the Church, wherever the Church is represented by Rome. That divergence may be kept from open sedition (as it is now in France) by the firm hand of a powerful despotism. But it has taxed all the skill of the Emperor, and has cost him more thought and anxiety than any other circumstance in the condition of France. It has led him to a formidable step in Italy, from which only now, with infinite trouble, after repeated changes of ministry and domestic squabbles, he has extricated himself. How it affects states where the Government is weaker, parties more divided, and the acts of the papacy have greater power and a wider scope, the present condition of Ireland and the action of the Romanists in our Parliament prove. No one who looks back on the action of the clergy of Rome for the last fifty years in England, can predict what may be its influence on our politics in the difficult times which are before us. This at least is plain, by the last acts of the late Government, and the first engagements of the present Government, that the English Cabinet is in the hands of the two Romish Archbishops, to dictate their own terms, with only the reserve of common prudence and the discretion of making one step at a time.

On the subject of the temporal power of the papacy we say nothing: we have no expectation that the decision of that question will affect the spiritual power of Rome. The loss of Italy is a great loss to the papacy: but that loss is already suffered, for the allegiance of the Italians to the Pope is estranged. They have lived too near the Vatican, and have seen too much of its doings behind the scenes. But in more distant lands the traditions of the papacy are entire, and its power is unbroken. What that power is we may gather from a single fact. A corporation invested with authority over the thoughts of men; served by thousands of able and skilful men, all disciplined, all accustomed to suppress their own will, and obey the will of their superiors; cut off by celibacy from the interests of life; fixed with a single aim on one object, on which depends their wealth, reputation, and means of gratifying ambition; scattered through all nations,

wherever the outward form of Christianity prevails; moving under the guidance of able chiefs, and these chiefs moved, like the springs of a machine, by a touch at head-quarters, so that at a signal the whole priesthood of the Christian world move, bend, and speak; silent as the grave when reserve is needful, clamorous as rooks when one cry is required; able to guide the multitude by the power over the untaught which education exercises, and by the influence which the ministers of religion can use to blast or advance their temporal fortunes,—still more by the awe, founded on an instinct in our nature, which makes the ignorant and the impassioned turn with reverence to those who can fix their future destiny;—can we wonder that the Church of Rome should possess in every country a power over courts and parliaments and opinion the greatest and the most dangerous which the world ever saw? Garibaldi says with truth,—“Of all the religious corporations, the most numerous, the most powerful, the most hurtful, is that of the priests.” While this power exists, Rome is strong, and we see no ground to look at present for its decline.

We remember, as a circumstance not to be forgotten, the remarks on this point that fell from a statesman more thoughtful than Garibaldi, the late Sir Robert Peel. In the year 1838 he was visited by a deputation of Presbyterian ministers from Scotland, and as they described to him the progress of Romanism, and pointed to some of those signs on the Continent to which we have referred, he said “that he thought it not unlikely that the time would arrive, when we should be called upon to fight again the old battle of the Reformation, and to settle in a doubtful contest, whether the doctrines of Rome or those of the Reformation should prevail.” A remarkable prophecy of a sagacious man, not fulfilled exactly as he looked for, yet advancing, as we suspect, to its fulfilment now in England.

We are compelled, therefore, to qualify the view of M. Guizot. But passing from the political aspect of Romanism, and taking that view of it with which he deals,—the religious influence of Roman teaching,—we must point to two opposite opinions, each of which seems to require some qualification. There are those who, with M. Guizot, regard the revival of Romanism as the revival of Christianity,—“a different form from ours, but the same faith.” This was the view of a great Conservative leader in the House of Lords. We find it taken by popular history. Rome, they argue, has a little more of dogma than our Church; some rubbish, but the foundation firm and sound. This is an opinion plausible, general, and on the increase. There is another, which is the opposite, that Popery is gross idolatry, a virus that taints the understanding of the worshipper, and the heart. No terms are to be kept with Rome, and there is no place either for tolerating it or for expecting good from it.

We do not coincide with either opinion. Of those who characterize Romanism as vital though veiled Christianity, we ask this question:—Admitting, as they must, that the test of a sound faith is a good life, how do they explain that, wherever the Church of Rome is dominant in a nation, vice, ignorance, and disorder are flagrant? Take any country, or part of a country—Naples, or Genoa, or Tipperary, or Belgium, or the Romish Cantons in Switzerland, or Rome itself,—in proportion to the strength and completeness of the devotion is the prevalence of national profligacy. Are the Lazzaronis wildly superstitious? Then you may count on their savage vices. Is a servant in your household a devotee? Keep your plate locked up, and look well to your purse. Be assured, if she is regular at mass, and constant at the confessional, there is no peculation or pillage which she will not practise with a quiet mind. Remorse and repentance are to her alike unknown.

But this, you say, is the ignorance of the vulgar. Go then to the higher class—the fashionable leaders of Paris, the courtiers of Vienna or Versailles, the French ladies of the Fronde, or of the court of Louis Quatorze, or of our own day,—there is the same hardening process, the same seared consciences, the same tranquil passage from vice to devotion, and from penitence back to profligacy. Where this is so general, there must be a cause. How do you explain it?

But while we thus point out the deep-seated evil of the Roman religion, we cannot adopt the view that there is no Christianity and no spiritual life in Rome. For if this were the fact, how do pious Romanists acquire their piety? How did Pascal gain his devout faith, or Fénelon his spirituality, or the Jansenists their holy lives, or Madame Guyon that lofty devotion which we view with wonder but with awe? And how is it that we now take up the works of various Roman Catholic writers, and find in them views of our Divine Lord, and prayers to Him, and precepts of self-denial, and incentives to faith and hope, which have been the guide and strengthener to our failing faith in many a trying hour? Surely it is undeniable that, somehow, within the Church of Rome, learning only what that Church taught them, practising only what that Church enjoined, these persons have attained a purity and an elevation of piety for which we bless God. And it would seem, from actual cases in life, that in proportion to the obstacles which Rome lays to beset and beguile her votaries, and in proportion to the difficulty which the true heart, born and bred in the Church of Rome, meets with in its search after truth, among the rubbish of tradition and priestcraft, is the help vouchsafed by God to the earnest soul. For whereas Rome has broken God's word into fragments, has covered these with a strange language, and has kept the Word

itself from the people, the Divine Spirit, who moves where He will, finding the truth thus hid, and the temptations to idol worship strong, pours on the imperfect fragments such a flood of light, and draws the heart to Himself by such alluring power, that not unfrequently, as in the case we are about to relate, and as in the lives of Pascal, Fénelon, and Madame Guyon, the devout worshipper breaks free from all the errors of his Church, and rises to a piety so sublime, that, as we read it, we thrill with admiration, and bow in adoring joy at such a manifestation of God's love and power.

This seems to us a problem well worthy of examination, and it is closely connected with some practical questions. For it is no longer possible to avert the attention of the young from the study of the theology of Rome, and to make them shut their eyes to its allurements. Our safety is no longer in ignorance, but in inspection. Rome is round us, close to us, and spreads its seductions in the sight of all classes. Let us do as our fathers did; let us examine and understand it.

Even the works of devout Romanists, and their biography, are often made, in careless hands, arguments on behalf of Rome. Take, for instance, two of the works which we have prefaced to our article, the *Journal and Letters of Eugénie de Guérin*.

The Letters are full of interest. The Journal is the record of a very transparent and attractive mind.

Hence it is that the indifferent or the superficial, lending themselves to the fallacy, use these works as weapons on the side of Rome. Look, they say, at the piety of this young Romanist; see her love for her Saviour; observe her self-denying work and her holy aspirations. Where did she get these rare acquirements? in what communion?

Born in the Church of Rome, attached to the teaching of that Church from her early years, increasing in devotion as she grew in life, having no intercourse with Protestants, whom she regarded as heretics to be shunned, she yet became an eminent example of humility and faith. Why may I not follow her steps and imitate her virtues? Why may I not reach the same standard of charity and goodness? Thus used, her life becomes an argument for her Church, and furnishes a plea for reading Romish books, and attending Romish chapels, and partaking of Romish ceremonies.

Now we say with all earnestness to such persons, if only they are sincere, that their reasoning is defective, and their course full of danger. Pass from the question whether in Rome true Christians may be found. We admit that they are. We may think them hampered by superstition and encumbered by serious errors; but in the midst of these defects we acknowledge gladly that they often

reach a practical piety which offers to us examples for imitation. We might have wished for them a truer system, and ordinances less ensnaring; but in their worship, and still more in their orthodox writers, there linger large portions of God's word. And that word, wherever the Divine Agent is pleased to use it, is effectual to enlighten the understanding and move the heart.

But has any man or woman in England a right to infer, from such cases occurring in a Romish country, that if he, born a Protestant, with the Scriptures in his hand and sound worship at his door, and therefore abundant materials for moral progress if he will use them, turns away from these, enters the Roman Church, and buries himself in its vaults, he has any right to expect that the truth which he has thus forsaken will follow him there, and the Spirit, whom he has thus outraged, will come back to him again? This may serve to explain a fact, which all must have noticed, that the perverts to Rome are more bigoted than those who are born in her communion, so that the Italian Romanist smiles at their credulity; and of all perverts the worst are Anglican perverts, as in proportion to the purity of the Church they left is the depth of their inoculated corruption. This at first sight seems strange, but it is the result of a moral law, —a law which is one of our nature, and, as we are told, a law of Divine things. Neglect your mental powers, and your faculties, disused, will decay; and in the spiritual world neglect the gifts that were given, the gifts will be entirely withdrawn. The story we are to relate, which represents high practical piety within the Roman Church, is thus consistent with the most childish superstition and the lowest degradation of Anglican perverts. The one, a devotee born in the Romish Church, groping her way out of her superstition, following every ray of light, and struggling strenuously onwards, invigorated by this healthy effort, reaches at last to truth: while the pervert, once vigorous in understanding and strenuous in purpose, as long as he continued in the training of our Saxon institutions, presents a pitiable contrast when, trampling on reason and conscience, he tries to accommodate himself by a violent wrench to the fables of Rome: then his faculties dwindle, his moral sense becomes dull, and he presents to us in his later years the saddest of all spectacles—the dotage of a once manly understanding, and the abasement of a demoralized heart.

But truce to these controversies: we turn to a pleasanter, and, we hope, a more profitable theme. The scene is laid in France; and the ways of French life, we must remind our readers, are different from ours in England. Few large properties there, few estates of many acres, few proprietors of large resources: the system of the French Revolution has closed that form of rural life. Equal

partition among children breaks up estates, and if the ancient *château* remains, it is a remnant of its former self, without *demesne* or well-kept garden; no steeds within the stable, no embellishments in the rooms; a single pair of horses, that work the farm, and on great occasions draw the family coach;—and the coach has survived from the days of Louis Quinze, or even Louis Quatorze. Rooms, swept bare either by pillage or poverty, are scantily supplied with the plainest furniture. A few retainers hang by the old family from habit or attachment, but meet so imperfectly the wants of the household, that the hostess and her daughters take their share in the *ménage*. Thus there grows up between domestics and employers a kindly feeling, not of American equality, but of French courtesy, with great respect for the family. These are the habits of that section of French landed proprietors who still retain fragments of their ancestral estates. Unhappily, these become fewer in each generation, and the country gentry of France are rapidly pulverizing into a lower order, where needy proprietors, clinging by their small properties, the income of which varies from £5 to £50 a year, fall either into the class of day labourers (not so well paid as ours), or the better sort scramble through life on an income which has to be eked out to a competency either by a lucky marriage or by a post under Government. In such cases, over large tracts of France, the mansion-house, once belonging to a noted family, stands a nuisance and a burden. It is either suffered to go into decay, or is sold to some prosperous manufacturer, or is let (as is often its fate) to a straggling Englishman. It is of this society we are to speak, and in the higher grades of these decayed country families the subjects of our story are found.

The family of De Guérin retained their old *château* of Le Cayla, in Languedoc, near the little town of Ardilliac, not far from the city of Toulouse. There they had been long settled. They boasted of ancestors who fought in the Crusades. In their palmy days they had intermarried with the noble families of the south and centre of France, and they could give proof of the position they once had held in Church and State, as they could point to a Cardinal amongst their ancestors, and a Chancellor of France. But now that they were sunk in fortune, and reduced to a narrow income, their old castle looked out upon a wide tract of unpeopled country, given up to pasture, and occupied only by shepherds and sheep. The stream, which flowed below their castle, was lined with trees, and along its course lay cottages and a chapel, while, stretching to the north, cornfields gave signs of agricultural industry. On the other side the solitude was so entire, that Eugénie says, "You may pass whole days without seeing anything but sheep, or hearing anything but birds." From this secluded life the only diversion was the resort to the small provincial towns

of Gaillac, Cahazac, and Albi. The simple peasantry still regarded the old *château* with something of traditional awe, and the children with a vague apprehension. There were stories of dungeons and chains, which were used to frighten naughty children; but nothing could be less like these feudal days than the castle in its modern condition. A small house, the furniture of the plainest; the dining-room looked out upon the forest, with a wooden sideboard and a few chairs. The saloon had the dignity of an old sofa, an arm-chair worked in tapestry, and a round table; no mirrors or hangings, but a few straw-bottomed chairs; its charm was the glass door opening on the terrace, from which you looked into a pleasant valley, down on the windings of a talkative stream.

The family of De Guérin had been always faithful to the Church of Rome. The heresies of the Albigenses, who suffered in the neighbouring town of Albi, had not infected them. The Protestants of Montauban, who gallantly resisted the attacks of Louis XIII. and the dragonnades of Louis XIV., were regarded by them with horror as pestilent heretics. These internal conflicts had ceased, but they had left the family devoted to their Church, when, after the Revolution, their priests were restored to them. Then the ancient ways were resumed, and, with small lands and shattered fortunes, they returned to their life of country occupation and unquestioning devotion to the priest who served the neighbouring cure. From the windows and terrace of Le Cayla they could hear the chapel bell, as it sounded the *angelus*, or rung its notes of joy, sorrow, or summons to the village life. The proprietor of the *château* at the commencement of the present century was happily married, and passed a life, which, though little known in Paris, is not infrequent in the provinces, of domestic happiness and quiet interest on his own lands. Four children were born to him—two daughters and two sons,—though it is of the elder daughter, Eugénie, who was born in 1805, that we are about to speak. She lost her mother when she was thirteen, and this event, though it saddened, developed her character, and it made her take the interest of a mother in the delicate boy, the youngest (born in 1810), who had been his mother's darling, and who, suddenly deprived of her care, was left with a feeble frame and sensitive feelings, to bear, as he best could, his loss. Unhappily, the grief of the father, which continued for years, threw a shade of melancholy over the household at the time that Maurice was young, and this tinged with a sombre character his sensitive feelings, till melancholy became the morbid habit of his mind. This may be traced throughout his life and writings, and it affected injuriously both his habits and health. It was accompanied, however, by many natural gifts, and the mournful tempera-

ment, the quick and eager observation of nature, the exercise of a fancy indulged out of proportion with other gifts, made him only the more attractive to a sister who felt with a sister's affection a maternal tenderness. The weakness of resolution and the feebleness of character, which cling fast to a stronger will, made the tie all the closer, and the consciousness that she could influence him both kindled her sympathies and roused her to exertion; so that the two grew up together with a rare union of thought, and the gentler sex trained and moulded the other nature, which was both open to impression and inquiring, though there was this characteristic distinction between them, that the one purpose grew firm and hardy out of a rock, and the other wavered and sparkled with an uncertain brilliancy. Both seemed at first to share the same religious sentiments. When the boy left home for school at Toulouse, and thence passed to Stanislaus College, in Paris, the sister followed him with her letters, and her incentives to piety. Both at school and college he was distinguished, and at one time he had a desire to enter the Church. But here his morbid temperament interfered. The cloud of melancholy, and some feeling of wounded pride that his family, once noble, should have fallen into decay, instead of bracing him to effort, deterred him; and, after he had poured out his sorrows (which, in truth, were rather imaginary than real) in plaintive poetry, he desisted from exertion, and retired to a monastic retreat in the north of Brittany, where the celebrated M. de Lamennais had fixed himself. He went there at Christmas, 1832, and remained nine months, contracting (as almost every one did who knew Lamennais) a profound admiration for him, and only leaving him when he broke up his establishment. He then transferred himself for a short time to another monastery, conducted by the Abbé's brother; but soon weary of the monotonous life, he passed to seek his fortune in Paris, in the literary world which now opened before him. His talents as a writer were soon recognized, and both in prose and poetry he acquired reputation. The conversation and example of Lamennais had modified his views regarding the Church of Rome, and when the Pope condemned Lamennais's writings, his young disciple resented the treatment, and felt as strongly as his master, that the acts of the papacy were harsh and unjust. In the literary circle in which he lived he found the same sentiment general, and for some years he drifted away from the faith of his ancestors. Nothing retained him there but the anchorage of his strong affection for his sister. He would not willingly give her pain, and he therefore suppressed his doubts in his letters to her, though he could not altogether conceal his divergence. This formed the great trial of her life, and fell like a shadow over her otherwise sunny path. But with her even this trial had its use. It made her more earnest in

her own convictions, and more fervent in her prayers for the brother she loved so well.

It is not often that, where the incidents of a life are so uniform, the interest in it is so strong; and yet we confess to having read the *Journal and Letters of Eugénie de Guérin* with intense and increasing interest. We suppose that this is owing to the transparency of the character,—and the simplicity of life which fits in admirably with the character,—forming a picture the very contrast to our engaged and bustling life, and presenting a landscape of peaceful repose. Nor must we forget the beauty of the style, which has been sufficiently marked by the decision of the French Academy. The *Journal* which this unknown country girl wrote at odd moments for the eye of her brother, with no idea that any one else would see it, has been pronounced, by the French Academy, worthy of the Crown, and it passed through eight editions in sixteen months. But the charm is difficult to present in extracts, still more in a translation. The variety, the naïvety, the mixture of playfulness and piety, the little turns to trifling incidents of domestic life, from grave books and thoughts of learned men,—her 'own fancy, full of poetry,—give altogether an impression hardly to be reproduced. It is like walking over a bank of flowers, and trying to bring away in specimens the beauty of the colours, the richness of the fragrance, the charm of the mossy undergrowth, and the music of the babbling water. Still we must try our hand, however imperfectly we shall execute the task to our own satisfaction.

Her delights, Eugénie says, are three—to write in her chamber, to read, and to pray. Life without these would be unendurable. Her journal accompanies her everywhere, and is always near her hand, that she may throw upon it thoughts or incidents which she thinks will interest her absent brother. Writing in winter, she says,—

“Frost and fog are all I see to-day. I sha'n't go out, but will plant myself at the chimney corner with my work and my book—now one, now the other. This variety amuses me; I should like indeed to read all the day, but I must do something else, and duty must come before pleasure. I hear a young fowl crowing; I must go and seek her nest.”

Again,—

“To-day nothing happened. My little bird alone moved in its cage, gazing at the sun. I never went out, but passed all my time sewing, reading, and reflecting. In the evening—oh! the bright ray of moonlight which has fallen on the page of the Gospel I was reading.”

When spring comes on she says,—

“From the window of my little room I hear the shepherd whistling in the valley. Whistling marks freedom from care—a comfort and a contentment which give pleasure. Poor things, they must have something, and

they have gaiety. Two little children sing as they make up their bundles of fagots among the sheep, and stop from time to time to laugh or to play. I should like to make them see and hear the thrush, whose song is in the hedge by the stream; but now I want to read; it is *Maselline* I am reading since *Lent* began."

Again,—

"I was very nearly having a great sorrow; my little kitten was in the clutches of the cat as I came into my room. I saved it by giving a great stroke to the cat, who let go. The bird had only a scratch, and then set himself to sing with all his might, as if to thank me. A peasant driving his oxen, passing along the road, sings also as he guides his waggons."

"When I am alone I delight to listen to all that is moving outside. I open my ear to every sound. The song of a fowl, a falling branch, the buzzing of a fly—anything interests me and gives me subjects for thought."

"Here I am before a charming bouquet of lilac, which I have gathered on the terrace; my little chamber is full of the perfume. What a delight it is to stroll on in the midst of this fragrance, and to listen, in the early morning, to the birds as they sing here and there in the hedges!"

"When I am alone seated here, or on my knees before my crucifix, I fancy myself Mary, listening calmly to the words of Jesus. During this great silence, when God alone speaks, my soul is happy, and as it were dead to all that passes below, above, within, without; but that does not last. Come, poor soul, I say, return to the things of the world; and I take my distaff, or a book, or a *casseroles*, or I caress Wolf or Trilby. This is the life of heaven upon earth. I was milking a sheep a few minutes ago. Then, when shut up by the rain, what *salon* is equal to my little chamber! what society like that which surrounds me—Bossuet, St. Augustine, and other holy books, which talk to me whenever I like; enlighten, console, strengthen me; answer all my wants! To quit them vexes me."

"This moment I was admiring from my window a little landscape which the rising sun lighted up."

Then, in a brighter mood,—

"Never have I seen a more beautiful effect of light on the paper. But does not God make beauty for all the world? All our birds were singing this morning, whilst I was praying. The accompaniment delights, though it distracts me. I stop to listen. Then I resume, with the thought that the birds and I are carolling our hymns to God; and these little creatures sing, perhaps, better than I. But the charm of prayer, the charm of communion with God, they cannot taste. We must have a soul to feel that. I have this happiness which the birds have not."

"To-day, and now for a long time, I am tranquil: peace in head and heart; a state of grace for which I bless God. My window is open. How calm it is! All the little noises outside come to me. I love that of the stream. Now I hear a church clock, and the little pendule which answers it. This sound of hours in the distance and in the room has in the night something mysterious. I think of the Trappists who awake to pray, of the sick who count all the hours of their suffering, of the afflicted who weep, of the dead who sleep still and frozen in their beds."

Again,—

"Rain, cold wind, a wintry sky, the nightingale from time to time sings under dead leaves. This is sad in the month of May; so I am sad in spite

of myself. I would not wish that my soul should so sympathize with the state of the air and of the seasons, that like a flower it should open or close under cold and sunshine. I don't understand it, but thus it is, so long as the soul is enclosed in this poor shell of a body. To distract myself I turned over Lamartine. How his meditations used to delight me! I was then sixteen. Time changes many things. The great poet no longer makes my heart thrill; to-day he has not even brought me drowsiness. Let us try something else, for we must not cherish the *ennui* which gnaws the soul, which I compare to these petty worms who lodge themselves in the wood of our chairs and furniture, whose *crac-crac* I hear in my room while they are labouring and turning their dwelling into dust. What must I do? It is not good to write and spread my troubles round me. Let us leave books and pens. I know something better. An hundred times I have tried it. It is prayer—prayer which calms me when before God I say to my soul, Why art thou sad, and why art thou troubled? Then something answers it, and it is at rest; just like a child which weeps till it sees its mother, for the compassion and tenderness of God for us are truly maternal."

Pleasant and pretty fancies mix themselves with all her thoughts. The little white wild-flowers she describes as Wordsworth would have done; watches them in the vase in her room, and finding one leaning on the other, which was opening to it her bosom, she sees in this an image of the love of herself and her brother:—

"Entering my little room this evening at ten, I am struck by the white light of the moon, which rises round behind a group of chestnut trees; it is rising higher, higher, always higher, each time that I look; it is passing quicker into the heaven than my pen can move on the paper. Still I can follow it with my eyes—marvellous power of sight! so elevated! O act enjoyable! We enjoy the heaven when we will. During the night, on my pillow, I perceive, through a chink in my shutter, a little star, which takes its place towards eleven, and throws its ray on me, that I may drop asleep before it passes. I call it the star of sleep, and love it. Could I see this at Paris?"

Truly touching and tender is her love for her brother: the gentleness, yet the earnestness, with which she would draw him away from his wanderings into her happy circle of faith and hope is marvellously interesting. He complains often of his depression and weariness. She tells him that she feels the same, and is just going to confess it to God:—

"I was lost—without happiness on the earth; I found happiness in nothing—in no human object, not even in thee. Ah me! what would become of me without prayer, without faith, without the thought of heaven? Is the world, in which you now live, enough for thy need? Oh, Maurice, if I could pass into you some of my thoughts—infuse into you what I believe and learn in books of piety—these bright reflections of the Gospel,—if I could see thee Christian, I would give life and all."

Her anxiety about his health, her terror at the thought that he might be suffering, her alarm when she hears of his attack of illness, are those of a mother:—

"A slight indisposition has made me throw myself on your bed; that bed where you lay six months in fever; where I saw you so pale, sunk, dying; from which the good God raised you by a marvel;—all these thoughts lay with me on the bed. I saw, reviewed, thought, blessed God; then came a light sleep, and a dream, when I was alone in the desert between a serpent and a lion. The fright awoke me. Never have I seen such a lion. How is it that we create in sleep—we who can't produce an atom? Is it a reflection of the Divine power thrown on our soul?"

She watches the weather as he leaves Le Cayla for Paris. She trembles when it is cold and wet. When the air is mild and the weather fine she rejoices, because it will do him good. When he is silent she conjures up all sorts of alarms. She dreams that he is ill:—

"What mean these terrors night and day that you give me? God grant that I may be no longer suffering on account of your health! Will tomorrow bring letters from thee? Aye, my forebodings were too just. Thou art sick. Thou hast had three attacks."

Again when anxious about her brother, she writes,—

"Oh, my poor Maurice, must I be thus far from thee—unable to see thee, or hear thee, or care for thee? How I would wish to be at Paris, to have a room beside thine as here; to hear thee breathe, sleep, cough. Oh, I hear that cough across two hundred leagues. God knows what I would do to be assured that you were not suffering either in body or spirit. But I can do nothing. I have only the power to pray; and I pray, and hope, because faith is powerful. But thou prayest no longer. How sad that is! There is not a day that I don't feel the power of faith on my soul: sometimes to calm, or to strengthen, or to elevate. I suffered this morning death, tears, separation. Our sad life was destroying me. Then, above all, apprehensions, terrors, the rending of the heart, a clutch of the demon in my soul. I could not tell what sorrow was beginning. Well, see, I am calm at present, and I owe it all to faith. On a mournful abyss floats a divine calm. In vain have I tried other things. Nothing human can comfort or sustain the soul."

The marriage of her brother took her to Paris, and there for the first time this daughter of the provinces was introduced into Parisian society; but there was no *mauvaise honte*, for of herself she never thought, and her affection and interest in others threw down the barriers of society and its petty restraints. She became intimate at once with several persons, and the charms of her character, as well as the brightness of her genius, were discovered. In the objects of interest in Paris she took a great delight. Still her heart was in the country. She afterwards wrote to her brother,—

"You love the concerts of Paris, and are often unable to go to them. We have no want of concerts here. On all sides, from all trees, the voice of birds; and my charming musician, the nightingale, sang the other evening close to the garden, on the walnut tree. . . . This evening, the night is pitch dark, but you may always hear the crickets, the stream, and the nightingale—one only, that sings in the darkness. How this music fitly

accompanies the evening prayer. My being harmonizes with the flowers, the birds, the woods, the air, the heaven—all that live outside, grand or gracious works of God."

Again:—

"You see me leaning on my window, gazing at this valley of verdure where the nightingale sings. Then I go to look after my chickens, to sew, to spin, to hem in the drawing-room with Marie. Thus between one thing and another the day passes, and we reach the evening without *ennui*."

There is a delightful contrast between the girlish tastes of one happy in her gaiety, and the high thoughts of poetry which drop from her naturally. One time she is clapping her hands with delight at the sight of the first swallows, thinking the thoughts of her girlish days:—

"Yesterday, when I rose, I saw two swallows grazing the tower of the church of St. Salvy. These little birds of spring give me great pleasure; I think of the beautiful days, the flowers, the fruits, the grapes, the friends one will see—quite a succession of smiling thoughts fly with the nightingales. Euphrasie laughed at my burst of joy: the child does not know what she laughed at, or all that I saw in that one moment—Le Cayla, papa, Marie, the hills, and Louise, my cherished friend."

She writes to a friend,—

"You speak to me of my chickens—I love them, and I prove it by leaving my letter to give them their supper. They have all a good appetite, my dear little chickens, but one has reached me with its foot broken—the little creature made me sad,—so it is in the hospital, *i. e.*, the kitchen, till it is cured, and I shall visit it as often as a doctor would. You will laugh at me, but I like animals—dogs, fowls, pigeons,—everything living but those which are coarse and fat, and which offer nothing for the heart to hold.

"I have a companion in my tiny chamber—a partridge with a wounded wing, but bright, lively, pretty,—she runs, quick as a rat, into every corner of her prison, but she grows to be so accustomed to me that she eats and drinks at my side. . . . Eran has brought me two quails, alive but suffering. The sufferer is, and always has been, my charge. When I was a child, I got hold of all the crippled chickens. To do good, to comfort, is a woman's choicest pleasure."

(*Journal*.) "July 1.—He is dead, my dear little dog. I am sad, and can't bring myself to write.

"July 2.—I have just laid Bijou in the warren in the woodland, among the flowers and the birds. There I shall plant a rose tree. I have kept the little front paws which were laid so often on my hand, my feet, my knees; how graceful he was and loving in his caresses, or his posture of repose! In the morning he came to lick my feet when I rose, then went to papa to do the same. All this comes back to me now—alas! all must leave us or we must leave all. . . . Yet what a difference there is between one's sorrow for Bijou, and our mourning for a soul lost, or at least in danger! O my God, let that thought enter into my views of faith, and rouse me to alarm!"

Once more:—

"I could pass the night in describing to you what I see and hear in my charming chamber—the little insects that come to pay me a visit, some

black as night; little moths, spotted, curiously shaped, flying like madcaps round my lamp. One secretes itself—one comes, another goes, and then returns; and then on my table something no bigger than a grain of dust, yet it runs. What a world of creatures in this little space! A word, a look to each, a question on their life, family, country, would lead one into the infinite—better say my prayers here before the window, before the Infinite of heaven."

Again she runs down to the kitchen fire to fondle and warm the chickens just born—"that bring a pleasure, for every birth is a bearer of joy." Or she is looking at the bird that perches on her window-sill, and eyes with curiosity the imprisoned linnet; or she is off to the kitchen to give the strolling mendicant a basin of soup, or to sit by the old crone from the village, who has a long story to tell her of country wonders; or she shocks her father by taking down the *casseroles* from the fire and scouring it:—

"Papa said to me that he did not like to see me doing these things. But I thought of St. Bonaventura, who was washing the convent vessels when they carried him a cardinal's hat. In this world there is nothing lowering but sin, which degrades us in the eyes of God. I had to remain all the day in the kitchen, with my hands on the hot plate, to feed forty labourers, or carpenters."

Again ("Lettres," p. 66):—

"I could write to you always, but life can't be passed in enjoyment—a thousand things claim it—there is little enough time for the household, walks, the distaff, a little reading, prayer, and sometimes writing."

Then, on the other side, you find her reading folios of the Fathers, books on archaeology, Thomas à Kempis, Massillon, and Fénelon. She writes,—

"Spun at my distaff, and read a sermon of Bossuet. I took my distaff for diversion. But whilst spinning my spirit spun, and wound and returned its thread famously. I was not altogether in my distaff; the mind sets the body to work, and then goes its way. Where does it go? Where was mine to-day? God knows; thou also, Maurice, a little; for thou knowest that I never leave thee. In the country one has such time for thought; busy as one is, the head works away like the millstone in the mill."

Her correspondence was large, for devoted as was her affection to her brother, she had a heart open to many friends, and with some of them the letters, lately published, show that she carried on a close correspondence. Some of them had religious feelings like her own. To them her heart opened itself with freedom. Two were her brother's friends, and to one of these, M. H. de la Morvonnais, who had suddenly lost a young wife to whom he was tenderly attached, she wrote letters of consolation, well adapted to comfort a drooping spirit. The other, La Baronne de Maitre, had become attractive to her from her acquaintance with Maurice her brother, and had sought her correspondence. Living herself in the fashionable world of Paris, she had

felt the want of something more satisfying, and she turned to this daughter of the country, of whom she had heard, as one able to impart to her the happiness for which she sighed. "For the world has brilliant and attractive *fêtes*, but be sure you will feel yourself solitary and frozen in the midst of a joyous crowd." To her Eugénie writes to disabuse her of what she calls a fond fancy that she was wholly absorbed in the love of God, and lived in the heavens:—

"This lofty condition is not mine, nor what God requires of a poor weak creature. Our duties are not so exalted. God has not placed us on a level with the angels: who of us is unable to pray—to give alms—to give consolation—to take care of her parents—to bring up her children—to resist her inclinations—to conquer her tastes—to leave the evil and do the good? Is there anything in this beyond human strength? Yet this is the Christian life. Oh! if the world knew what piety is, they would not be so much afraid of it, or speak such evil of it. It is the balm of life. Believe me, nothing is gentler, more pliable, or more loving, than a pious soul."

We must not suppose that Eugénie's life was a mere life of contemplation, such as ascetics demand. It was eminently practical. Her father depended on her; her sister was guided by her, and her brother. She was the Lady Bountiful of the little neighbourhood: she visited the cottages; she had medicines for the sick, help for the struggling poor, encouragements to lift them over their troubles, or to correct by a hint and word their want of cleanliness or order. Then she never forgot to draw them to the enjoyment she found in religion—to rouse them to effort and win them to piety. It is a curious trait of a character so full of imagination, that she had so much practical good sense. Even the things in her religion which were likely to mislead her, she discovers in them the defects and the dangers. She studies the lives of saints—she says they do her good. Even the life of the recluse, though she only gazes at it as we admire the pyramids, has a charm. But in spite of this she says,—

"For many persons the 'Lives of the Saints' appears to me a dangerous book. I would not advise a young girl to read it, or even others who are not young. I remember things that I did at the age of fourteen, which a wise mother would not have let me do. In the name of God I would have done anything,—thrown myself into the fire; and certainly the good God does not wish that. He does not wish injury to the health by an ardent and irrational piety, which, while it hurts the body, leaves plenty of faults in the soul. So St. Francois de Sales said to some nuns who asked leave to go barefooted, 'Keep your shoes, and change your fancies.'"

We do not mean to say that her religion (born as she was in the heart of the Roman Church, and brought up in its ceremonies) was free from the superstitious fancies with which Rome inoculates the mind. That is a scarlatina with which she impregnates all her votaries. Processions and *fêtes* engaged and amused her. She practised confession regularly. Pictures of the Virgin, flowers hung round

them, decorations in her honour in the month of May,—to these we find frequent allusions, both in her *Journal* and *Letters*. She writes,—

“When at Albi with my little cousin, who is my companion night and day, we sleep together under the holy protection of a consecrated water pot, an image of the Virgin, and a rosary, the cross attached to which the child kisses fervently as she steps into bed.”

But the instructive part of her piety is this, that, while these external things amuse her, the moving principle of her life is the love of God, the central point of her religion is devotion to our Saviour. On that point her remarks leave no doubt. Writing to her brother, and pointing out to him the blessings which Providence had heaped upon him, she mourns that he does not love the good God, whose care for him shines in her sight bright as diamonds. She says,—

“I, had I children to bring up, would speak to them of the good God with loving words; I would tell them that He loves them far more than I do; that He gives me all that I give to them, and besides all this, the air, the sun, and the flowers. He has made the heaven and all these beautiful stars. We may ask anything, except evil, of God. How different is He from the supreme being of the philosophers! What can you expect from an inaccessible being, so far from man that one cannot love him? Yet the heart longs to love what it adores, and to adore what it loves; and this arose when God became flesh and dwelt among us. From His infinite condescending comes our confiding faith. Oh, how well has Jesus said, ‘Come to Me all you that weep, all who mourn!’ It is only into the breast of God that one can pour one’s tears and discharge one’s load.”

Again:—

“Prayer is a submissive desire,—‘Give us our daily bread; deliver us from evil; let Thy will be done.’ The Saviour in the garden of the Mount of Olives prayed thus. In this free union of the human will with the Divine is the most sublime act of a poor creature,—the completion of faith, the most intimate participation in that grace which flows from God to man, and effects wonders.”

True confession she describes as—

“The confession of poor sinners to God, the most indulgent of fathers. In the terrible struggle with our own hearts God alone gives us the strength and the will; and all petty and feeble as one is, with His aid we at last hold the giant under our feet. But for that purpose we must pray, pray much, as Jesus Christ has taught us, and cry, ‘Our Father.’ This filial cry touches the heart of God, and always gains something.”

This practical piety was shown in self-examination, and in shrinking from everything that was evil. Thus she speaks of opening some of the French novels, but closing them at once when she found they contained that which would taint her mind. “Well it is to supply the mind with pure food, that our busy thoughts may turn upon things which are elevating and wholesome.”

Her desires respecting her brother were in a measure accomplished. His health, indeed, gave way soon after his marriage. A decline, the seeds of which had been long in his constitution, showed itself, and ran its course rapidly. He returned to Le Cayla in the summer of 1839, but only to die; but his sentiments of religion appeared to revive in this last period of his life. Eugénie continued her Journal after his death, addressing it "To Maurice dead," "To Maurice in heaven." But though at times she found relief from grief in interesting herself in others, she dwells with constant retrospect on her loss. She retraces all the circumstances of his short career, and refuses to be comforted. As her friends drop around her, she speaks of herself and those who survive as the dead leaves that are found clinging to a tree when spring comes with its new verdure. Her great interest was found in superintending the publication of the works which were to make her brother known. Her long grief at last ended at Le Cayla, where she died in the month of May, 1848, leaving behind her fragments which have earned the applause of the French Academy, and have made us acquainted with a life marked by peculiar characters of its own; to which I have indeed done imperfect justice, but which, with the cautions I have ventured to point out—cautions much needed in our times,—may be read with interest and even advantage to our inner life.

J. C. COLQUHOUN.



MEDIÆVAL UNIVERSITIES.

UNIVERSITIES are not mentioned in mediæval documents before the beginning of the thirteenth century. At that period, however, they stand before the eyes of the historian already fully developed, and in the very prime of vigorous manhood, without offering any clue as to their birth and lineage, except such as they bear visibly imprinted in their very nature. This remark holds good only for the most ancient universities—*Paris*, *Oxford*, and *Bologna*,—all other institutions of the kind being easily traced to their foundation, and recognised as copies of the ancient types. There are, indeed, documents extant which refer the foundation of the three mentioned universities to a very respectable antiquity, and according to which *Paris* claims Charlemagne as its founder; *Oxford*, Alfred the Great; *Bologna*, the Emperor Theodosius II.; and *Naples*, the Emperor Augustus. But these documents are each and all the fabrications of later times, which, agreeably to mediæval disregard of critical investigation, could easily spring up and find credence, because they supplied by fables what could not be gained by historic evidence, the halo of remote antiquity. Setting, therefore, apart these spurious credentials, we prefer to trace the lineage of our venerable institutions as near as possible to their source by reading and interpreting the record they bear of themselves.

Twice during the Middle Ages the Church saved literature from

utter ruin: first when barbarous nations overflowed Europe in the great migration, and a second time during the confusion which arose upon the death of Charlemagne. Science was indeed the *enfant trouvé*, to take care of which there was no one in the wide world, but the Church alone. Under its fostering care literature and learning started on a new career in the asylums erected in the schools of abbeys, monasteries, and convents,—a career, however, characterized by a peculiar timidity, which shrunk from a critical analysis of sacred and profane literature alike—abhorring the latter for its savour of heathenism, revering the former with too much awe to subject it to dissecting criticism. In this narrowness of space, this timidity of development, the youthful plant might have been stunted in its growth, but for the breath of life which the genius of human civilization imparted to its feeble offshoot to rear it to the full vigour of manhood. This inspiration again proceeded from the Church, which made the very marrow of her substance over to the school, that it might feed on it and wax strong, so as to become the bearer of mediæval civilization, the leader of society in science and education. At a period when the Church had given form to its doctrines by investing them in a dogmatic garb, so as to remove them from beneath the rude or careless touch of experimenting heresy, faith was satisfied, and in its satisfaction felt secure from any perilous raid on its domain. Hence it became less timid in facing the dissecting-knife of the philosopher; nay, on the contrary, it soon detected the new additional strength it might derive from the disquisitions of philosophical science, and thus it came to pass that the dogma of the Church left the bosom of the mother that gave it birth, and placed itself under the guardianship of the School. The result of this transmigration is but too evident. First of all, the interest of philosophical inquiry was duly regarded by obtaining by the side of faith its share in the cultivation of the human mind, and, on the other hand, the dogma or symbol of faith, which hitherto had evaded the grasp of human intellect, and therefore assumed the position of a power which, though not hostile, was yet not friendly to the aspirations of the human mind, now turned its most intimate and faithful ally. The motto of this alliance between dogma and philosophy—the well-known "*Credo ut intelligam*"—is the key-note of scholasticism. Thus then, theology became the science of the school, when the dogma was completely confirmed and established, and the school sufficiently developed to receive it within its precincts; and this alliance, which produced a Christian philosophy in scholasticism, was the principal agent also in bringing about a new phase of the mediæval school in the *Studium Generale* or *University*.

From the earliest centuries it had been a practice with the Christian

Church in newly converted countries to erect schools by the side of cathedrals. Where our Lord had his temple, science had a chapel close by. These cathedral schools became in the course of time less exclusively clerical, at the same rate as the chapters of cathedrals turned more secular in their tendencies. In consequence of this metamorphosis the cathedral school attracted a larger number of secular students, while the monastic schools more properly limited themselves to the education of the clerical order. But for all that the cathedral school bore a decidedly clerical character. The bishop continued to be the head of the schools in his diocese, and through his chancellor (*cancellarius*) exercised over the students the same authority as over all others that stood under episcopal jurisdiction. Very often we meet with several or many schools connected with different churches of one and the same diocese. In this case each school had its own "rector," but all of them were subject to the supervision and jurisdiction of the bishop, or his representative the chancellor. Though they followed their literary and educational pursuits each within its own walls and independently of the others, yet on certain occasions they were reminded of their consanguinity of birth and their relationship to the Church, when on festive celebrations, such as the feast of the patron saint of the diocese, rectors, teachers, and students of the different schools rallied round the banner of their diocesan, and appeared as one body under their common head, the bishop. Thus we see the cathedral schools brought nearer to each other by two agencies of a uniting tendency—the jurisdiction of the bishop and their relation to the Church. That which had grown spontaneously out of the circumstances of the time awaited only the "fiat" of the mighty to accomplish its metamorphosis, and assume its final shape in the *Studium Generale*. The Church required an able expositor of her dogmas, a subtle defender of her canonical presumptions, and both she found in the school. Popes then granted privileges and immunities to the cathedral and monastic schools of certain cities, and these schools, following the impulse and tendencies of the age, united in corporations and became universities. Under the circumstances it must appear a vain attempt to search for documentary evidence as to the first foundation of the three ancient universities. We can only adduce facts to show when and where such establishments are first mentioned, and yet we must not draw the conclusion that universities are contemporary with those documents which first bear direct testimony to their existence. For we all know that in primitive ages, when new institutions are gradually being developed, centuries may pass before the new-born child of a new civilization is christened, and receives that name which shall bear record of its existence to future generations. As far back as the

eleventh century, we find at *Paris* schools connected with the churches of *Notre Dame*, *St. Geneviève*, *St. Victor*, and *Petit Pont*, but it appears doubtful whether they had been united in a *Studium Generale* before the end of the twelfth century. The first direct mention of a "university" at *Paris* is made in a document of the year 1209. *Oxford* may, in point of antiquity, claim equality at least with *Paris*; and the assumption that *Alfred* the Great planted there, as elsewhere, educational establishments, is certainly not without some plausibility. Concerning the existence of monastic schools in that town previously to the twelfth century, not a doubt can be entertained; but to refer the foundation of *Oxford University* to the times of *Alfred* the Great is simply an anachronism. *Oxford*, quite as much as *Paris*, or rather more so, bears in the rudimentary elements of its constitution the unmistakable traces of its origin in the cathedral and monastic schools. *Bologna* was one of the most ancient law schools in Italy. Roman law had never become quite extinct in that country; and in the great struggles between spiritual and temporal power, ever and again renewed since the eleventh century, it was ransacked with great eagerness for the purpose of propping up the claims of either pope or emperor, as the case might be. The Italian law schools, therefore, enjoyed the patronage of powers spiritual and temporal, which raised them to the summit of fame and prosperity, and then again dragged them to the very verge of ruin by involving them in the struggles and consequent miseries of the two parties. The Emperor *Frederick Barbarossa* well understood how to appreciate the vantage-ground which presented itself in the codices of the ancients for the support of imperial presumptions, and consequently he expressed his favour and good-will to the lawyers of Italy by confirming the ancient law school at *Bologna*—a confirmation which was combined with extraordinary privileges to professors and students sojourning in that town, or engaged on their journey there or back. *Bologna* may therefore be regarded as a privileged school or university since the year 1158, without however being such in the later acceptation of the term, *i. e.*, endowed with the four faculties. Concerning this distinction we shall have to advance a few remarks hereafter.

The term university (*universitas*), in its ancient signification, denotes simply a community, and may therefore be applied to the commune of a city. Hence the distinction will be evident between the expression "*Universitas Bolognæ*" and "*Universitas Studii Bonniensis*"—the commune of *Bologna*, and the community of the University of *Bologna*. The elder title of a university is *Studium*, a term applied to every higher school, and supplied with the epithet *Generale* either from the fact of divers faculties being taught, or students of all nations being admitted within its pale. The most distinctive trait

of the Generale Studium is manifested in the social position it had gained as a corporate institution invested with certain rights and privileges, like all other guilds or corporations of the Middle Ages. The university was the privileged guild, the sole competent body from which every authority and licence to teach science and literature emanated. The man upon whom it conferred its degrees was, by the very fact of gaining such distinction, stamped as the scholar, competent to profess and teach the liberal arts. The graduate, however, gained his social position not by the act of promotion, but by the privileges which the governing heads of Church and State had connected with that act. Hence it was considered an indispensable condition that a newly erected university should be confirmed in its statutes and privileges by the Pope, the representative of the whole community of Christians. The universities having gained a social position, their members were henceforth not merely scholars declared as such by a competent body of men, but they also derived social advantages which lay beyond the reach of those who stood outside the pale of the university.

A short sketch of the universities erected in different European countries after the pattern of the three parent establishments may suffice to give our readers an idea of the zeal and emulation displayed by popes and emperors, princes and citizens, in the promotion of learning and civilization.

In the year 1204 an unfortunate event befell Bologna. Several professors, with a great number of scholars, removed from that place to *Vicenza*, where they opened their schools. This dismemberment of the University of Bologna must have had its cause in some—we do not learn exactly what—internal commotion. The secession was apparently of very little effect, for the University of *Vicenza*, to which it had given rise in 1204, ceased to exist in the year 1209, most probably in consequence of the professors and scholars returning to the *alma* of Bologna as soon as this could be opportunely done. A more detailed account has been handed down to us concerning the secession of 1215, when *Rofredo da Benevento*, Professor of Civil Law, emigrated from Bologna to *Arezzo*, and erected his chair in the cathedral of that city. A crowd of scholars followed the course of the great master. From letters written by Pope Honorius between 1216 and 1220, it would appear that the citizens of Bologna, in order to prevent the dismemberment of their university, tried to impose upon the scholars an oath, by which they were to pledge themselves never, in any way, to further the removal of the Studium from Bologna, or to leave that school for the purpose of settling elsewhere. The students, however, refused to take this oath of allegiance, a refusal in which they were justified by the Pope, who advised them rather to leave the

city than undertake any engagement prejudicial to their liberties. The result was the rise of the University of Arezzo, where, besides the ancient schools of law, we find in the year 1255 the faculties of arts and medicine. From a similar dissension between the citizens and scholars seems to have been caused the emigration to *Padua*, where the secessionist professors and scholars established a university which soon became the successful rival of Bologna.

In the year 1222 the Emperor Frederick II, from spite to the Bolognese, and a desire of promoting the interests of his newly erected University of *Naples*, commanded all the students and professors at Bologna who belonged as subjects to his Sicilian dominions to repair to Naples. The non-Sicilian members of the *Alma Bonnensis* he endeavoured to allure by making them the most liberal promises. At any other time this ungenerous stratagem might have resulted in the entire ruin of the University of Bologna; this city, however, being a member of the powerful Lombard League, could afford to laugh at Frederick's decrees of annihilation. As long as its founder and benefactor was alive, the University of Naples enjoyed a high degree of fame and excellence among the studia of Italy, for Frederick spared neither expense nor labour in the propagation of science and literature.

Pope Innocent IV. erected the University of *Rome* about the year 1250, and conferred upon it all the privileges enjoyed by other establishments of the kind. But the praise of having raised that university to its most flourishing condition, and endowed it with all the faculties, is due to Pope Boniface VIII.

Lombardy owed its literary fame to the noble Galeazzo Visconti, who formed the design of erecting a university close to Milan which should provide for the increased wants in science and education among the population of that capital and the surrounding cities. The site chosen for the purpose was *Paria*, which had for a long time been the resort of literati of every description who had been educated in the neighbouring University of Bologna. The new university soon acquired great fame, enjoying the special patronage of the Emperor Charles IV. of Germany.

The French universities were organized after the model of Paris, but most of them had to be contented with one or several of the faculties, exclusive of theology, which was, and continued to be, a privileged science reserved to Paris and a few of the more ancient universities. Thus we see that *Orleans*, where a flourishing school of law had existed since 1234, was provided in 1312 with the charters and privileges of the Studium Generale. *Montpelier* University, according to some historians, was founded in 1196 by Pope Urban V.; but with certainty we can trace its famous school of medicine only as far back as the year 1221. To this was added the faculty of law in

1230, and Nicolas IV. finally established, in 1286, the faculties of civil and canon law, medicine and arts. *Grenoble, Anjou*, and a few others, though entitled to claim the privileges of the *Studium Generale*, hardly ever exceeded the limits of ordinary schools, whether in arts, law, or medicine.

The system of centralization, which at that time had already gained the upper hand in the Church and State of France, impressed its type on social and scientific life as well. Paris became the all-absorbing vortex which engulfed every symptom of provincial independence; and the *Alma Parisiensis* developed in her bosom, as spontaneous productions of her own body, the colleges which were founded on so grand a scale as to outweigh in importance all the minor universities, each college forming, so to say, a "*universitas in universitate*." This observation holds good for England and the English universities.

Turning our attention to Germany, we find, in accordance with the social conditions of the country, the development of academic life taking a somewhat intermediate course between the Italian universities on the one side, and Paris and Oxford on the other. Though emperors and territorial princes vie with each other in the promotion of educational establishments, Germany nevertheless bears a close resemblance to Italy in so far as in both countries the opulent citizens are among the first to exert themselves in the propagation of science and the diffusion of knowledge. The University of *Prague*, founded by the Emperor Charles IV. in 1318, was soon followed by that of *Vienna*, founded in 1365 by Albertus Contractus, Duke of Austria, and *Heidelberg*, erected by Rupert of the Palatinate, and confirmed by the Pope in 1386. The University of Cologne owed its origin to the exertions made by the municipal council, who succeeded in gaining a charter from Pope Urban VI. in 1388. *Erfurt* also is mainly indebted to the zeal of the citizens and the town council for its erection, which took place 1392. *Leipzig* was founded, in its rudiments at least, in 1409 by the Elector Frederick I. of Saxony, but it started into the full vigour of academic life under the impulse imparted to it by the immigration of two thousand students, Catholic Germans, who, to escape Hussite persecution, had departed in a body from the University of Prague.

Spain, which we should expect to see forward in promoting institutions of learning, did not much avail herself of those fruits of science which had ripened to unequalled splendour under the Arabs in the eleventh century. Recalling, however, to mind the fearful struggles between the Christian and Arab population, struggles which for centuries shook that country to its very foundations, we can readily make allowance for the slow advance of learning in this state of belli-

spacious lecture-rooms. The university, in its first rudimentary appearance, is an ideal rather than a reality. There are no traces of buildings exclusively appropriated to academic purposes, but the first house or cottage or barn, if need were, was made subservient to scientific pursuits, whenever a licenced teacher or magister pleased to erect his throne there. Nor did the Studium Generale confine itself to giving finishing touches of education, but it comprised the whole sphere of development from boyhood to manhood, so that the boy still "living under the rod" could boast of being a member of the university with the same right as the bearded scholar of thirty or forty years of age. The same academic privileges which were enjoyed by the magister or doctor extended to the lowest of the "famuli" that trod in the train of the academical *cortège*. A *Corpus Academicum*, with its various degrees of membership, its distinction of nations and faculties, its peculiar organisation and constitution—such are the characteristic traits of all the mediæval universities which we are about to examine. To the *Corpus Academicum* belonged the *students* (*scholares*), *bachelors* (*baccalaurei*), *licentiates*, *masters* (*magistri*), and doctors, with the governing heads, the proctors (*procuratores*), the *deans* (*decani*), and the *rector* and *chancellor* (*cancellarius*). To these were added officials and servants of various denominations, and finally the tradespeople of the university, designated as *academic citizens*. Every student was obliged to present himself within a certain time before the rector of the university in order to have his name put down in the album of the university (*matricula*), to be matriculated. He pledged his word by oath to submit to the laws and statutes of the university, and to the rector in all that is right and lawful (*licitis et honestis*), and to promote the welfare of his university by every means in his power. At the same time he had to deposit a fee in the box (*archa*) of the academic community, the amount of which was fixed according to the rank of the candidate, as it was not unusual for bishops, canons, abbots, noblemen, doctors, and other graduates to apply for membership in some university. After being matriculated and recognised as a member of the body, the student had to assume the academic dress, which characterized him as such to the world at large. The dress was identical with that of the clergy, and from this and other incidents every member of the school was termed *clericus*, and all the members collectively *clerus universitatis*, whence *clericus* (*clerc*) came to designate a *scholar*, and *laicus* a layman and a *dunce* as well. The wearing of secular dress was strictly prohibited, and we can appreciate the benefit of this arrangement on considering the exorbitant fashions which prevailed in those days, to the prejudice of propriety and the ruin of pecuniary means. To carry arms, chiefly a kind of long sword, was a matter allowed sometimes,

more often connived at, but frequently prohibited at times of disturbances among the scholars themselves, or during feuds with the citizens. Against visiting gambling-houses or other places of bad repute, passing the nights in taverns, engaging in dances or revels, or other diversions unseemly in a "clerc," we find repeated and earnest injunctions in the statutes of the universities. Where scholars were living together in the same house under proper surveillance, they formed a community known as *bursa*. *Bursa* originally denoted the contribution which each scholar had to pay towards the maintenance of the community, whence the term was applied to the community itself. The *bursæ* had, like inns and publichouses, their proper devices and appellations, commonly derived from the name and character of the house-owner or *hospes* (host). Corresponding with the Continental *bursæ* were the English *hospitia* and *aulæ*, or halls, which however may be traced to higher antiquity than the former. It is not difficult to recognise in these institutes the germs of the later colleges. At the head of the *hospitium* or *bursa* stood the *conventor*, who was commonly appointed by the rector, in some places elected by the members of the *bursa*, and who had to direct the course of study, guard the morals of the students, &c. If the *hospes* or host was a master or bachelor, the functions of *conventor* naturally devolved upon him. The *provisor* took charge of the victuals, watched over the purchase and preparation of the same, and settled the pecuniary affairs with the *hospes*. Discipline in the *bursæ* and halls was rigorous and severe, and it could not be otherwise at a time when the individual man was not restrained by a thousand formalities and conventionalities, but allowed to develop freely his inherent faculties and powers, often to such a degree as to prove prejudicial to the peace of society, unless they were curbed by the severe punishment which followed transgression. We meet in the earliest times of the universities with but very few systematic regulations as far as internal discipline is concerned. This was a matter of practice, and left rather to be settled according to the requirements of each case as it arose. Practice, again, taught the pupil a lesson of abstemiousness and self-denial which might go far to outdo in its effect our best text-books on moral philosophy. The convictorial houses, as well as the university at large, were poor, being without any funds but those which flowed from the contributions of the scholars and members of the university. A life of toil and endurance was that of the scholar. If he had a fire in the winter season to warm his limbs, and just sufficient food to satisfy his gastronomic cravings, he found himself entitled to praise his stars. The lecture-rooms did not boast of anything like luxury in the outfitting. Some rough structure of the carpenter's making which represented the pulpit was the only requisite piece of furniture; chairs were not wanted, as the pupils found sitting accommodation on

the floor, which was strewn with straw or some other substance of nature's own providing, and on which ardent disciples cowered down to listen to the words of wisdom flowing from the lips of some celebrated master. When, at a later period, the University of Paris went so far in fastidious innovations as to procure wooden stools for the pupils to sit upon, the papal legates who had come on a visitation severely censured the authorities for their indiscretion in opening the University to the current of luxury which would not fail, they affirmed, to have an enervating effect on the mind and body of the pupil; and for a time the scholars had to descend again from the stool to the floor. Early rising was so general a habit in those days as to make it almost superfluous to mention that the pupils had gone through their morning worship and several lessons by the time the more refined student of modern days is accustomed to rise.

The lowest of academical degrees was that of *Bachelor* (*Baccalaureus*).^{*} Certain historical evidence of the creation of bachelors at Paris appears in the bull of Pope Gregory IX., of the year 1231, though the degree must be of a remoter date, for the Pope alludes to it not as a novel institution, but in terms which induce us to admit its previous existence. When a scholar had attended the course of lectures prescribed by his faculty, and gone through a certain number of disputations, he might present himself as a candidate for the bachelorship. Having passed his examination before the doctors (*magistri*) of his faculty to their satisfaction, and taken the usual oath of fidelity and obedience to the university, he gained the actual promotion by the chancellor. Hereupon he proceeded with his friends and others whom he chose to invite, in a more or less brilliant *cortège*, to the banquet which he provided in honour of the occasion. In the procession the staff or sceptre (*baculus*, *sceptrum*, *virga*) of the university was carried in front of the new-made bachelor, as the emblem of his recently-gained academical dignity. The bachelors were still only a higher class of students, and as such they are frequently called *Archischolares*. They of course preceded the students in rank, were allowed to wear a gown of choicer material, and the cap called *Quadratum*, while the *Birretum*† was reserved for the doctors. The bachelors were closely connected with their respective faculties, and could not renounce this connection, or even choose another place of residence,

* As to the derivation of this term hardly a doubt can be entertained. The ancient custom of carrying the academic staff or sceptre (*baculus*) before the candidate on his promotion to the first degree, undoubtedly gave origin to the terms *Bacularius* and *Bacularia-tus*, which only in later times were corrupted into *Baccalarius* and *Baccalaureus*. Thus with Kink against Bulaus, Voight, and others, who give the most fantastic derivations, such as *batulle* (*batalarius*), *bas-chevalier*, &c.

† *Quadratum*, the square cap; *birretum*, a term still preserved in the French *barrette*, a cardinal's hat; in German the term *barratt* is used for the cap worn by priests when in official dress.

without special permission. They formed the transition from the students to the masters, as they participated in the functions of both. They had to direct the private study and repetitions of the scholars, and work out the doctor's system, which the latter merely sketched in its principal theses and rudimentary outlines. The bachelors, in fact, represented the hardest worked people of the body academic. In later centuries they were actually ill-treated by the doctors of Paris, who confined themselves to deliver one single lecture in the whole year, leaving all the rest of the work to their inferior fellow-graduates. Besides their share in teaching the students, they performed other important duties. They were the industrious copyists of classical works, and while they thus toiled for the instruction of others in narrower or wider circles, they at the same time qualified themselves for the attainment of higher degrees. Opportunities for the advancement of their own erudition were given in the *disputations*. It was incumbent upon every doctor or master (*magister*) from time to time to hold and direct a public disputation, at which the doctors, bachelors, and students were present. The doctors, clad in the furred doctor-gown (*cappa*, *tabhardum*), and with the *birrettum*, took their places on elevated chairs, which were arranged in a circle round the walls of the hall. The cross seats were occupied by the bachelors, behind whom mustered the plebeian students, in earlier times cowering on the floor, later on provided with the luxury of seats.

The presiding doctor, who directed the disputation, having entered the pulpit, chose from the text-book a certain passage and formed it into an argument (*quæstio*), the development or exposition of which was called *determinatio*. Now the task of the bachelors commenced, who, with respect to their functions, were called *respondentes*, and divided into *defendentes* and *opponentes*. They had their own pulpit, from which one or other individual of their class delivered his *argumentatio*, *pro* or *con.*, and then awaited the response of his antagonist. When, however, the contest required a rapid succession of questions and answers, both occupied the same pulpit, facing each other in a contest which very often did not lack the stimulus of personal animosity. When they became extravagant in their argumentation, strayed from the original question, or in the heat of the combat fell into excesses of language, it was the office of the presiding doctor to recall them to the point at issue, or, if need were, to impose silence. Sometimes, and perhaps not unfrequently, matters became so complicated as to leave a solution of the question more than doubtful, in which case the doctor, on his own authority, pronounced a decision, to which the contending parties had to submit. Similarly to the practice prevalent in tournaments, the disputations were wound up with a courtesy (*recommendatio*), an harangue in favour of the opponent,

Students were not allowed to take part in the disputations directed by a doctor; but they had their own combats of the kind, presided over by a bachelor.

While promotion to the bachelorship took place four times a year, the competition for the *licence* could occur only once or twice, commonly at the opening of the new scholastic year. The scientific requirements differed in different universities and faculties, and the course of promotion was not everywhere the same in all its details, but the following outlines will, we hope, give a fair picture of the generality of cases. The day of competition for the licence (*licentia docendi*) being agreed upon between the chancellor and the respective faculties, it was publicly announced by placards at the entrance of churches and other conspicuous places, and several times pronounced from the pulpits of the clergy. On the appointed day the candidates presented themselves before their respective faculties, and on the morrow they were introduced to the chancellor, to petition him that he would graciously accept them as candidates, and appoint the day of examination. Hereupon they pledged themselves by oath to be obedient to the chancellor, to promote the welfare of the university, to further peace and concord among the nations and faculties, to deliver lectures at least during the first year of their licence, to be faithful to the doctrines of the Church, and to defend them against every hostile aggression. Then the functions of the faculties began and ended with the examination of the candidate, who, upon having passed satisfactorily, was recommended to the chancellor for the actual reception of the licence. Thus it becomes evident that the licence was not the gift of the faculty, but emanated from the chancellor as the representative of the bishop, the Church; nay, more, in several Italian universities it was, in spite of their democratic character, customary for the bishop himself to preside at the examination for the licence and the promotion of the successful competitors. When the chancellor withheld his confirmation (as on several occasions of differences having arisen between him and the university it did happen), the most brilliantly sustained examination failed to make a licentiate out of a bachelor. The examination for the three higher faculties was held in the presence of all the doctors, any one of whom had a right to examine the candidate on the previously appointed "theses." In the theological faculty the questions were everywhere fixed by the episcopal representative, the chancellor, who even might interfere in the examination itself. The same right could be claimed by him in the faculty of law.

To pronounce judgment on the scientific qualifications of the candidate was the task of the whole faculty. On the appointed day the successful competitors appeared in the church in the presence of the

chancellor, and kneeling down before him (*ob reverentiam Dei et sedis apostolicæ*), they received the licence, the chancellor using the formula: "By the authority of God Almighty, the apostles Peter and Paul, and the Apostolic See, in whose name I act, I grant you the licence of teaching, lecturing, disputing, here and everywhere throughout the world, in the name," &c. (*Ego, auctoritate Dei omnipotentis, et apostolorum Petri et Pauli, et apostolicæ sedis, qua fungor in hac parte, do tibi licentiam, legendi, regendi, disputandi, hic et ubique terrarum, in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*)

After the act was over there followed the payment of fees and the inevitable banquet. The arts faculty conferred with the licence the degree of the *magisterium* at the same time. The licence enabled the candidate to teach in public at all the universities of Western Europe. In the earlier centuries this prerogative of universal recognition of the licence was not enjoyed by all the universities. That of Paris was honoured with it as early as the year 1279 by Pope Nicolas III.; Oxford did not receive it until the year 1319; while the University of Vienna enjoyed it ever since its foundation by the bull of Pope Urban V. of the year 1365. When the Church had performed her functions by bestowing the licence upon the candidate, he was not therewith a member of the faculty. For this purpose he had to seek approval and reception from the respective faculty itself (*petere licentiam incipiendi in artibus, in medicina, &c.*), which, in the regular course of events, was never withheld. There was in this proceeding a manifestation of corporate right and independence which the faculties loved to display on this occasion. Though hardly more than a formality, it tended to give expression to their consciousness of being free corporations upon which no candidate could be intruded, though it were by the highest functionary of the university. The bachelors, as we intimated before, may be considered a higher degree of students, and the *licentiates*, we may add, formed a lower degree of masters. They, therefore, sat in the same compartments with the masters, but in the rear; they might, like the doctors, wear the *cappa* (gown), but not the *birretum*; nor were they allowed to deliver lectures on their own responsibility, but had to do so under the direction of a doctor. *Licentiates*, however, if reading by appointment of a doctor, or in his stead, were considered independent lecturers. To make the *licentiate* a doctor, nothing was required but the act of *promotion*—a mere formality again, but of no slight importance, for it was the final transaction which stamped the candidate as a man of learning, the legitimate and competent teacher.

The act of promotion was celebrated with the greatest possible splendour. The tolling of the church bells gave the signal for the session to prepare. All the doctors, *licentiates*, bachelors and

students, having previously assembled in front of the candidate's house, they, upon the second signal being given by the bells, moved in a pompous *cortège* toward the church, where the sound of trumpets and timbrels received them upon their entrance. For the court, the judges, the magistrates, and the members of the different faculties, separate accommodation was provided, the populace filling the remaining space. The doctors of the respective faculties having taken their seats, the chancellor opened the proceedings by a brief allocution, in which he permitted the candidate to ascend the pulpit (*auctoritate cancellarii*). The candidate delivered a speech (*pulchram et decentem arengam*) in honour of the faculty, and finally petitioned for the insignia of doctor. Upon this the promoter (one of the doctors of the faculty) ascended the pulpit and held an oration recommendatory of the candidate, and then, following his invitation, all the doctors formed a circle and received the *doctorandus* in their centre, where the promoter transmitted into his hands an open and a closed volume as the symbols of his scientific avocations, gave him the kiss of peace as the mark of friendship and fraternity, and placed on his head the *birretum* in manifestation of his new dignity. Immediately after these ceremonies the new doctor ascended the pulpit (now *sua auctoritate*) and delivered a lecture on any theme fitting the occasion, thus availing himself at once of the acquired privilege. From this it would appear that the act of promotion belonged to the chancellor and faculty jointly, and not to the university as such, for its actual head, the rector, took no part whatever in the proceedings. The doctor alone had the right of wearing a gown ornamented with silk and fur, and the *birretum* as indicative of his rank. In his social position he was considered of equal rank with noblemen, and therefore wore the golden ring and other attributes of the nobility, and in public manifestoes he always appears included in the aristocratic class of society. The titles of *doctor* and *magister* designated one and the same degree, and yet there was a shade of difference in their meaning, *magister* (master) being applied to scientific superiority or mastership, while *doctor* signified the person who, in consequence of this degree, exercised the functions of teacher or professor; hence *magister* was the title of courtesy, *doctor* that of the professional man, a distinction which will become evident from phrases such as this: *Magister Johannes, doctor in theologia, &c.* Every doctor enjoyed the right, and during the first year of his licence undertook the duty, of lecturing in that faculty which had promoted him.

The officials and servants formed no inconsiderable appendage to the university. They are mentioned under the names of *notarii*, *syndici*, *thesaurarii*, and the lower orders of beadles or *famuli* of various descriptions. More important, if not in position, yet in num-

ber, were the *academic citizens*. To these belonged tailors, shoemakers, laundresses, booksellers, stationers, and a host of different trades, which had to provide for the wants of university men exclusively, and formed a body distinct altogether from the city tradesmen. All these servants of the university, the academic citizens and their servants, together with the servants of each individual belonging to the university, counted as members of this community. If we take into consideration that dignitaries of the Church and of the state, and noblemen, visited the universities, accompanied by a numerous retinue of attendants and servants; that even scholars of the wealthier middle classes were followed by two servants at least (and in this case called "*tenentes locum nobilium*"—gentlemen commoners?), we can form an idea of the immense crowd of academic individuals resident in the great universities. As to the number of academic members in different places, the opinions of modern historians are at variance, and in spite of their controversies the real facts of the case have not been ultimately elicited. Wood, in his history of the University of Oxford, relates that in the year 1250 the number of members of that university amounted to 30,000! This fabulous number scarcely ever found credence among modern historians until Huber, the German historian of the English universities, entered the lists as the champion of Wood's thirty thousand. Though, historically, he has no new light to throw upon the subject, he makes his deduction in favour of the thirty thousand plausible enough. Taking into consideration the facts we have just advanced concerning the wide range of the term of academic members, adducing further the circumstance of Oxford having at that time attained the meridian of its glory by the immigration of Paris scholars in 1209, and the settlement of the mendicant friars there, he certainly urges on our minds the belief that the number of academic people must have been amazingly great. But looking apart from the circumstance that Wood's assertion is not confirmed by direct documentary evidence, that the average numbers mentioned before and after the year indicated turn in the scale between 3,000 and 5,000, we have scarcely any other measure by which to judge the above statement but the highest mark of numbers related of the other great universities. Allowing the most favourable circumstances to have worked in unison towards assembling a large crowd at Oxford University, we yet believe no one will be likely to uphold the assertion that Oxford University was at that time, or at any time, more densely populated than Paris or Bologna. In the year 1250, we know for a fact Germany was not in possession of one single university, and yet the number of academic scholars in that country was not inconsiderable. From want of a *Studium Generale* in their own country, German scholars had to visit foreign universities, and the current is

clearly distinguishable in two directions, one to Italy for the study of law, the other to Paris for arts and theology. Even admitting Oxford's fame for its dialectic and theological schools having been on an equality with that of Paris, we cannot conceive how, in its insular position, it could rival with the great continental universities which offered ready access to students from all parts of Europe. Now the greatest number ever mentioned at the University of Paris is 10,000, when in the year 1394 *all* the members of the university had to vote in the case of the papal schism, and even this number cannot be relied on, as, according to Gerson's admission, several members gave more than one vote, and others voted who had no right to be on the academic suffrage. Admitting, however, that the gross sum may be an approximately fair estimate, we turn our attention to Bologna. This university undoubtedly contained all the advantages of celebrity, easy access, freedom of constitution, and whatever else may conduce to attract numerous visitors. Yet the highest number is 10,000, mentioned in the year 1262. The universities of Salamanca and Vienna, certainly not the least among academic establishments, even in the time of their greatest success and most flourishing condition, could not boast of a number exceeding 7,000. From these data it may become sufficiently evident what we have to believe of Oxford's thirty thousand, a number which must stand on its own merits until it can be supported and confirmed by direct historic evidence. It is true the line of demarcation between trustworthy and fabulous accounts concerning numbers is very difficult to draw in mediæval records, especially when they refer to institutions which, exposed to the vicissitudes of fortune, experienced a continual influx and reflux of scholars, so that the famous Bologna, which numbered 10,000 members in 1262, had fallen to 500 in the year 1431, not to mention the intermediate degrees in the scale of numbers.

The whole body academic, numerous and complicated though it was, did not require any considerable amount of regulating and governing agents. By the simplicity of rule and government the Middle Ages characteristically differ from our own wonderful machineries which claim for every touch that is wanted the experienced hands of hundreds of officials, and even then they are oftentimes served badly enough. Self-government was the ruling idea in the Middle Ages, and consequently we see the universities directed in their complicated progress by a number of officials comparatively so small as to fill the modern observer with amazement. The university being divided into different bodies or corporations (the nations and faculties) it left the direction and management of these different institutions chiefly to themselves. At the head of the nations stood the *proctors* (*procuratores*), and the faculties were governed by their *deans* (*decani*). The

range of their official rights and duties will be illustrated later on. The president of the different nations and of the four faculties was the *rector*. He was elected for the space of a year, or six months only, by the proctors or presidents of the nations, and in earlier times regularly out of the arts faculty; at a later period, and in the younger universities, out of one of the nations and one of the faculties alternately. The rector was not to be a married man—at Vienna no monk either; Prague required him to be a member of the clerical profession, imitating in this, as in almost everything else, the University of Paris, where even the professors were bound to celibacy (*nullus uxoratus admittebatur ad regentiam*). The rector was the head, the president (*caput, principale*) of the whole university. Oxford and Prague alone, where the supreme power was invested in the chancellor, form in this respect an exception, but only so far as names are concerned, for the Oxford chancellor was *eo ipso* rector of the university. The rector's high dignity found expression in the title of *Magnificus*, which, in the Middle Ages, was allowed to none but princes imperial and royal, and a suitable dress distinguished the highest official of the university whenever he appeared in public. It is surprising to learn what an important figure a university rector played on public occasions. At Paris, and later on at Vienna, the rector, when officiating in his avocation, preceded in rank even the bishops. The rector of the University of Louvain (Loewen) was allowed a life-guard of his own; and even Charles V., attending on one occasion the convention of the university, took his place after the rector. At Leyden, the stadtholder, when appearing in the name of the states-general, allowed the precedence to the rector of the university; and whenever the rector of Padua visited the Republic of Venice he was received by the senate with the highest marks of honour. When at Vienna the court was prevented from attending at the procession on Corpus Christi, the rector of the university took the place of the sovereign immediately behind the *sanctissimum*. From the exalted station which a university rector occupied in society the fact is easily explained, that dignitaries of the church, noblemen of the highest rank, and even princes of blood royal, did not slight the rectorial purple of the university. The rector wore, like the deans, a black gown, but on festive occasions he was dressed in a long robe of scarlet velvet. He acted as the president of the highest academic tribunal, and held his judicial sessions, assisted by the proctors, and if he so pleased he might invite the deans as well. In criminal cases occurring within the bounds of the university, he could inflict any, from the slightest to the severest penalties of the law. Hence a *sword* and a *sceptre* were carried before him when he traversed the streets or appeared on public occasions. He convened the meetings of the university corporations, and

conventions held under any other authority (even that of the chancellor) had no legal power in carrying resolutions. What we have just stated concerning the rector holds good for the chancellor of Oxford. When Paris and other universities contrived to free themselves from the influence of their diocesan, Oxford never loosened the close ties which bound it to the church, and received without opposition its governing head from the bishop. But it must be borne in mind that the chancellor of the university had nothing whatever to do with the church of Lincoln, which had its own chancellor. Once appointed by the bishop, Oxford's chancellor entered upon all the functions, and the same independent position as the rector elsewhere. On the other hand, however, he represented the chancellor of the other continental universities, who formed the connecting links between the university and the church. During the Middle Ages the functions of the continental chancellor were restricted to the few cases of promotion at which he acted as the representative of the bishop, to give the sanction and blessing of the Church to proceedings which were deemed as naturally belonging to her proper sphere of supervision and authority. Having so far finished our sketch of the different members of the *Corpus Academicum*, we may finally let them pass in review as they appeared at processions and other public occasions, according to rank and precedence. At the head of the train we see, of course, the rector followed by the dean, doctors and licentiates of theology, with whom went in equal rank the sons of dukes and counts, and the higher nobility generally. These were succeeded by the dean, doctors and licentiates of the law faculty, and the students belonging to the baronial order, and with the medical faculty proceeded the students of the lower nobility. The fourth division was formed by the dean and professors (*magistri regentes*) of the arts faculty and those bachelors of other faculties who were masters of arts, while the bachelors of arts followed, and the students closed the procession, they also being divided and following each other according to the succession of the faculties just described, where, *ceteris paribus*, seniority gave the precedence. As in all institutions of mediæval society the division of ranks was strictly observed, and in case of need enforced in the most rigorous manner, a transgression in this respect being visited on any member with severe, sometimes the severest penalty, *i. e.*, expulsion from the university.

All the different degrees of individuals we have now examined were united in corporations, representing a union either according to local divisions in *nations*, or arranged with respect to scientific pursuits in *faculties*. Concerning the nations of the universities, former writers intricated themselves in great difficulties by recurring to hypotheses in which historical records did not bear them out. According to Bulaeus

and Huber the nations of the university represented the different tribes or nationalities which inhabited a country, and found a rallying point at the centre of science and education. Now, this assertion is in open contradiction to the character and nature of academic nations, as may become evident from the following data which we have to advance. The nations of the English universities were, and always continued to be, those of the *Boreales* or *northerners*, and the *Australes* or *southerners*. Among the *Boreales* were included the Scotch, and with the *Australes* figured the Irish and Welsh. If it had lain in the plan of those institutions to preserve and foster the difference of national extraction and to develop it to the highest degree of contrast, how could this end be obtained by a corporation of men which contained in itself the contradictory elements of Celtic and Saxon derivation, elements then more sharply defined and opposed to each other than now. Directing our attention to Paris, we find at an earlier epoch there also only two distinct nations, the French and the English, the former comprising Southern, and the latter Northern Europe. When these two nations were multiplied into four no regard whatever was paid to the different nationalities, for the divisions were the *English*, *French*, *Picardian*, and *Norman*. Why, we may ask, was the nation of the Normans to hold a separate position from that of the English, with whom they were one body from a political point of view, or from the French, whom they resembled closely enough in language and manners? When at the University of Vienna the *Austrian* nation comprised the Italians, and the *Rhenish* nation, besides Southern Germans, the Burgundians, French and Spaniards, where is the principle of nationality preserved? Turning finally to the Italian universities, we meet with hardly any other distinction but that of *Cisalpine* and *Transalpine* nations. How wide the difference between the nationalities of these academic nations must have been we may leave it with our readers to conclude, when we state the fact that in the *Transalpine* nation we find Germans, Scandinavians, Frenchmen, Normans, Englishmen, and Spaniards. What then, will be the question naturally proposed, was the meaning, tendency, and character of academic nations? The Middle Ages, in defining and separating the members of the university into nations, did not intend to sharpen the national contrasts and differences, but on the contrary to soften them down, perhaps to destroy them altogether. Not *natural extraction*, but the geographical situation it was which proffered the criterion for such division. If it were otherwise they would have applied to these divisions not the term of *Nationes* (i. e., *ubi natus*), but that of *Gentes*. Its chief support our view will derive from the fact that in the Middle Ages the distinction of rank and avocations far outweighed that of nationalities in our acceptation of the term. Just as chivalrous knighthood represented, without

respect to the different countries, an institution coalesced into one body or corporation, so likewise the school had its centres of unity, independent of nationalities. The chief criterion of nationalities, *language* formed in the scholastic establishments a centre of unity, Latin being the medium of conversation and literature, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and from Cracow to Lisbon. The division into nations consequently aimed at *uniting* the different tribes according to the different quarters of the globe whence they had come. Every university was looked upon as a geographical centre, and the different nationalities were grouped into nations, and designated by the names of those peoples which resided nearest to the central point, the university. It is true, the division recognised by the university did not object to secondary combinations among students of the same nationality if they wished to enter into a league with their countrymen, so that the Germans, for instance, who belonged to the English nation at Paris, and to the Transalpine nation of the Italian universities, might at any place form a separate corporation known as a *province*. These provinces, however, were not recognised by, or in any official relation to the university. The nations chose, each separately, every six months, the *proctors* (procuratores). The name itself implies the nature of their office, that of being the representatives, the advocates, the attorneys of their respective nations. Not only graduates, but even students were eligible to the office, because doctrine or learning was not at all concerned where academic relationship offered the sole guide in the election. When the whole university was convened, each nation voted separately, and the majority out of the four votes (of the four nations) decided. Questions which concerned the pecuniary contributions of all the members, or the external relations of the university and the like, were discussed and settled in the convention of the nations. The proctors, with the rector as their head, formed the court of academic jurisdiction, and they also elected the rector, who in early times was nothing but the supreme magistrate, the mayor as it were of the academic community.

The nations of which we have treated in the preceding paragraph formed the first and natural division of the *Corpus Academicum* into independent corporations, and may therefore outreach in antiquity the faculties. As soon, however, as the different branches of learning had fully grown into distinct sciences, it was merely in accordance with the corporate spirit of the times, that the scholars of each respective science separated into independent bodies and assumed the form and constitution of corporations. The origin of these scientific corporations or faculties is, like that of the nations, and of the first universities themselves, shrouded in obscurity. The sciences represented in the different faculties may surely be traced back to the early centuries of mediæval education, having their prototype in the Triv-

ium and Quadrivium of the monastic schools; but without entering any further upon probabilities and conjectures about their origin, we proceed at once to a characterization of the faculties at the time of their full development, which is historically authenticated. In all universities the faculties represented the same quadripartite cyclus of sciences, *i. e.*, the *Facultas Artium, Jurisprudentiæ, Medicinæ, and Theologiæ*. It was not requisite for a Studium Generale or university to comprise all the four faculties; on the contrary, we find at the early epoch of academic life hardly any university which professed the four branches of knowledge. Paris and Oxford, for instance, were originally confined to arts and theology, to which the schools of medicine and law were added at a later period, probably copied from the model schools of law and medicine in Italy. Turning to the Peninsula of the Apennines we find there in the earlier times not a single university combining the theological with the other three faculties. Bologna did not gain the privilege of a theological faculty before the year 1362, when Pope Innocent VI. decreed that in the law university the faculty of theology should be established, and theological degrees conferred by the same. Till then it had been customary for Italians to betake themselves to Paris, for the sake of obtaining promotion in theology. Of other Italian universities, Padua received a theological faculty by Pope Urban V., upon the intercession of Francesco da Carrara, then Signor of Padua. Pisa, when obtaining the confirmation of Pope Benedict XII., was allowed the "*studium sacre pagine*;" but the right of promotion was a case altogether separately treated, and therefore expressly mentioned where it was bestowed, which, with regard to Pisa, did not take place. Ferrara also had a theological school exclusive of the right of promotion; but in the year 1391 it succeeded in gaining the privilege of promotion in theology, which, by the end of the fourteenth century, was more universally conceded. But even then we find famous schools, such as Piacenza, Pavia, Lucca, Naples, Perugia, and even that of Rome itself, not participating in the said prerogative. The university of Montpellier (like most of the French schools, Paris excepted) had no theological faculty; and Vienna, confirmed by Pope Urban in 1365, was not favoured with a theological faculty previously to the year 1384. These exceptions were owing to various causes, partly of a local, partly of a higher and more important nature. The interests of neighbouring universities, for instance, might threaten a collision (as in the case of Prague and Vienna), or the pursuits of theological studies could be amply provided for by monastic and cathedral schools. But the principal cause of this system appears to lie in quite a different circumstance. The method of scholastic sophisms had, in spite of the opposing movements of the popes, gained day by day more ground in the theological department, a fact which made a strict

supervision, and therefore a more limited scene for theological operations a real desideratum. The greatest caution was deemed necessary, owing to the fact, that even at Paris, since the scholastic method had gained superiority, startling doctrines were advanced, divergent from the traditional teaching of the Church, and sufficient to cause apprehension.

Admission to degrees depended first of all on the diligent attendance at lectures, which the candidate had to prove by testimonials, and secondly on a certain number of years which he had to devote to the special studies of his faculty. For the bachelorship of arts a study of two, for the magisterium a study of three years was required. In the faculty of law the bachelor had, previously to his promotion, to go through a course of three years, and after seven years of study the licence would be granted; while the medical faculty imposed for the bachelorship two or three, for the licence five or six years, differing in proportion to the candidate's previous studies in the faculty of arts. After six years of theological study the candidate could attain the bachelorship in theology, whereupon his faculty pointed out one or other chapter of Holy Scripture on which he had to lecture under the superintendence of a doctor. Having passed three years in these pursuits, he might gain permission to read on "dogmatics" or doctrinal theology (*libri sententiarum*). Bachelors were, therefore, divided into *baccalaurei biblici* and *baccalaurei sententiarum*, and both designated as *cursores*. A bachelor who had begun the third book of the sentences became *baccalaureus formatus*, and after three years' further practice, that is after eleven years of theological study, he presented himself for the licence. The head of each faculty, the *dean* (*decanus*), was elected by the graduates out of his respective faculty, in some cases for six, in others for twelve months. The community of the university was represented in three different conventions: the consistory (*consistorium*), the congregation (*congregatio universitatis*), and the general assembly (*plena concio*). The first was originally the judicial tribunal, and though its functions became more varied at a later time, it continued to be the representative assembly of the academic nations. The congregation was a meeting of a more scientific, and as it were aristocratic character, including only the doctors and licentiates of the different faculties. It formed the court of appeal from the sentence of the respective faculties. The general assembly, comprising all the members of the university, was convened on but few occasions, and then only for the celebration of academic festivals, or for the publication of new statutes, or especially in cases when contributions were to be levied from all the members of the university. On the last-mentioned occasion only had the students or undergraduates the right of voting; in every other instance they were restricted to silence, or the more passive, though

uproarious mode of participation, by applauding or hissing the proposals and discussions of their elders and betters. Here, again, we have to point out a characteristic difference between the Cismontane and Transmontane universities. While the whole constitution of the universities on this side the Alps, with their laws, statutes, &c., was dependent on the aristocratic body of the graduates, the universities of Italy, and chiefly that of Bologna, display a thoroughly democratic character. At Bologna the students were the gentlemen who, out of their number, elected the rectors. The Italian rector was in fact identical with our proctor, though his functions extended over a wider range. The aristocratic congregation of faculties is almost totally unknown in Italian universities, where the nations preserved their predominant position all through the Middle Ages. The professors were hardly more than the officials of the students, and in their service, though in the pay of the citizens. In the documents we never read of any legal transaction being performed by the faculties, but always by the rectors and the nations, or the rectors and the students, and even the Papal bulls with respect to the Italian universities freely use the expression of a *universitas magistrorum et scholarium*. In short, the Italian universities were democracies, while the Western, and chiefly the English universities, present traits of a decidedly aristocratic character.

To complete the sketch of the organisation of mediæval universities we must add a few remarks concerning their position in society, and the relation in which they stood to civil and ecclesiastical authorities. The members of the body academic were subject to three distinct tribunals: internal discipline and jurisdiction belonged to the functions of the rector and proctors; violations of the common law which were committed outside the pale of the university, and required the apprehension of the delinquent, lay within the pale of the bishop's jurisdiction; and all cases falling under the head of *atrocitas* were, for final decision, reserved to the law courts of the Crown. The bounds of ecclesiastical jurisdiction being rather vague and undefined, collisions between the ecclesiastical and secular authorities would naturally arise. In order to provide for all emergencies the Pope appointed *conservatores*, individuals who had no direct connection with the university, and could therefore the more effectually step forward as mediators when they considered its immunities and liberties endangered. The University of Oxford, for example, was placed under the guardianship of the episcopal sees of London and Salisbury, and the "ward," it would appear, contrived to get into so many scrapes that the charge of *conservatores* was rendered anything but a sinecure. At one time we find them in a controversy with the Crown, at another in a deadly feud with the city magistrates, and again occasionally exchanging not very friendly wishes with the Bishop of Lincoln, the

diocesan of Oxford. When they found their opponents refractory they appealed to the Pope, who at once despatched a legate to the scene of action, where, in nine cases out of ten, the controversy was decided in favour of the university, the darling child of the Church. By the constitution of Pope Gregory IX., granted to Paris University in the year 1231, and soon extended to Oxford, the functions of the academic by the side of civil and ecclesiastic authorities were more clearly and satisfactorily defined. Most conspicuous in that constitution is a statute, according to which the Chancellor of Paris as well as the municipal authorities had to take an oath to honour and maintain the privileges of the university. The relations between the academic authorities and the city magistrates, or to use an academic phrase, between gown and town, remained at all times in an unsatisfactory state. In Italy the universities to a great extent owed their existence to the liberality of opulent citizens, who valued the institutions far too highly to disgust them by any infringement of their privileges. Should, however, the city of Bologna show difficulties in their path, the scholars, well aware of a friendly reception elsewhere, packed up their valuables, or pawned them in case of need, and emigrated to Padua. If the commune of Padua grew in any way obnoxious to the university, the rectors and students at once decided on an excursion to Vercelli. The good citizens of Vercelli received them with open arms, and in the fulness of their joy assigned five hundred of the best houses in the town for the accommodation of their guests, paid the professors decent salaries, and to make the gentlemen students comfortable to the utmost the city engaged two copyists to provide them with books at a trifling price fixed by the rector. If the Bolognese emigrants did not feel comfortable at Imola, there was its neighbouring rival Siena, which allured the capricious sons of the Muses with prospects far too substantial to be slighted by the philosophical students. These gentlemen having pawned their books, their "*omnia sua*," the city of Siena paid six thousand florins to recover them, defrayed the expenses of the academic migration, settled on each of the professors three hundred gold florins, and—to crown these acts of generosity—allowed the students gratuitous lodgings for eighteen months. However much an Italian student might have relished an occasional brawl in the streets, there was hardly an opportunity given him to gratify his pugilistic tendencies, while in this country the street fights between students and citizens often assumed the most fearful proportions. The more English citizens fostered a feeling of independence, derived from increased wealth and social progress, the less were they inclined to expose themselves to the taunts, and their wives and daughters to the impudence of some lascivious youth or other. The students, on the

other hand, able with each successive campaign to point out a new privilege gained, a new advantage won over their antagonists, would naturally find an occasional fight tend to the promotion of the interests of the body academic, besides gratifying their private taste for a match, which in those days, and in this country especially, may well nigh have attained the pitch of excellent performance. We do not think it necessary or desirable to enter into the details of these riots between *town* and *gown* which are very minutely narrated in Huber's history of the English Universities. From the position which they had gained in England, it will easily be understood that the universities could not keep aloof from the great political contests of the times, so that as far back as King John's reign the political parties had their representatives at the academic schools, where the two nations of *Australes* and *Boreales* fought many a miniature battle, certainly not always with a clear discernment as to the political principles which they pretended to uphold.

It is very curious to observe the manner of self-defence which those gigantic establishments adopted when they were pressed by the supreme powers of Church or State. In the first instance they had recourse to suspension of lectures and all other public functions, a step sufficiently coercive on most occasions to force even the Crown into compliance with their wishes. Should, however, this remedy fail, they applied to still more impressive means, which consisted in dissolution of the university or its secession to another town. Even the most despotic monarch could not abide without apprehension the consequences of such a step, if resorted to by a powerful community such as Paris and Oxford, for it had received legal sanction in the constitution granted by Gregory IX., and its results were far too important to be easily forecast or estimated. We have already alluded to the frequent migrations of Italian universities, and need therefore only point out the impulse imparted to Oxford by the immigration in 1209 of a host of secessionist students and professors from Paris, the unmistakeable influence on the development of Cambridge exercised by secessionist scholars of Oxford, and the rise of the University of Leipzig upon the immigration of several thousand German students who, with their professors, seceded from Prague, where Slavonic nationality and Hussite doctrines had gained the ascendancy over Germans and Catholics.

The universities gradually emancipated themselves, rose higher and higher in the estimation of society, and thus became the sole leaders and guides of public opinion. Popes and emperors forwarded their decrees to the most famous universities in order to have them inserted in the codes of canon and civil law, discussed in the lectures of the professors, and thus commended to a favourable reception

among the public. As the highest authorities of Church and State, so did individual scholars appreciate the influence of Alma Mater. It was not uncommon for literary men to read their compositions before the assembled university, in order to receive its sanction and approval before publication. So did Giraldus, for example, recite his "Topography of Ireland" in the convention of the University of Oxford, and Rolandino his chronicle in the presence of the professors and scholars of Padua.

We cannot more fitly conclude our remarks on the social position of the Mediæval Universities than by shortly narrating the occasion on which they displayed, for the last time in the Middle Ages, the immense power of their social position. The University of Paris, as it behoved the most ancient and eminent theological school, took the lead in the movements which were made in the case of the Papal schism. Ever memorable will be the occasion when, on Epiphany, 1391, Gerson, the celebrated Chancellor of the University of Paris, delivered his address on the subject before the king, the court, and a numerous and brilliant assembly. Owing to his exertions and the co-operation of the professors and members of the university, certain proposals were agreed upon which tended to restore peace and unity in the church. The king, for a time, was inclined to listen to these proposals, but being influenced again by the party of Clement VII., he ordered the chancellor to prevent the university from taking any further step in the matter. All petitions directed to the king for a revocation of the sentence proving futile, the university proceeded to apply means of coercion. All lectures, sermons, and public functions whatsoever were suspended until it should have gained a redress of its grievances. The letter then directed by the university to Clement VII. gave that Pope such bitter truths to meditate upon, that an apoplectic fit, which soon after caused his death, is partly attributed to the effect of the academic epistle he had received from Paris. It became then universally understood that one of the ways indicated by the Alma Parisiensis must be chosen for the restoration of peace and order in the Church. In 1409 the Synod of Pisa was opened to take the long-desired steps against the schism. The universities were strongly represented by their delegates, not the least in importance among the venerable constituencies of the Occidental Church, the number of doctors falling little short of a thousand. Reformation of the Church in its head and members, and a revision of its discipline and hierarchic organization, were loudly proclaimed by the representatives of the universities, foremost among all by Gerson, the Chancellor of Paris, the most brilliant star in the splendid array of venerable doctors and prelates of the Church.

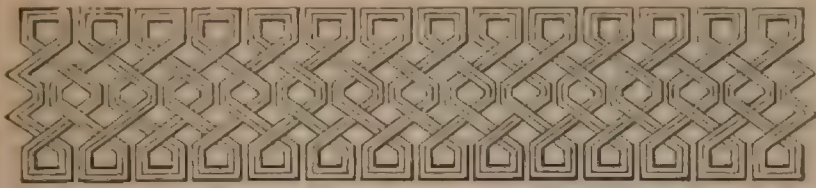
Mediæval universities were truly *universal* in their character, being

united by one language, literature, and faith. With the sixteenth century nationalities were growing into overwhelming dimensions; national literature rose in defiant rivalry and joined revived antiquity in marked hostility against the scions of scholasticism; and, to give the final stroke, the unity of faith was crumbling piecemeal under the reforming spirit of the age. The ties which had bound mediæval universities to each other and to their common centre were sundered. Some became defunct; others led a precarious existence; all had a hard and troublesome time of it,—a fact touchingly recorded in the annals of Vienna:—"Ann. 1528: Propter ruinam universitatis nullus incorporatus est." This sad epitaph might have been written over the portals of more than one university and public school by the middle of the sixteenth century.

JAMES HELFENSTEIN.

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JOTTINGS FROM DANISH THEOLOGY.

No. I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CONTEMPORARY REVIEW."

SIR,—

SOME of your readers will, perhaps, remember that some papers appeared (a year or two ago) in the *Guardian*, under the title of "Jottings from German Theology." The works observed upon were chosen almost at random, with a view only to show what is being said and thought around us, and without even an implied responsibility for the contents of them. These "jottings" were described as an instalment of a much larger purpose, which contemplated the entire cycle of Continental theology; Danish and Norwegian standing next on the list.

But the exigencies of a newspaper act unfavourably upon such enterprises, and involve so much uncertainty (and often delay), that I am anxious to find a field which shall be less open to interruption, whatever be the measure of the space assigned. If it happen that the *Contemporary Review* be available, it will give me much pleasure to send some papers to yourself.

The last of the "jottings" to which I refer was a sort of transition, or half-way house between the theology of Germany and that of Denmark. It contained a brief summary of a book by a German, called "Church Matters in the Scandinavian Countries;"* in so far, at least, as it dealt with one of the chiefest in Denmark—the still living (very venerable) Bishop Grundtvig, of Copenhagen. Forty years ago he was the opponent of Clausen, and of the sceptical principles which he had imported from Germany. Against the dangers which threatened he took the ground of history, and argued like an ordinary English Churchman. The Christian Church (he says) is a company of faithful men with a definite confession, which she lays before all who desire to enter into communion with her. She receives them as members—through Baptism and the Holy Communion—if they renounce the devil, and profess their faith in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, according to the Apostolic symbol. So far we have nothing very remarkable. But the great peculiarity of Bishop Grundtvig's theology is to be sought in his views of

* "Kirchliche Zustände in den Scandinavischen Ländern." Von Moriz Lütke-Elberfeld, 1864.

the creed itself; and I cannot better set them before your readers than by quoting from another Danish divine—Bishop Martensen. He has written, at some length, against his brother bishop, in a work which he names “*A Shield against So-called Grundtvigianism* ;” * and the points which he makes against him are, in many ways, curious. The phrase which Grundtvig uses to denote the creed is “the little (brief) word from the Lord’s mouth” (*det lille ord af Herrens mund*) ; and his notion is, that that venerable formula is capable of being traced to our Master himself. This “little word from the Lord’s mouth” (spoken to the apostles during the forty days†), handed on from generation to generation, from mouth to mouth, as a living word—the word of light and of life (*lys-ordet og livs-ordet*)—is the mainstay of the Christian community ; whilst the Holy Scripture which was published afterwards cannot be this, because it is not the living word. For the word lies dead in the Scriptures, as in a holy grave, and we must not “seek the living among the dead,” whilst the risen One is living in his Church, in his own very word (*mundsord*), and in the Sacraments.‡ With this principle is connected (according to Grundtvigianism) a thorough emancipation from the “papacy of the letter” (*skriftklogskabens pævedom*), forasmuch as the Church is not referred to the Scriptures in order therefrom to draw its Christianity, but to the Creed and Baptism ; from whence it follows that the Scriptures are for teachers rather than for Christians in the mass.

So states Bishop Martensen his opponent’s case ; and there is no ground for saying that he states it unfairly. He treats Bishop Grundtvig with the utmost respect, and apologizes with special earnestness, not so much for opposing his theories as for venturing to suggest that they are not original. On this head he refers to the strangest of forerunners : he points—of all men in the world—to Lessing ! “The non-theological reader,” remarks the Bishop, “who only, perhaps, knows Lessing as the author of ‘Nathan the Wise,’ or as a famous æsthetical critic, will probably be greatly astonished, and will ask what Lessing has to do with the Church and Church questions.” The explanation (very lucid and interesting) follows. §

“In Lessing’s time there lived in Hamburg an orthodox Lutheran priest (præst), Johann Melchior Goetze ; a man who was not without depth and learning, but also not without theological narrowness (*indskrænknings*) and passion. This man was a ‘letter-theologue’ in the strictest sense of the word ; and the prejudices which are imputed to the Bible orthodoxy of the old school were found in him to a most astonishing degree. If one wishes to realize to one’s self his narrow, and, in many ways, soulless (*aandløse*) standpoint, one has only to read some of the sketches which the Grundtvigians are wont to draw of the theologians who differ from them, and whom they are accustomed to call ‘letter-theologues.’ For although those sketches resemble but little the theologians of this era, they adapt themselves, with some exaggeration, to Goetze and his sympathizers of that day. If, then, that be imputed to those Lutheran theologians which Grundtvig imputes to the existing theologians of Denmark and Norway, that they have not mastered the light-giving (*indlysende*) distinction ‘between believing the Holy Scriptures and believing every syllable of them to be inspired ;’ if one imputes to them that they considered Christianity and the Bible to be one and the same thing, and that they possess Christ (*have Christum*) no otherwise than in a book which fell down from heaven ; if one mentions concerning them that they think they have eternal life in dead papers (*døde papirer*), and mark them as ‘Bible-worshippers,’ who bow the knee before a dumb and speechless syllable ; if, in a word, one were to mention that the Bible-theologues have no eye to the Church, no eye for the Lord’s and for the Spirit’s living presence and working in the assembly of the faithful, . . . these sketches might (as has been said) fit on, for the most part, to the standpoint of Goetze and those who then thought with him.”

* “*Til Forsvar mod den saakaldte Grundtvigianisme.*” Af Dr. H. Martensen, Biskop over Sjællands Stift. Kjøbenhavn, 1863.

† Acts i. 3.

‡ Martensen, p. 11.

§ Pp. 13, 14.

Bishop Martensen next proceeds to explain Lessing's position, and how it came about that such as he should have set forth views which were but little to be expected from him. "He found," says the Bishop,—

"The Scripture principle of Protestantism to be defended and applied with such one-sidedness (eensidighed), that the Bible, so to say, had become a dumb idol, whilst living Christianity and Church life was forgotten in a condition of things which had had its day (hindøende tilstand). He began, therefore, to assert tradition, ecclesiastical and verbal, in opposition to the Scripture. As Goetze had attacked him because he had forwarded the publication of a work (of course the 'Wolfenbüttelsche Fragmente') which contains a general attack upon the New Testament, Lessing answered that the cause of the Bible was in no sense the same as that of Christianity; and that an attack upon the Scriptures was by no means the same as an attack upon Christianity. . . . Was not Christianity in full course before the books of the New Testament were written, and (still more) before they were collected into the Canon? Had not the Lord's Prayer been prayed long before it was written down in the Gospels? Had not the baptismal formula been in use before St. Matthew wrote it down? To whom were the writings of the New Testament addressed, except to such as were already Christians and believers? If, then, Christianity could come into full force without the Holy Scriptures, so might it remain alive and continue itself without them."

In describing more at length the course of the controversy, Bishop Martensen tells us how that when Goetze, in the heat of dispute, had "put forth the unwise (ubesindige) assertion that *all* intelligent Christians, and *all* Christian teachers in *all* ages, had recognised the Holy Scriptures as the *alone* source of the knowledge of Christianity, and the *alone* basis of doctrine, Lessing pointed forcibly to the ancient fathers (especially Irenæus and Tertullian), and to the Regula Fidei as laid down by them. 'This Regula Fidei,' says Lessing, 'is the rock upon which the Church is built, and not the Holy Scriptures.'"^{*}

But now comes the fact which is to justify this episode, by connecting the sceptic Lessing (of whom Goetze could say that if he published a Bible it would doubtless take the form of a pocket edition!) with a grave and very active Christian bishop:—

"When Lessing's opponents maintained that the so-called Regula Fidei had developed itself *subsequently* upon the basis of the baptismal formula, he was led to maintain a theory which, had he lived in our own days, might have obtained for him the name of a Grundtvigian. He maintained (that is) that the fully-formulated Rule of Faith must have been from the beginning. One while he mentions this as the highest probability; one while as something certain, and unconditionally essential; and he thinks he can even name the point of time when our Lord communicated the Apostles' Creed,—during the forty days. Be it ever so probable that the acceptance of the baptismal formula given in Matt. xxviii. 19 was in the beginning sufficient for the reception of those in baptism who wished to acknowledge Christ, is it on this account improbable that Christ, after his resurrection, did leave with his disciples a short summary of what they should teach about Him in other days?"

That this was so, he maintains to be certain. "Either," he says,—

"We must accept nothing, absolutely nothing† about the Christian religion upon merely historical grounds, or we must accept this,—that there has been in every age an authentic form of faith which contains more than the mere formulary which was commanded for baptism, which has not grown accidentally out of this formulary, which has not been drawn late out of the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, which does not derive its credibility from its agreement with these writings, but which draws its credibility from itself."

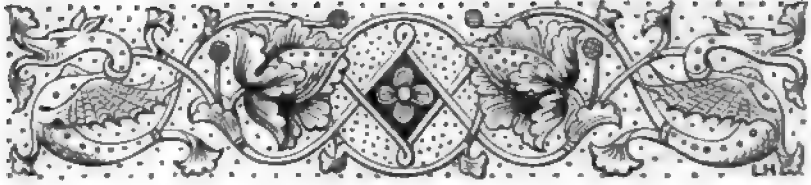
This, as we have seen, is the very principle of Grundtvig. But on this head I must ask you to hear Bishop Martensen again.

For the present I have occupied your space sufficiently.

W. C. DOWDING.

* Martensen, pp. 17, 18.

† "Nichts, gar nichts."



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Das Characterbild Jesu. Ein Biblischer Versuch. Von Dr. DANIEL SCHENKEL, Grossh. Bad. Kirchenrath, und Professor der Theologie. Dritte Auflage. Wiesbaden : C. W. Kreidel's Verlag. 1864.

[*The Character of Jesus. A Biblical Essay.* By Dr. DANIEL SCHENKEL, Consistorial Counsellor of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and Professor of Theology. Third Edition. Wiesbaden : Kreidel. 1864.]

IT is not without a certain degree of hesitation that we have set ourselves to bring before our readers a notice of the above work. But as the name of Dr. Schenkel stands somewhat prominent at present among the constructive anti-supranaturalistic theologians of Germany, and as this particular work has given occasion to much controversy and even ecclesiastical agitation, in which it was sought, though in vain, to depose the author from his Professorship on account of it, we have on the whole,—though not fond of vending to general notice views of sacred truth which we deem fatally erroneous,—yet judged that it will do no harm to indicate the kind of position which Dr. Schenkel has taken, especially as we cannot but believe, that our readers will agree with us in thinking, that the simple exposition of his views is for the most part at once the exposure of their fallacy.

The object of the work Dr. Schenkel thus describes :—

“Unquestionably we are compelled to renounce the hope of setting forth a ‘Life of Christ,’ in any strict sense of the term. Our purpose goes no further than to sketch a portrait of the Character of Jesus, so far as this is possible, following such original documents as can be relied upon. How Jesus became what he was; amid what conditions, trials, conflicts, he developed himself and fought his way through to perfection; what he desired, aimed at, achieved, and in what particular manner; what it is in which the definite peculiarity of his life and endeavour, of his person and his work, left its impression,—this, to the best of our power, we have endeavoured to show. In this endeavour there certainly hovers before our eyes, not only a problem of science, but also a requirement of the Church. We are deeply penetrated by the conviction that the comprehensive and radical renewing of the Church, at which our whole age is labouring,

can only be carried through in connection with a renewed faith in the really historical Christ living in the world's history."—(pp. 9, 10.)

We must do Dr. Schenkel the justice of stating that he is neither, as a theologian, a merely negative critic of the Gospel history, nor, as a member of the Christian Church, without a certain zeal for what he considers would be the Christian progress of society. In the latter point of view, he is one of the originators and most active members of the "Protestanten Verein" (Protestant Association), formed professedly for the diffusion of Protestant and Christian sentiments. In former years he was regarded as an ardent friend of free-minded evangelical religion; but his scepticism has, of later years, destroyed in his mind all positive beliefs belonging to orthodox Christianity. What he insists upon as the one great truth of Protestantism is "free inquiry," such as shall own subjection to no external authority whatever, but shall be "evermore knocking at the gates of truth, and never rest, till it has forced its way forward to the very last causes and powers by which the process of humanity's development in religion and morals is conditioned and made practicable" (p. 5). Perhaps Dr. Schenkel himself understands what the goal is which he thus endeavours to set before our view; but we have our doubts.

While, however, he throws to the winds all the dogmas of Church orthodoxy, he yet would fain cling to a certain phantom, left him by his former religious thought. He holds to the persuasion that "faith in the world's Redeemer," "resting upon firmer foundations than those of superstition, priestcraft, and an imagination filled with joyous images [of future rewards] or searing images [of future punishments]," and "reposing upon general conviction, on the mental and social requirements of nations, the educational elements [Bildungselementen] of all time," can alone impart "to culture its consecration, to civilization its depth" (p. 9). He adores an imaginary Jesus, whom he thinks he descries looming through the heavy fogs of New Testament fable, "without qualification the most exalted and most influential phenomenon in the world's history," the exhibition of which is "a problem which none can hope ever satisfactorily to solve;" for, explore as you will, "an incomprehensible remainder will still be left behind, since unknown magnitudes co-operated in the work of the Redeemer's life, which no human sagacity will ever succeed in computing" (p. 9).

We have here a blending of elements offering a composition vastly attractive to the unchurched mind of modern Germany. On the one hand, that mind has leave given it to revel in endless activity of moral and metaphysical investigation, which shall nevermore find aught to check its flights, but shall career upwards, downwards, away, in illimitable ether, in chartered freedom. On the other hand, the Teutonic mind delights in the mysterious, the vaguely-awful, the *εἰσιόνορος*, and must have it to feed upon; and as the Bible, especially the New Testament, is adapted to supply this requirement, it cannot lose its hold altogether upon Teutonic reverence. However much in that sacred book German *scopsis* may manage (as it thinks) to melt away into thin air, it yet cannot afford to lose all. Indeed it is recognised generally, even for example by Strauss, that there is something there which all the *scopsis* in the world can never rid out of being; a something which has caused the sense of its having been present so deeply into the world's consciousness, that a philosophy which either leaves it out of account, or fails to investigate it, is convicted of being untrue to its character. That something is Jesus Christ, the reverence of Christendom for 1,800 years, and, as exhibited in the New Testament, qualified to command the homage. And so the German *intellect* of the present time, deeply sceptical, and yet forced

to admit that a marvellous Reality did appear in Judæa at that time, and the German *heart*, insatiably yearning for an object to adore, must, in combination, necessarily have some such theory respecting Christ as is here propounded,—one among many others which the combined causes now described have evolved and will yet evolve. And we must confess that, baseless as the entire representation is, it yet is less repulsive to the English mind than the image of Jesus drawn by Renan, in which, with many features in common, the high qualities which attach to the German's ideal, and to which his reverence is accorded, are replaced by a Frenchman's sentimentality and a Frenchman's *finesse*, in a manner which makes worship impossible.

Dr. Schenkel's notions respecting our Gospels must be briefly stated, that it may be seen how slight and uncertain is the basis of documentary evidence on which he builds. They are as follow.

The correspondence between the three synoptic Gospels may be most easily explained on the supposition that they all made use of an older writing, an *Ur-Evangelium*. It is "most highly probable" [we see not why] that this *Ur-Evangelium* was sketched by Mark, as "the Gospel of Jesus Christ" (Mark i. 1), before A.D. 60, in the Roman Church, and for the mission to the Western heathen. This, however, is not our present Mark; this we owe to a later hand, which added further details, and brought the whole into better order. Yet, notwithstanding these modifications, the image of Jesus's character is reflected with greater fidelity in the second Gospel than in either of the others. We have no *schriftstellerische Tendenz* here, no purpose in the composition leading to distortion of the materials. With the first Evangelist the case is different; his object is to frame his narrative to affect the unbelieving of the Jews: hence his frequent references to the Old Testament; hence his endeavour to make out that Jesus must needs have done and suffered as He did, because some passages of the Old Testament behoved to be fulfilled, thus depriving his life of its spontaneity. The fountains flow, however, more copiously in Matthew than in the second Gospel; we have large discourses of Christ, indicating "a collection of our Lord's discourses already in being." Richer sources still were accessible to the third Evangelist; "among them, however, such as betray yet more plainly the legendary transformations of a later age." But all three agree in this,—they limit Christ's ministry to Galilee. They "have no knowledge" of his being at Jerusalem till the closing days of his ministry. In all three, also, all through, Jesus appears as a true man, moving within the bounds of human limitation, which are only broken through by his miraculous actions: "miracles of omnipotency are humanly no longer conceivable" (p. 16). But these were merely legends, tagged on to the real life of Jesus by "later generations" (späteren Geschlechtern), seeking "in outer miracles to make visible to their view the inner marvellous power of His personal greatness and glory" (in *äusseren Wunderereignissen die innere Wundermacht seiner persönlichen Grösse und Herrlichkeit sich zu veranschaulichen*).

"Moreover, typical personages (Vorbilder) of the Old Testament suggested the supposition that Jesus surely had not been behind them in this respect. If Moses, to save men dying of thirst, had drawn water out of rocks, and fed the starving with manna; if Elijah and Elisha had healed the sick and raised the dead, how natural it was to set forth Him, who undoubtedly was greater than Moses and more glorious than Elijah, as therefore also the accomplisher of greater and more glorious deeds! It is not invention subserving some defined purpose (tendenziöse Erfindung), and still less, as a coarse estimate of history deems, deceit and lies; there lies therein an unconscious homage, rendered by the imagination of a pious enthusiasm on the part of disciples and believers, who had been deeply excited in conscience and in spirit, and who in such hyperbolas gave expression—certainly, after the measure of sober historical criticism, unsuitable expression—to the pious ardour of admiration, love, and reverence unkindled

by the Hero-Form of One, by whom they knew themselves refreshed with everlasting water, fed with heavenly bread, raised up to imperishable life."—(P. 16.)

Here we may be allowed to observe, with all brevity, that the suspicion thrown by Dr. Schenkel upon the integrity of our Gospels is altogether gratuitous. There is nothing whatever to warrant or to suggest it. The *diplomatic* facts of the case disprove it. There are, it is true, a very few passages in the New Testament in which suspicion is warranted by great and radical variation in the manuscript reading; and the unsteadiness of manuscript testimony is held in such cases (as it is in profane literature) to justify the suspicion of interpolation. Not a vestige of such unsteadiness is perceptible in the great body of the evangelical text. St. Luke's Gospel is fixed to the time of the first generation of believers after our Lord's death, who had received the Gospel from the apostles themselves and their coevals, who were themselves most of them still alive. This is established by its connection with the Acts, and the connection of the Acts with the Epistles. And there is no ground for doubting that the other two Gospels were composed (within a decennium) at the same time. We resent, therefore, the suggestion implied in Dr. Schenkel's "later generations." We affirm that chronologically there is no room for such a genesis of legendary miracles in connection with Christ's life. The miraculous parts of the story cohere with the rest, even in St. Mark; and without miracles the whole, including St. Mark as well, loses all its significance. For miracle is not a mere embellishment, as Dr. Schenkel's theory supposes; it is the very essence of the narrative: if you take away the miracle the narrative falls utterly into ruin.

But to return to Dr. Schenkel's theory. The point on which he has set his heart is the discovery, in the synoptical Gospels, of the gradual development in the mind of Jesus of the Messianic idea. It is only to be arrived at by the most wanton treatment of the materials; but he has managed to convince himself of the fact, and that the three Gospels are characterized by teaching it. "They present to our view a *Characterbild* of Jesus, which, with the exception of the miracles, is in itself fully intelligible, and in the highest sense of the word is humanly affecting and morally elevating (*menschlich ergreifend und sittlich erhebend*)." But this theory of development is wholly negatived by the fourth Gospel. He accordingly sets himself to prove that the apostle John (whom, by the way, with Schweigler and others of the anti-supernaturalistic school, he regards as the author of the Revelation) could not have written the Gospel. We will not go over the ground, combating one by one the arguments which he alleges; they are either founded on misconception or else irrelevant; several of them, which at first seem striking, are neutralized by the consideration that the Gospel was written after the Jewish law and commonwealth had been brought to an end by the destruction of Jerusalem. We will give one extract only:—

"A greater weight, however, we meanwhile lay upon the fact that in the fourth Gospel that portion of Jesus's activity has the least amount of regard paid to it which in the three first Gospels seems the most to give the impression of historical credibility. How could it be that an eye-witness, an immediate voucher, like John, the confidential friend of the Lord, who used to lie upon his breast, should pass over in silence the fact that Jesus, only through frequent inner conflicts and temptations, had forced his way through to the full consciousness of the proper work of his Messianic calling? How could it be that he should make Jesus forthwith step forth to the full 'showing forth of his glory' before he had fully attained to even the clear knowledge of his having been appointed by the Father to be the Saviour of the world? How could it be that a confidential friend of Jesus, a member of the inner circle of the Twelve, should represent the relation of the disciples to their Master in such a way as that they had, forthwith after their calling, recognised in Jesus the Messiah, and that too in the most spiritually exalted sense of the term? Has not the representation of the older Evangelists much greater probability, that only

in very gradual ways had the disciples advanced to the knowledge of the Messianic dignity and distinction of Jesus? How could it be that a confidential friend of Jesus should, on the day after the baptism of Jesus [?] put into the Baptist's mouth the confession that Jesus was the Lamb of God, bearing the sins of the world? a confession which, if it had really proceeded out of the Baptist's mouth, must have necessarily led him to attach himself to the company of Jesus's disciples in his own person with unqualified self-surrender. We can very well conceive how, after the lapse of forty or fifty years [!], the facts of the evangelic history, delivered down from mouth to mouth, may have had legendary ingredients mixed with them; how the impression made by the powerful personality of the Redeemer exaggerated itself in the imagination of the Apostolic Church into representations which laughed to scorn all established limits in the order of nature and of the world. We find it quite explicable how, upon an otherwise firm historical background, such mirror-images of the Church's idealizing enthusiasm might reflect themselves. But how an eye-witness, quite intimate with the facts, and that too in the evening of his life, when the eye becomes doubly keen in scanning the expressions of early days, should have chosen a philosophical standing-point for the exhibition of the evangelic history, and should have desecrated Jesus only in the brightness of an unqualified halo of miracle,—*this we cannot rightly comprehend.*"—(Pp. 21, 22.)

Can there be a more signal instance of that kind of intellectual bondage which in some men is the nearest possible approach to madness? A bondage, that is, to a theory, not drawn from factual premises, but clutched, as the Germans phrase it, "out of air," which however shall give to all facts, in any way relating thereto, another hue than the reality, or, where it cannot colour them to its purpose, deny their existence.

"The madman, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact;"

and a German anti-supranaturalistic Christologist belongs to the same category. We look into the synoptic Gospels, *as we have them*, and there we perceive no such progressive development in the mind of Jesus of what He was, but from the very first the full sense of His absolute majesty. The testimony is borne to Him from without, accepted, never declined (see, *e.g.*, Matt. iii. 11, 12, 17; viii. 9, 29; ix. 27; Mark i. 7—11, 24, 34). It breathes forth in His own words (see, *e.g.*, Matt. iv. 19; v. 17, 28, 34, 39; vii. 22, 23; ix. 6; x. 32, 33; xi. 10, 11). Dr. Schenkel puts aside any inconvenient facts with the assertion that such passages are an aftergrowth of superstitious legend. But they serve, at any rate, to show that the three first evangelists exhibit just the same view of our Lord's consciousness as the fourth, so that the fourth is accredited as standing *pari gradu* with the other three by his very agreement with them in this representation. If the supernatural is set aside as of course impossible, the *whole* is set aside, and we have no historical basis whatever for the delineation of the Christ at all, much less for the narrative of the development in his mind of the Messianic consciousness. But if the supernatural is admitted, the whole coheres together within itself, while from without the whole comes accredited with evidence commanding our belief.

The internal coherence of the whole four, *assuming the supernatural*, is very plain in the instances which Dr. Schenkel, in the above extract, urges against it. It is absurd to deny the supernatural, and then to convict the Gospels either of self-inconsistency or of mutual inconsistency; for in fact they have then lost their substantive character. The two first of his "How-could-it-be's" do not disturb *us*; they come back upon his own theory. "See thou to *that*." To the third we reply, that the assurance of Jesus being the Christ, which the disciples are described by St. John as adopting so early, was subsequently modified and impaired for a while, more or less, by the incompatibility of their previous notions of what the Christ should be with what they day by day observed in Jesus, though occasionally reasserting

itself on some more striking manifestation of His greatness, as, *e.g.*, in Matt. xiv. 33. It needed therefore to be instructed and gradually trained to mature strength, before He could rely upon it as making them the rock on which He should build his Church. The fourth evangelist himself indicates this in the remark made in chap. ii. 24, and in the question in vi. 67. In respect to John the Baptist, the very theory of prophetic inspiration (1 Pet. i. 10, 11) supposes that prophets frequently did not fully grasp the import of their own ecstatic utterances, while he further had his own *métier* assigned to him as prophet, which it was not his business to give up, even while confessing its subordination (Matt. iii. 14) and its eclipse (John iii. 27, 30). For the rest, we must be thankful for Dr. Schenkel's acknowledgment of an old man's clear memory, and confess that we still cling to the traditional belief, which all that he alleges does not in the least disturb, that St. John's Gospel was designed to be supplemental, and we may add occasionally corrective, to the earlier Gospels.

Dr. Schenkel assigns the composition of the fourth Gospel to a Gnosticizing writer in Asia Minor, about the year 110—120. But the passages in Justin Martyr plainly allude to this Gospel, although Dr. Schenkel demurs; and indeed the entire four, through all the documentary obscurity resting upon that era, are yet satisfactorily proved to have passed together out of the first into the second century, commanding the assent of the general Christian Church.

With one or two specimens of Dr. Schenkel's interpretation of salient points in the Gospel narrative, we will dismiss the subject.

The vision at the baptism of Jesus is thus explained:—

"During his stay by the Jordan, under the impressions wrought upon Him by the Baptist's ministry, after receiving John's baptism, there was preparing in the soul of Jesus with growing clearness the conviction *that the way of the law could no more be the way of salvation for his people*. There, by the Jordan, He in spirit saw heaven open; there He felt mightily breathed upon by the breath of the Father; there He heard the voice of God, which expressed its complacency in Him as the beloved Son; there for the first time He recognised clearly and certainly the fact that the sin-laden people would never attain to truth and to peace in the path entered upon by John; *there his steps for ever separated from those of the Baptist*. The opened heaven is the symbol of reconciliation offered by God to man: at the Jordan it became clear to Him that peace of heart could only be imparted to his people through reconciliation with God. In the form of a dove (the legend tells us) the Spirit descended upon Him. At the Jordan Jesus came to recognise the truth that only the soft and mild spirit of humility and love, whose image is the dove, could work a moral renewing of the people. A voice from heaven (we are told) announced to Him God's complacency. At the Jordan, for the first time, it came before his mind as being God's will that He should take in hand the work of reconciling and renewing his people in that spirit."—(Pp. 34, 35.)

The transfiguration is rendered as follows:—

"An historical fact lies at the basis of the evangelical narrative. After the affecting and exhausting moments of his last disclosures to his disciples, Jesus had really withdrawn with his three confidential disciples to the height of the hill, and had really, in their midst, communed with Moses and Elias. We must, to be sure, not hold by the shell of the narrative; we must hold by the inner substance. How much had He to tell to those friends of his respecting his true relation to the two hero-forms of the Old Covenant, which even they, up to that time, would not have been able to bear! Moses and Elias were hitherto not rightly estimated by them; not yet understood by them in their subordinate significance in the history of salvation. Not till now, upon the height of that Messianic consciousness of theirs, which He had purified, yea, fully transformed, as One who, not through campaigns and dominion, but through sufferings and death, would redeem his people, could He tell them what relation He actually held to Moses and Elias. He therewith set the true Moses and the true Elias before his confidential disciples—the rest were not yet qualified to receive the disclosure—in the light of his Messianic distinction. Without doubt the disciples had heard the voice that Jesus was God's

beloved Son, not with the outward ear from the cloud-aky, but with the ear of their spirit, &c. With such light of a new revelation shed around Him, Jesus appeared to them in strange guise; the brightness of a higher world beamed forth upon Him; He stood before them there wholly spiritualized, &c. Are we disposed to wonder if those excitable men, under such circumstances, fell into a state of rapture, and believed that they saw heavenly apparitions, heard voices out of another world? Is it not conceivable that later tradition yet more marvellously ornamented and exaggerated what were in themselves extraordinary circumstances?"—(Pp. 105-7.)

Lastly, in respect to the resurrection, he thinks that it is an incontestable fact, that on the morning of the third day the Grave was found empty; but he does not give us the slightest clew for the explanation of this fact; only he tells us it gave occasion to the belief in a miracle, and that the belief in Jesus's resurrection, which the disciples entertained, rested upon this empty grave. A second fact he deems incontestable, that the disciples and others, *e.g.*, the five hundred mentioned by St. Paul, were convinced that they saw Jesus after His crucifixion. A third fact he thinks to be, that the appearances of the risen Jesus related in the Gospels are essentially of the same kind as that accorded to St. Paul, and were manifestations within of the glorified Christ, of the Lord who is the Spirit. "His appearances were just so many glorifications (*Verklärungen*) in the hearts of his believers of his *Characterbild*, which had up to that time been still so much bedimmed."—(Pp. 231-3.)

The grave empty; the apostles and hundreds besides bearing witness that they saw Him alive after his crucifixion; and yet no bodily resurrection, but only manifestations in the hearts of his disciples! Can wilfulness and inconsistency go farther than this?

Die Halben und die Ganzen. Eine Streitschrift gegen die HH. DD. Schenkel und Hengstenberg. Von DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Berlin. 1865.

[*The Half-Men and the Whole-Men. A Controversial Paper against Messrs. Drs. Schenkel and Hengstenberg. By D. F. STRAUSS. Pp. 128.*]

THIS publication need not detain us long. We notice it on account of its former portion, which is a bitter, not to say coarse, attack upon Dr. Schenkel, whose *half* faith Dr. Strauss abhors even more than Dr. Hengstenberg's *whole* faith. His estimate of Dr. Schenkel's book we give in his own words:—

"Schenkel's '*Characterbild Jesu*' ist ein verschwommenes, achselträgerisch vermittelndes, characterloses Buch."—(P. 40.)

We hardly like to venture to translate; but we apprehend the sense to be this:—

"Schenkel's '*Characterbild Jesu*' is a 'milk and water, characterless book, which is neither one thing nor another, but would fain, by trimming and equivocation, be both the one and the other.'"

We do not admire Dr. Strauss's treatment of the *author*, which seems actuated as much by personal dislike as by literary or theological interest; but we think the above nervous description of his *book* to be not very far wrong.

But what we chiefly wish to bring forward to the notice of our readers is the following passage referring to our Lord as He actually was. Having before stated that in former years he "cherished for the historical personality of Jesus the same love and reverence which he cherishes for Him at the present day" (p. 50), he writes as follows:—

"Mr. Schenkel [*sic*] deems that not only is a Christ in the higher sense, as he conceives of him, possible, but that the supposition of such an one is even necessary. I say on the other side, 'If all *that* in the Gospel history is not true which the author of the "Characterbild Jesu" gives up, then much less still is true.' To this he replies, 'If *that* in the Gospel history is true which Strauss recognises there, then much more still is true; since out of so colourless, unsubstantial a personality, as he leaves remaining in Jesus, the results of Christianity are not to be accounted for.' Well, the consistorial counsellor has driven me regularly up into a corner. What way out can be discovered? I know of no other except at once to concede to him the point. Certainly there must be much more true of Jesus than what we know out of our Gospels. There must have perished for us many accounts of his circumstances, his plans, the course of his development, and the complications of his later days. If I remember rightly, I have myself said something of the sort in my 'Life of Jesus.' I have (to be sure I have) spoken of a tree, which has not only got its own boughs and twigs covered over by the parasite plants which have grown so rankly upon it, but also its own foliage and life in various ways destroyed. By the 'tree with its own boughs and twigs' I meant the character and the life of Jesus in their historical features; by the 'parasite plants,' the marvellous, the superhuman, which in later legend and fiction has drawn round about them, in part even obliterated the historical features, and put itself in their room. That these lost features can now no more be fully restored in any way that may, even only in some degree, be relied upon; that therefore the image of Jesus, as we now can portray it, must remain a wavering, colourless sketch, I likewise, with sorrow, allowed. Certainly, therefore, 'much more must be true;' but the question is, Of what kind that *more* will be? According to my notions, we can only look for what is natural, human."—(Pp. 53-5.)

In sorrowful earnest we repeat the question with which Dr. Strauss banteringly begins his preface, "Who would not fain be a whole man?" It is plain to what issues an anti-supranaturalizing kind of secpis conducts its disciples: the end of that way is the loss of an irrecoverable Christ.

The Public Schools' Latin Grammars: why they have Miscarried, and how they may yet Succeed. By the Rev. E. MILLER, M.A. Oxford and London.

It may seem late in the day to pass an opinion on the merits of a pamphlet which partakes of the nature of a prophecy, now that that prophecy is in course of fulfilment. It may also seem a waste of power to criticise a pamphlet, when it is now possible to dissect and form an opinion on the book which forms its subject. With this, however, we have at present nothing to do: its merits or demerits are quite independent of the circumstances under which it has been produced, and of its possible prospects and fate. Judging from the clamour with which the Primer's first appearance has been greeted, there is likely to be considerable difference of opinion on its intrinsic merits; but it is premature at present to decide on these. Of all books, a grammar requires to be digested in order to be appreciated; and as, after all, it is but a weapon, a tool, a means to an end, we must pause awhile to see how it works, before we decide how it will answer its purpose in manufacturing good scholars out of the raw material of boy-mind. The idea of a universal Latin grammar is said to have been first started by Dr. Arnold; it was, however, taken up, and cautiously—almost tentatively—propounded in the recommendations of the Public Schools Commissioners. We think the idea was chimerical in the outset. The days of Acts of Uniformity are over. It is astonishing how fond the English mind appears to be of uniformity, and yet most of our attempts at it have been mischievous failures. The preface to the Prayer-book dwells with edifying complacency on the sweeping away of the diverse uses, and on the fact that henceforth there shall be one and one only order of common prayer throughout the realm: but this unelastic, one-and-one-only order,

helped to drive out the Puritans at the Restoration; nor was the struggle after uniformity of divine service to one cut and model a happy idea as applied to Scotland: still less so perhaps in Ireland. But the very notion of an Act of Uniformity implies the support of external power, independently of intrinsic excellence, to enforce it. And at least in educational matters, where we are as a nation almost morbidly jealous of dictation and interference, uniformity is simply impossible, except under a *régime* of pure imperialism; and we scarcely think we are yet within sight of such a golden age of centralization, that an education minister may get up in the English Parliament, as he did the other day in the French Chamber of Deputies, and astonish his audience by announcing, watch in hand, "Gentlemen, at this moment every boy in France is engaged in studying the geography of Africa." But if an Act of Uniformity is out of the question, the only other means of insuring a universal acceptance of an elementary Latin grammar was clearly its intrinsic excellence. What means then were taken to insure this? Simply these:—"The Nine Muses," as the head masters of the nine schools have been not unhappily called, entrusted to one of their number the task of framing a Latin grammar on the basis of an already existing and well-approved work, subject to their suggestions and criticism. The plan was a simple one, for they could of course insure the commercial success of the work by authoritatively imposing it upon their own schools, and, by consequence, upon the many preparatory schools which live by feeding them. But even here the symptoms of discontent broke out. A remonstrance, signed by a large and respectable number of assistant masters in the public schools, as well as by others who have a right to carry weight in the educational world, was put forth against the proof sheets of the Primer, which were not very widely circulated among schoolmasters, to invite criticism previous to publication.

No one was pleased with the book except the sacred nine. They had, with a strange assumption of infallibility, laid down what was the best initiation in grammar for the juvenile mind; having probably themselves not one of them had a single half-year's experience of the peculiar difficulties which beset the teaching of little boys. They had done even worse; they had surrendered into the hands of one of themselves a function which, from the nature of the case, required the widest co-operation; and the event raised an expression of ill-dissembled repugnance on the part of those whose duty it would henceforth be to thrust the nauseous draught down the unfortunate youngsters' throats. Surely this mode of setting about the production of a new Universal Latin Grammar was a mistake. It erred in two directions. In the first place, it was too exclusive by a long way. As Mr. Miller observes,—

"There were three classes of men thus partially or wholly passed over:—the under masters of the nine public schools; the head masters, each with his staff, of schools clustering round the nine schools visited by the Commissioners, such as Marlborough, Cheltenham, Birmingham, Wellington, Haileybury, Clifton, Malvern, and a host of others, both well known and ably administered; and lastly, the body of masters and tutors preparing boys for public schools, and specially engaged in teaching grammar."

But it also erred in deferring all consultation and advice *ab extra*, till the thing was virtually a *fait accompli*; for, says Mr. Miller very truly,—

"The difference between asking for criticism upon a printed draft, and taking those you ask into deliberation before the draft is made, is like the difference between requesting an opinion from a friend when your mind is made up, and securing his active help in coming to your conclusion."

It may be said, in answer to this, that the nine head masters had but agreed to choose a grammar for their own schools. And so, if we are not

mistaken, it will turn out. The scholastic profession will not, as a matter of course, accept the Public Schools' Grammar, simply because it comes out fortified with the prestige of the nine head masters. They are not looked up to with any such veneration by their brethren of the lesser schools. Personally they are esteemed and respected; but the mere accident of their position entitles their opinion on the concocting of a grammar to no more consideration from the profession at large, perhaps even to less, than that of many among their own assistant masters, or of the better stamp of "grinders," if by so uncomplimentary a term we may describe the preparatory schoolmasters and private tutors, who know, probably, far better than they, "quid ferre recusent, quid valeant humeri puerorum."

There probably never was a time when the so-called public schools exercised less influence on the *teaching* of the rest of the schools of this country. So many rivals to them, both in numbers and importance, have sprung up (although of the more modern institutions some, like Marlborough and Haileybury, are but servile imitations of Rugby), and so entirely have many of the lesser schools—lesser both as regards numbers and pretension—vindicated their claim to at least a proportionately equal share with them in academic distinctions, that there is small likelihood that all the grammar schools up and down England will recognise the necessity of sacrificing their autonomy and following in the wake of the sacred nine. The Grammar must stand or fall on its own merits. If it is an unmistakable improvement on the older ones in general use, it will win its way, though at the best we predict reluctant acceptance for it on these very grounds. If it be not a decided step in educational literature, not all the support of the public schools will float it beyond the limits of their own channel.

For, after all, any grammar is but a machine for educating; if the desired result is satisfactorily produced in the long run, what matters it whether it be attained by one uniform grammar or by many? No two teachers make identically the same use of any single grammar with their pupils; they exercise the right of private judgment in omission, amplification, and the giving of different preponderance to different parts of the subject. And so it will always be, even if in the far off future a minister of education prescribes to every school in England the grammar it shall alone presume to use. Practically the requirements of the Universities are the criterion of our grammatical teaching. They are not likely to insist on an acquaintance with the vagaries of Dr. Kennedy's nomenclature, and so long as they are content with *grammar*, not with this or that grammatical system, each school will, we shrewdly suspect, just "gang its ain gait," and teach grammar to its *alumni* after its own fashion, and according to its own lights, indifferent whether the public schools use one grammar or many.

God's Word Written: the Doctrine of the Inspiration of Holy Scripture Explained and Enforced. By the Rev. EDWARD GARBETT, M.A., Author of "Religion in Daily Life," Incumbent of Christ Church, Surbiton, &c., &c. London: Religious Tract Society.

I. ON the one hand, we can safely recommend this little work as a most useful manual of the principal arguments by which Christians support their belief of the inspiration of the Scriptures. Mr. Garbett begins by defining Christianity, and proceeds to show that it is inseparably bound up with (he uses the scarcely correct term, "identified with") the Christian Scriptures. He then sets forth the authority which has ever been attributed to those Scriptures as distinguished from other writings which have been refused a place in

the canon; and claims that authority, as being the word of God, for every part of the Scriptures. Entering then on the difficult question of the witness which Scripture bears to itself, he concludes that "the authority of Scripture as a revelation from God does not rest upon its self-assertions, but on independent credentials inherent in the character and office of the writers" (p. 76). Still, he maintains, the assertion of such an authority pervades the whole language of Scripture, and is ingrained into its very structure. This he proves by very copious quotations. We may remark, that it is hardly a good sign when a painstaking writer on this subject quotes with confidence, "The Scripture is 'God-inspired,' and is 'profitable for doctrine'" (p. 36): and that in our day, when testimonies as to the insecurity of this rendering of 2 Tim. iii. 16 have been so ably and convincingly accumulated (See Bishop Ellicott's "Pastoral Epistles," *in loc.*). Mr. Garbett should at least have stated, that, in thus citing the text, he was deliberately preferring one of two possible constructions, and that the one which the majority of interpreters have rejected.

II. On the other hand, we feel that we cannot give in our adhesion to Mr. Garbett's theory of inspiration, which begins to be unfolded from this point. It certainly merits the praise of ingenuity: but we fear it will, if thoroughly digested by the ordinary reader, tend rather to unsettle than to confirm him in the faith. For first, he holds that verbal inspiration and mechanical inspiration are entirely distinct—in other words, that every word of every sentence may be dictated to a writer from above, and yet that he need not write mechanically. We own that we are ignorant of the meaning of language, if this can be. We can understand that the fountains of thought might be divinely purified, and the higher faculties strengthened, in order that they might worthily and nobly put forth the knowledge imparted from God. We can understand, as the result of such a special inspiration of the writers, works which shall be distinct in their character from all mere human works: but it seems to us that if the divine interference extends to the dictation of every word that is used (and the theory requires no less), the human element is, not interpenetrated with the Divine, but destroyed altogether: an inference against which the very existing form of the Scriptures is a testimony.

We might show that Mr. Garbett is in the course of his argument inconsistent with himself, as well as with the phenomena of Scripture. He says, at the end of chap. x. (p. 142),—

"Thus the two elements are each maintained in their fulness and integrity. How they were united we can no more explain than we can explain the union of the Godhead and the manhood in the inseparable person (*sic*) of Christ. . . . We maintain the fact of the union without propounding any theory to account for it."

Mr. Garbett is sometimes not very accurate in his use of terms. By "account for" in this last sentence he evidently means "explain." But as to what is asserted;—does he not proceed to propound a theory of the very kind which he disowns, when he sets up the claim to verbal inspiration? What is it, but a theory of the most violent and arbitrary kind?

His favourite analogy, here propounded, is repeated in more express terms in the summary at the end of the volume:—

"They (the Divine and the human elements) are to be regarded as existing side by side, *coexisting in the same manner as the Godhead and the manhood exist together in the personal Word.*"*—(P. 294.)

We must decline following Mr. Garbett into this region of speculation.

* The italics are ours.

Believing as a fundamental article of the faith the co-existence of the Divine and human natures in our Lord (we hardly should have chosen, as matter of verbal accuracy, Mr. Garbett's way of expressing this truth), we cannot view with any approval his attempt thus to illustrate *obscurum per obscurius*: for of all Christian mysteries, this one, "God and man one Christ," is surely the deepest, and the most hidden from human search. And it may be observed, that Churchmen have before them ample warning against such an attempt:—both in the somewhat dangerous venture of the Athanasian Creed, "As the reasonable soul and flesh is one man: so God and man is one Christ:"—and in the application of the same perilous matter of analogy to the mode of our Lord's presence in the Eucharist, by the early English Reformers.†

We are sorry to perceive in those chapters in which Mr. Garbett undertakes to reconcile apparent Scripture discrepancies, very much of the old special pleading. This is especially the case in his dealing with St. Stephen's speech in Acts vii. It is hardly credible, that he should have totally pre-empted the principal difficulty, viz., that of Abram's removal into Judea having taken place "when his father was dead" (ver. 4). It will as little be believed, except by those who are conversant with arguments for verbal inspiration, that he gets over the alleged purchase by Abraham of the sepulchre from the sons of Hamor by "the word Abraham having been written for Jacob in the transcription" (!) What may we not get over by an hypothesis of this kind? One more instance of his adoption of it shall be given, to show its extreme convenience, and its utter untenability. In p. 218, Mr. Garbett says:—

"The number of men who drew the sword in Israel and in Judah, as taken in the census made by Joab at David's command, differs very widely in 2 Sam. xxiv. 9, and 1 Chron. xxi. 6. We are therefore at liberty, on the authority of either statement of the text, to suppose an error of transcription in the other, if other explanations fail to satisfy us."

But, to say nothing of the "morale" of such a licence, suppose, when we have taken it, some method should be discovered, by which beyond all question the right clew to the divergence were ascertained? Does this not show us how true it is in exegesis, as in everything else, that "honesty is the best policy"?

But it is in his chapter on the varying MSS. that Mr. Garbett, like other upholders of verbal inspiration, most signally fails. First of all he (no doubt unintentionally) mis-states the argument which he is answering; or at all events so states it as to omit that particular form of it with which he is required to deal. These are his words:—

"It is said by some that if God had verbally inspired Scripture, He would miraculously have preserved the MSS. without error or variation during every age of the Church. The objection is purely speculative, and rests on a human conception of what God should consistently have done under certain circumstances. I have repeatedly protested against such a mode of argument. All speculations of our own on such a subject appear to me too utterly valueless to require serious refutation, even if their arbitrary and capricious nature made it (sic) possible."—(P. 280.)

Most true; and most forcible, as against Mr. Garbett's own verbal inspiration theory, which is from first to last a speculation on what God should have done under certain assumed circumstances:—but entirely irrelevant to this particular matter. The objection, properly stated, is not a speculative,

† See Lord Cobham's answer to Archbishop Arundel, cited in Foxe, "Acts and Monuments," vol. i., p. 639 *ss.* See also Canon Trevor's lately published Sermon, "The New Ritualism," Appendix, p. 20. We observe that the same analogy is used by Mr. Macdonochie in his most unsatisfactory letter to the parishioners of St. Alban's, Holborn. See supplement to the *Guardian*, Jan. 9, 1867.

but a most practical one. "Scripture is verbally inspired: the words, as well as the thoughts, dictated by God." Very well: then *please to show me the words*. What words were dictated by God? Here are numerous manuscripts, more or less differing: presenting, moreover, this remarkable phenomenon, that the more ancient they are, the greater is their verbal divergence. The acceptance or rejection of them,—the constructing a text out of them,—is matter of evidence, and of critical judgment. Stephens, the Elzevirs, Mill, Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, have in turn examined more or fewer of these MSS., and have constructed texts out of them. Which of these texts is to be accepted as verbally inspired? Suppose I find myself obliged by evidence to accept the text of the Vatican MS.,—suppose Dr. Tischendorf adopts that of his own discovery, the Sinaitic MS.,—another critic, Börmemann, that of the Cambridge MS.,—Mr. Garbett that called the received text,—what will become, I ask, of the theory of verbal inspiration? Börmemann, no mean critic, holds as inspired a vast quantity of additions to the common text. And we have no means of ascertaining whether these additions were apocryphal interpolations, or were originally in the text and afterwards excluded by a process of abridgment. Among them are some important matters, conveniently overlooked by arguers on Mr. Garbett's side, *e. g.*, the saying of our Lord respecting the Sabbath, found in the Cambridge MS. at Luke vi. 5. The supporter of the "received text," again, would acknowledge the verse, Acts viii. 37, containing the pre-requisites for baptism, which all his critical friends would reject. What are we to say about the verbal inspiration of such passages? and who is to be the judge? When it was once assumed in Convocation that a well-known text, resting on no really ancient authority whatever (and given up by Mr. Garbett himself), had lost all claim to be part of the word of God, a certain vigorous and demonstrative Archdeacon shouted out, "No, no!" Of course he had his reasons; and those reasons were, to his critical mind, sufficient: just as Mr. Garbett's reasons suffice for *him*. Are we then to say that 1 John v. 7 is verbally inspired for that Archdeacon, but not verbally inspired for Mr. Garbett? or where are we to draw the line?

But we are sorry to have to bring against Mr. Garbett the much graver charge of inadequately, if not unfairly, representing the case of the variations in our existing MSS. Our readers shall judge for themselves. He says:—

"No one can adequately appreciate the character of these variations, who has not taken the trouble to examine them one by one, as they are to be found in any modern edition of the Scriptures. In the absence of this personal examination, a general impression only can be conveyed; but this impression will serve to show, in some measure, what sort of variations they are which are supposed to destroy the integrity, and therefore the authority, of the sacred text. I take as an illustration four chapters of the New Testament: the first chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, the first chapter of St. Mark, the first of St. Luke, and the first of St. John. The variations of reading in the text of these four chapters amount to the apparently formidable number of five hundred and fifteen. But directly we look at them closely, they begin to lose their substance, and become, for all practical purposes, as intangible as ghosts. I divide them into eight classes. The first class consists of variations in the case, person, gender, or number of words, of such a kind that either of the readings falls into the grammatical construction of the sentence, and is equally suitable to the sense. For instance, in Matt. i. 21, the authorised version renders the passage, 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus,' the variation gives it thus: 'She shall bring forth a Son, and shall call his name Jesus;' where the Divine authority of the name is equally maintained in either case."—(P. 282.)

Our readers will find it difficult to believe, that Mr. Garbett, in this his inspection, has not taken the trouble to ascertain the latest state, or indeed to arrive at any trustworthy state at all, of the evidence: that he has in some cases spoken of variations which do not occur in any MSS. at all:

that he has overlooked almost every one of the really important various readings in the four chapters. To use for reference old editions of books, is always dangerous: and then most dangerous, when the last few years have witnessed almost all the trustworthy research which we have. But the fault of *omission* is, in such a matter, surely inexcusable. We proceed to substantiate these charges.

He has taken no notice of the following important various readings in the four chapters:—

Matt. i. 11, the insertion after "begat," in several good MSS., of the words "Joachim: and Joachim begat."

Ver. 19. He ought to have noticed the difference, strongly stated by Eusebius, between *ἐγγενήσαι* and *παρ'ἐγγενήσαι*.

He manages to misreport the exceedingly important reading in Matt. i. 25 (which he calls 21). "The words, 'She brought forth her firstborn Son;' are elsewhere (*sic*) written, 'She brought forth her Son,'" (p. 283). Now, as Mr. Garbett ought to have known, the reading of our three most ancient MSS. here is not "her Son," but "a son;" a difference of no inconsiderable importance. "Her Son" is not found in any MS., but in a version only. So that the "trifling" nature of the variation here is Mr. Garbett's own making. The reader, it is hoped, will at once perceive the unfairness of this method of proceeding. Instead of taking the *bona fide* varieties of reading occurring in authorities really worth regarding, the most unimportant of modern MSS. are chosen to select from: all their trivial inaccuracies are reckoned into the number of variations, and thus the "apparently formidable number" is produced.

Mark i. 1. "The Son of God" is omitted by the Sinaitic MS.

Ver. 2. The reading of five out of our seven most ancient MSS. is not, as our Authorized, "in the prophets," but "in Isaiah the prophet." The former of the two following quotations being from Malachi, not from Isaiah, the correction was probably made on Mr. Garbett's critical principle annuverted on above.

The whole of the 1st chapter of St. Mark is very instructive as to the extent to which verbal accuracy was disregarded in early times: and any unbiassed examination of it might have taught Mr. Garbett more of sound inference regarding the sacred text, than the whole theoretical portion of his book will ever teach its readers as it stands. The 1st chapter of St. Luke is also very instructive. Being peculiar to this one Evangelist, it presents hardly any various readings of consequence, not offering opportunity for the application of Mr. Garbett's process of assimilation.

But the faults of which we complain culminate in his treatment of the 1st chapter of St. John. He wished, by a personal examination, to shew his readers "what sort of variations they are which are supposed to destroy the integrity and therefore the authority, of the sacred text" (this is *his* account of his opponents' view, not ours. Whatever the variations may be, we admit no such consequence). He undertakes to shew that on examination "they lose their substance, and become, for all practical purposes, as intangible as ghosts." Well, he has taken as an example a chapter which contains some of the most important variations in the whole New Testament.

In John i., we have,—

Ver. 3, 4. The Alexandrine, Parisian, and Cambridge MSS. read thus; "without Him was made nothing. That which hath been made in Him was life: and the life," &c.

Ver. 16. All our ancient MSS. except the Alexandrine read "Because

out of His fulness," &c., instead of "and out of His fulness," &c. : thus making this render a reason why the Lord was "before John," instead of stating it as a subsequent fact. See below.

In ver. 18 occurs one of the most important and celebrated variations in the whole New Testament. Three of our most ancient MSS., the Vatican, Parisian, and Sinaitic, instead of "the only-begotten Son," have "the only-begotten God." The variation existed as early as Clement of Alexandria (end of second century), who quotes the text as running "the only-begotten God."

In verse 28 occurs the celebrated geographical variation between *Bethabara* and *Bethany*. All our most ancient MSS. read the latter. Origen noticed the variation, and some think that his approval of Bethabara led to its prevalence in the later MSS.

Not one of these important variations is recognised by Mr. Garbett. That in John i. 16 is characterised as so delicate a difference "as to be beyond the appreciation of any but a practised Greek scholar, and to defy translation" (!).

We have dwelt at some length on the unintentional, but not on that account less dangerous, "suppressio veri" contained in such statements as this of Mr. Garbett, because so many unsuspecting readers are likely to be led away by them, and to entertain in consequence an entirely wrong idea of the state of the sacred text with regard to their variations. In all arguments on theories of inspiration, we want as our first postulate a full, fair, intelligent recognition of existing facts. All attempts, like this of Mr. Garbett's, to mould facts to yield a certain foregone conclusion, must in the end prove weapons which will be pointed back against the faith with damaging effect. Our opinion on the main point will have been easily gathered from the tone of this notice. We as thoroughly believe the Scripture to be "the word of God written," as Mr. Garbett does. But we believe at the same time that if there ever was a theory at variance with such a persuasion, and sure to eat into it and crumble it away, it is this of verbal inspiration. And even more than in other cases does this seem to us likely to take place, when the theory is fortified by analogies with deep and solemn mysteries, into the details of which human thought cannot enter.

We should be sincerely sorry, if anything we have written were capable of giving Mr. Garbett a moment's pain. With much of his book we heartily concur : the spirit and the piety of it we admire, and we regret that our convictions as to the only true view of Holy Scripture have compelled us to range ourselves as antagonists of the theory which it propounds.

HENRY ALFORD.

Poems by the late Edmund J. Armstrong. London : Moxon & Co. 1865.

In the "Notes from Ireland," in a previous number of the *Review*, mention was made of the publication of this volume, and of its author's early death. The extract there given must have tempted some lovers of poetry to read the book. We have read it, and now report on its contents.

Such details, few and simple, as should be known of Mr. Armstrong's life will be found in the interesting preface ;—how from childhood he combined, in a remarkable degree, sensibility to all external impressions with ardour of mind and enterprise of character ; how the days came when the beauty of the world, both in its brightness and in its gloom, became a passion with him ; how in poetic culture he passed from the teaching of Scott and Byron

to Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth; how he became a student of Trinity College, Dublin, immediately distinguishing himself in several directions; how all studies were checked by sudden and dangerous illness of the lungs; how, after slow recovery, he wandered in Brittany and Normandy, returned to college when some years were gone by, with health apparently restored, was elected President of the "Undergraduate Philosophical Society," delivered a brilliant public address on the occasion of his entering upon office, and then how his life soon after passed peacefully out of sight. Some record (helping the reader to understand fully certain of the poems) is given of the drifting away of his intellect from the guidance of Christian truth, of some beating about uncertainly in troubled waters with half-light, and of the sure and ultimate return to the faith of his earliest days.

If we were to express the chief characteristic of Mr. Armstrong's mind in a single word, we should choose the word *ardour*. In this ardour we think may be discovered the source of his strength and of his weakness. By virtue of it he was enabled to lay hold of a subject so passionately that the details could seldom fail to be worked out with vigour and sureness of touch, and we have no doubt frequently with great—perhaps too great—rapidity. By virtue of it he was borne over the formal and technical difficulties of poetry. The mastery over versification is remarkable throughout the volume from first to last—especially remarkable in a writer so young; there is no feebleness, no flatness here; the verse is always energetic and full, while at the same time there is little of that subtle and inexplicable melody—not sweet to satiate, nor opiate to drowse—which makes some poems (as, for instance, many of Mr. Matthew Arnold's) more "delicate to drink" than "hidden well-water." Mr. Armstrong, in his versification, felt the influence of Tennyson more powerfully than that of any other writer. This is evident; and we conjecture that in his later poems he was endeavouring to make the hauntings of the Tennysonian verse less audible in his inward sense of hearing while he was writing. The ardour which enabled him to work out a subject with so much strength, interfered perhaps with the operation of that severe artistic judgment which superintends the imagination, and forbids it to yield to the attractions of a subject which is unsuitable to art, or to the conditions under which it is treated. The volume consists of two long poems, and a number of shorter pieces. The first poem, "The Prisoner of Mount St. Michael," contains abundant evidence of unusual poetical powers; but it seems to us that the subject was taken up, through this ardour of mind, without sufficient consideration. From its character, to be raised above the charge of sensationalism, it required to be treated with subtle psychological truth, while the circumstances under which it is supposed to be written—if they do not preclude this—render it very difficult of attainment, and fill the poem with passion too violent and indiscriminating. The second poem, "Ovoeca," pleases us better; though the evidence of a vocation to poetry is higher, we think, in "The Prisoner of Mount St. Michael." The story of "Ovoeca" is simpler, and the mode of treatment (narrative in the third person, with occasional dramatic scenes) admits of a variety of tone and spirit. The narrative parts are much superior to the dramatic. But we shall let the volume speak for itself. The following is a fine descriptive passage from "Ovoeca." Allen, a tumult of heart within according with the outer storm, is hurrying through the mountains:—

"He turn'd, and the storm blew behind him now,
And past him; and in front, the gloomy vale
Howl'd, as a funnel sucking up the flames

A furnace groans with ; the bald mountain heads
 Were buffeted ; the slanting rain and mist
 Drove past the chasms ; and over many a rock
 And boulder leap'd the madden'd cataracts,
 Whirling the ferns and harebells in the flood,
 And tearing down the banks, and thundering on
 Across the valley to the lower dells—
 A crashing tumult ; but he mark'd it not.

" His lips were moving slowly as in prayer.
 Low bent the reeds about the sullen pools ;
 The wind went singing over them, and flakes
 Of mirky foam flew from the beaten tarn ;
 And here and there a rugged thorn was bow'd
 Earthward ; and the grey rocks were slash'd with rain.

" He wrapt his cloak about him, and was glad ;
 His lips were moving slowly as in praise.
 The mist that hugged the mountain blinded him ;
 A solitary eagle, wheeling round
 Upon the blast, cried for her callow young,
 And beat against the storm to reach her nest,
 High in the cold, bare crag ; the twilight came,
 And silence with it over the black glen,
 Save now and then an angry gust would wail
 Amid the darkness, hissing in the reeds."—(Pp. 187-8.)

And here is a song from the lyrical part of the volume, sung right out of the heart, and entirely free from foreign influence. We only regret that public lecturers and speakers at tea-parties have made the expression, "the battle of life," so disagreeable :—

" BOAT SONG.

" Time, boys ! time, boys !
 Strike with might, and pull together !
 Out from the wide blue harbour's mouth,
 Into the surge rolling up from the south,
 To the rocky headland, stormy and bold,
 With its jutting reefs and fresh wild bays,
 Where the porpoise tumbles, and dives, and plays,—
 Thither steer, and strike together !

" Time, boys ! time, boys !
 Strike with might, and pull together !
 Out from the harbour of dreams and of sleep,
 Into the waters stormy and deep ;
 To the battle of life, with a smile on our brows,
 And a hope in our heart of the haven afar,
 Beyond the billows and winds at war,—
 Thither steer, and strike together !"

We wish we could do more than refer to some others of the best lyrical poems,—as "A Lament," p. 274 ; "Amæbean," p. 294 ; "A Vision," p. 303 ; and "Mnemosyne".—the last poem in the volume. Two are especially noteworthy,—"By Gaslight," a poem recalling, by its subject, Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," but lacking (necessarily and rightly indeed) the tender reserve of Hood, and painful in some passages, from the naked reality of its details. Yet, granted the subject, we believe the treatment right and artistic throughout ; it is free alike from sentimentalism and from uncharitableness, and the last two cruel (but inevitably right) lines are a fine example of obedience to the just requirements of a subject—an obedience which is the condition of all artistic sincerity. The other poem, or rather series of poems, to which we would call attention is named "Studies of Certain Defined Characters," with the motto, "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," and ending with a verse in which the writer has a laugh at himself for assuming

to explain and put down in a formula of words the mystery of a living soul.

Ardour, vigour of imagination, mastery over versification, considerable dramatic power, and sometimes a striking absence of that power; some ability in representing and interpreting character; an earnest love of nature (more, perhaps, in her wildness and gloom than in her beauty, tenderness, and quiet); much tumult of heart, and deep longings for repose; a sense of weakness and human sinfulness before God, and always a loving yearning upwards towards Him, and dependence on Him; the presence of a spirit pure and aspiring, yet troubled and apt to look on life with an inadequate perception of its "sober certainties of waking bliss,"—these are what the reader will find in this volume.

Mr. Armstrong's love of Wordsworth seems to us a fact worth noticing. It is mentioned in the reminiscences contributed by the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, that he wrote an essay on Wordsworth's poetry. The motto of the longest poem in the volume is a passage from "*Laodamia*,"—"The gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul;" and in "*Ovoeca*" it is Wordsworth which the hero "*Allen*" takes with him on his summer ramble, and philosophizes upon to his hearers,—

"Until the girls were weary, and quite demure
They sat, and listen'd in a mild despair."

We think it must have been the attraction of a contrast which drew Mr. Armstrong to Wordsworth; though we are sure that had he lived longer this contrast would have grown slighter, and the love of Wordsworth could not have grown less. We end with a verse from "*An Address to Tranquillity*," in which there is much of the spirit of our wisest and greatest modern poet:—

"Ah! come again and soften me,
That I may feel once more
The blessed sweet humility
Of that diviner lore
Which sees a glory in the wood,
A sacred bliss in solitude,
And hears a whisper, deep and grave,
A hint of heaven, in every wave
That breaks upon the shore."

The arrangement of the lyrical poems is much to be commended.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

The Parable of the Prodigal Son. With Notes by JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., F.L.S., and Illustrations by HENRY COURTENAY SELOUS. London: Nisbet & Co.

THESE are familiar lectures on the great parable, in Dr. Hamilton's well-known style. We fairly acknowledge that this style rather beats us. It seems to us to ramble all over the world in search of illustration, not only when that illustration is introduced in set sentences and paragraphs, but even within the limits of the same sentence and the same clause. We do not mean any disrespect to the writer (far from it) by saying that the style beats us, but only that we lag limping behind its versatility and rapidity. Happy are the hearers who can keep pace with it. And we have no doubt there are such where the words were spoken. For the most part the examples are well chosen, the stories well told, the application of them beautiful in words and in spirit. We will give our readers specimens of both kinds:—

"This history is repeated in almost every prodigal. The counsel of the Most High is contemned, the Father's house is forsaken, and for a time the sinner is allowed to fill himself with the fruit of his own devices. At first that fruit is pleasant,—'fruit to be desired to make one wise,'—opening up new experiences, revealing new enjoyments: the golden apple, the magical mandragora, the Hesperian lotus, gloriously forgetful of home, of honour, and of duty: the Noachian clustre (?), suffusing life with false glamour, and with the lie of the first forbidden fruit cajoling its victim, till the delusion dissipates, till the drunken hero wakes up in the pig-stye, till he to whose last consciousness sounded the whisper, 'Thou art a God!' aroused by a box on the ear, sees scowling over him his terrible task-master—his demi-god comrades transfigured into hogs, and his own fingers, lately bejewelled and daintily uplifting the goblet, in their gaunt grimy grasp no longer retentive of even such husks as the swine do eat."—(P. 102.)

"'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' 'Like a father.' But how is that? You see yonder dusky tents along the streams, and knots of cattle grazing on the neighbouring hills; but the chieftain stays at home. In the cradle lies the babe whom a foster-mother is bringing up, for his own mother died on the day when he was born, and hand in hand with his widowed sire walks a little boy, full, of love, full of notions bright and strange, asking hard questions, telling dreams, till a sudden change comes across the scene; and in the effort to be playmate to Rachel's little son, for the moment the patriarch forgets his cares and griefs, and, as men would say, his dignity. How is it that a father pitieth his children? An old king is seated at the city gate: not far away a battle is going forward—a battle on which hangs the monarch's crown, perhaps his very life. And there is panic through the town—the helpless running to and fro, and the fearful looking forth of those who think they already see their houses in flames, and red slaughter rushing through the streets. But now, posting towards the city, are seen the little clouds—the dust of separate couriers—and all rush to hear the tidings. 'All's well!' exclaims the first. 'Victory!' shouts the second; and with fierce impatience demands the monarch, 'Is the young man Absalom safe?' and transfixed by the fatal truth, in his cry of anguish, the cheers of exultation suddenly subside, and as he staggers up to his solitary chamber, the joyous crowd fall silent, and even the conquerors, when they at last return, like the perpetrators of a crime slink through the gate crestfallen. How is it that a father pitieth his children? For long there has been only one son at home, and you might suppose there never had been more than one, all is so complete and orderly, and the new-come servants and the neighbours never speak of any other. But along the high-road there is at this instant travelling a gaunt and haggard figure: his filthy tattered clothing showing little trace of bygone foppery, and in his looks not much to betoken gentle breeding: so shabby and so reprobate, that those who pity common beggars shake the head or slam the door on this one. But though the dogs bark at him, and charity turns away from him: though the meanest but reject him, and though the passers scowl at his petitions, one heart awaits him, and keeps for him the original compartment warm, ample, and unfilled. Yonder, as he has surmounted the summit of the hill, and is gazing down on the long forsaken homestead, and hesitating whether he may venture nearer, what quick eye is that which has recognised him a great way off? and what eager step is this which runs so fast to meet him? and who is this that in the folds of his kingly mantle hides the ragged wanderer, and clasps him to his bosom, and weeps upon his neck the tears of enraptured affection, and cuts short his confession with a call for the best robe, and a command for instant festival? Oh, what a love is that which the heavenly Father hath unto His children!"—(Pp. 127-8.)

It remains that we say something of the illustrations. They are very effective for the most part. Some little matters we had noted for remark; as, for example, that there is hardly difference enough between the "riotous living" in the early part of the book, and the "high festival of joy" in the sequel. The former should have had perhaps a little less decorum in it, the latter a little more. And when will artists learn to attend to minute proprieties and unities of incident and costume? Comparing the two designs, "the angry brother," page 163, and the father entreating him, page 179, we find that although this scene is of necessity a continuation of the other, "the angry brother" has managed to change his dress and put on buskins meantime.

The Higher Education of Women. By EMILY DAVIES. London: Strahan. 1866.

MISS DAVIES is the indefatigable secretary of the Committee for obtaining the admission of girls to the University Local Examinations. It is chiefly to

her perseverance that we owe the success of the Committee's endeavours up to the present time. Our readers are aware that girls are now admitted to the Cambridge and Edinburgh Local Examinations: and we are happy to say that while the numbers offering themselves steadily increase, none of the bad results so plentifully anticipated have manifested themselves. In the other great English University, the attempt to gain admission was defeated, very little we think to the honour of Oxford. Still less has it been consistent with the objects of foundation of the liberal University of London, that its senate should refuse to girls access to its examinations. We would wish for the "*non-placet*" members of both senates no other penance than the diligent reading of this thoroughly sensible little book. They would here see well, and to us unanswerably set forth, the futility of their objections to the higher education of women. We believe that the weapon which was used with most effect against the Committee's effort at Oxford, and which served almost to wreck it at Cambridge, was banter. The *Saturday Review* aspect of a subject on which good jokes might be made, proved too much for the moral courage of the Oxford dons. Let them read this book, and they will see that there is another way of looking at the subject which is weightier than banter, though not so popular, as requiring some knowledge of the matter in hand.

In working through the volume, it struck us, that while Miss Davics has noticed and refuted all other objections against the higher education of women, she has said nothing by way of meeting the favourite one of woman's inferior physical power of endurance. It was a pity, while she made all so tight besides, to leave this place undefended. The objection meets with the easiest possible answer: viz., that the physical power of girls is just as much taxed by the present absurd accomplishment-at-all-hazard system, as it ever could be by a well-administered plan of higher education. And the reply does not rest on *a priori* considerations alone. Experience shows, that in those professions which women already follow with advantage, for example, drawing and music, the highly trained female is enabled, if under wise regulation, to learn and pursue her calling without the slightest danger to health. For one young woman who has suffered from learning a useful employment, hundreds have lost their health and fallen into nervous hypochondria from the pernicious effects of an idle fiddle-faddle existence.

The Universal Church: its Faith, Doctrine, and Constitution. London: Triibner & Co. 1866.

THIS is a book describing a "Universal Church," to be established on an immense scale, and built on the ruin of all existing creeds. Fortunately the book is as weak and foolish as it is wicked and blasphemous. How any respectable London publisher should have allowed his name to be put to it,—and why it should have been sent to us to notice, we are quite unable to comprehend.

How much it is worth may be surmised from the few following specimens:—"the heathen, the *ethnoi* (*sic*), the nations."—(P. 210.)

The writer calls the last verse of St. John's Gospel,—

"A very candid confession of the object the writer had in view, namely, to make converts, and to prove that Jesus was a God in whom alone was salvation: and not primarily to speak the truth (!)."—(P. 248.)

The writer's fourth reason against receiving the Divinity of our blessed Lord is:—

"Because He declared Himself empowered to forgive the sins of men, which must clearly render them of effect (!) or forgiveness means nothing, and so John explains it by using the word '*remit*,' instead of '*forgive*.'"—(P. 258.)

Any reader the least versed in his Greek Testament need not be told, that the English words "remit" and "forgive" represent but one verb in the Greek, ἀφίεραι.

Again his twelfth reason is, "Because He teaches that straight (*sic!*) is the gate," &c.—(P. 259.)

We will finish with the author's citation of a Latin distich:—

"Balnea, vinum (*sic*), Venus, corrumpunt corpora nostra
Sed faciunt vitam: balnea, vinum, Venus."—(P. 361.)

After these specimens, there need be no question whether this writer is competent to speak on the subjects which he has undertaken to treat.

Yet this is the trash which London publishers are found to put their names to, and which, we fear, British geese are found to buy.

FROM MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK, Edinburgh, we have received the English translation of Bishop Martensen's "Christian Dogmatics," referred to above in "Jottings from Danish Theology."

Also the first and second numbers of what promises to be an exceedingly useful series, if well done, "The Ante-Nicene Library;" being translations of the writings of the Fathers before A.D. 325. The first number contains the Apostolic Fathers, more complete than in any other edition already extant. We have in it the "Pastor of Hermas," and the "Epistle of Barnabas," now happily, since the discovery of the Codex Sinaiticus, entire in the original Greek. The introductory notices appear to be carefully done; and Drs. Roberts and Donaldson and the Rev. T. F. Crombie give their names as editors. The second number contains the writings of Justin Martyr and Athenagoras, edited by the Revs. Marcus Dods, George Reith, and B. P. Pratten.

The same publishers send the translation of the second and concluding volume of Delitzsch's "Commentary on Job;" and a translation, in four volumes, by Mr. Gage, of Ritter's valuable work on the "Comparative Geography of Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula." Of this important work we shall say no more now than that the editor has enriched it with notices from the more recent works of our countrymen, Stanley, Bonar, Thomson, and Tristram. We hope before long to notice it fully.

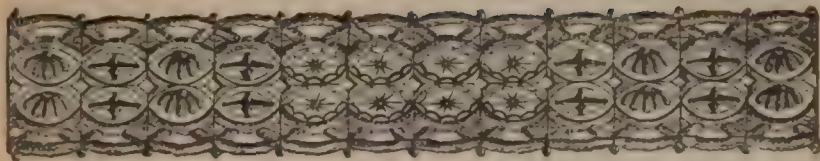
From MESSRS. LONGMAN & Co. we have received the second edition of Dr. Baka's interesting narrative, "The British Captives in Abyssinia." The book has grown from a pamphlet into a thick volume; an increase symbolic, we fear, of the accumulation of difficulties and obstacles besetting the work which the author had at heart—the liberation of those unhappy persons.

From the same publishers we have received a second edition of the book called "The Church and the World." Some highly characteristic additions have been made, and a second series is advertised under the same editorship.

The same firm also send "An Introduction to the Study of National Music: comprising Researches into Popular Songs, Traditions, and Customs," by Carl Engel, author of "The Music of the most Ancient Nations." The subject is treated in a very interesting and able manner. The book is of course beyond the reader who is entirely unmusical; but the amateur of every grade will find it agreeable and instructive reading. The author purposes to write another volume, to which we look forward with interest, on the most remarkable musical instruments.

NOTE.

HUNT'S ESSAY ON PANTHEISM.—The writer of the notice of this book finds that Mr. Maurice's "History of Moral Philosophy," though not mentioned in Mr. Hunt's list of authorities, is referred to by him in p. 253, and quoted in p. 230. These passages had escaped the reviewer's notice, and the inference that Mr. Hunt had not consulted Mr. Maurice's greatest work must accordingly be withdrawn to make room for the conclusion that, knowing it, he has been led to follow other teachers.



EXTRAVAGANCE IN DEVOTIONAL WRITINGS.

The Churchman's Guide to Faith and Piety. By R. B. London:
Masters. 1862.

THIS book seems to us strongly to exemplify the ancient line, *πολλὰ μὲν ἰσολά μεμύγμένα, πολλὰ δὲ λυγρά*. And unfortunately the mixture is often so complete, or, again, the *λυγρά* are often so prominent, that they go far to destroy the utility of the many signally *ἰσολά* which the book contains.

We propose to attempt somewhat more than a review of this work alone; adding a few general observations—illustrating them occasionally from other writings—on the subject of excess and exaggeration in religious works, more or less common in so many periods of Church history, abundant in our own, both in the way of introduction and revival.

We hope it is needless to apologise for such an attempt by lay hands. We must, indeed, apologise for venturing to treat the question, with only the scanty knowledge which we can pretend to, of the immense literature to which it belongs. But this we must be bold to say, that it is not a question on which we can admit any authority but that of Scripture and natural good sense. That much precedent can be adduced from patristic, mediæval, and Roman Catholic sources, as well as from our own writers and elsewhere, for all that is in this book, we have no doubt; and there are those who would at once surrender their own judgment on such a

point, to almost any one such precedent, still more to all of them combined. But this we cannot do, except in the case of *consensus* on the essentials of the Faith.

Further, we cannot but give expression to the reluctance with which we presume to criticise the works of those to whom we feel our own extreme inferiority in spiritual life and fervour, and in religious perception. We purpose to respect the anonymous, or semi-anonymous, disguise which the excellent Editor of this book has assumed. It is, indeed, no disguise at all to a large body of English Churchmen. They know, even without the statements in the Preface,* that the initials are those of an able and self-devoted man, who amidst the labour of an arduous profession, has found time to do and to write much, that has placed him in the foremost rank of the laity of the Church. And it is painful, we fear it may be held presumptuous, for us to take exception to anything of his, and in particular to anything in a book so lofty in its aim, and so pure and holy in its general scope as the present. We can but trust that on the whole we may be held justified in doing so, and that nothing that we shall say will appear inconsistent with what we have thus acknowledged of the work and the author.†

As we have indicated, it seems to be mainly as Editor and not as author that R. B. is answerable for the book, so that probably much that may be said will refer to him only indirectly. The book is a compilation; and it is a little inconvenient that the Editor has, somewhat capriciously, affixed the names of the authors from whom he has made his extracts, in a few cases only, leaving the rest anonymous. If done at all, we do not see why he should not have done it wherever he could. No doubt many persons will recognise passages here quoted, which our imperfect knowledge does not enable us to do; but the great majority, we conceive, will not do so. We can only say that we understand nearly the whole of the properly devotional part of the work not to be the production of R. B., but quoted by him from others.‡

Generally speaking, it seems to us that the parts of the book to which the names of the writers are attached are the best. But there is very much of it of which we venture to speak with nearly unqualified praise and admiration; and as this is the pleasantest part of our task, we will enter on it the first.

We would so speak of the Introductory Essay on Prayer (viii.—xxvi.). Of the Statement of Christian Doctrine (2—24); except that we

* P. v.

† We should observe that we have been obliged to make use of the first edition, as we have not seen the second: but we believe it is not materially different from the first.

‡ See the Preface.

must observe of certain ecclesiastical customs and rules in p. 20, that it would have been better to notice that they are nowhere recommended by the Church of England, and to leave them to the discretion of well-informed minds. It is not, indeed, obvious on what principle this short list has been constructed. We do not conceive that Catholic tradition can be adduced for the whole of it.

Similar remarks, we should say, apply to the attempted arithmetical precision in the classification of virtues, &c., pp. 21—23. In particular, we cannot but note the definition of "Six sins said to precede sins against the Holy Ghost," as most hazardous both in principle and detail.

The whole of the Daily Prayers, pp. 33—72, 78—93, 113—142, seem to us excellent, subject to some general remarks which we shall offer hereafter.

Also the Daily Reflections (142—165), the Litanies (many of them singularly beautiful) (166—204), and the whole of the Third Part, containing a great variety of occasional prayers, &c.; subject in each case to the above qualification.*

We find a good note on the Holy Scriptures (275—278); but proceeding as we do, on the ground of the Church of England, we must object to what appears at least to place the Book of Ecclesiasticus on a level with the Canonical Books (277); and also to the agreement indicated (*ibid*), if we are not mistaken, with a passage from St. Gregory, intimating that every particular in the Book of Leviticus, every figure in the Book of Numbers, every name in the Books of Chronicles, are of vital import in connexion with the Gospel.

The notices and prayers for Holy Days and Seasons (278—305, 381—403), omitting Lent (to which we shall advert hereafter), are much to be commended. But we must protest against "the Advent fast," which is unknown to the Church of England, being placed on a level with those of the Prayer-book (279), and rules prescribed for it (283) hardly to be distinguished from those of Lent.

The Preservation against Sin, and Penitential Forms (407—432), appear to us very good, with a notable exception. In p. 407, among inducements to humility, is reckoned "the meanness of our extraction," and that in respect both of the body and the soul. What is said of the body we do not quote. We are not sure that we understand it. But we believe that we do, and if so, we are still more loth to give the words. We are aware that, if we are right, the writer has the high authority of St. Augustine†: "*quo fonte derivata*," we make no question, much more of the same kind might be adduced. But no

* There is a Paraphrase on the Benedicite (209), so striking and poetical as to deserve separate mention.

† See Milman's *Latin Christianity*, I. 112.

amount of authority could deter us from holding that the opinion is impious and Manichean.

What is said of the soul seems very strange. We are reminded that it came "from nothing." And this is called a "*mean extraction!*" We know another way of putting it. "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."* This view, as a ground of our *humility*, seems to us just the reverse of the truth. It is because of the *loftiness* of our origin—because we are *fallen* from this high estate—that we ought to feel humiliation.

The directions for Self-Examination—besides those given among the Evening Prayers (73—78), and those afterwards occurring in connexion with the Holy Eucharist—occupy seventeen pages (432—449). They seem well fitted for their purpose, and to be commended on the assumption that such minute, technical (see pp. 74, 77, 434, 438†), detailed, and incessant introspection is really advisable for the mass of mankind. We content ourselves, however, with suggesting this question, on which we do not wish to speak positively; our own view would perhaps be found somewhat of a *medium* character. Assuredly devotional writers have built up a huge superstructure, especially in connexion with Holy Communion, on two short and general texts (2 Cor. xiii. 5; 1 Cor. xi. 28).‡

The preparation for, and sequel to, the Holy Eucharist (the Office itself being omitted, and reference made to other works, p. 582), occupy pp. 460—622.

We are unable to express complete approval of this part, though undoubtedly, by discreet selection from the vast mass, an abundance of admirable devotions may be extracted from it. What we have to remark, however, for the most part rather connects itself with more general criticisms on the book; and here we will only mention a few more isolated points.

We must note, as one of several instances in which the writer proceeds on the assumption that points are settled, which he well knows are much controverted, the incidental inculcation (464) of the presence of non-communicants during celebration. We do not speak on account of our own feeling, which inclines in favour of such presence, at least when rightly viewed,§ and under certain regulations: but it is notorious that many earnest and learned Churchmen hold the practice to be not only unauthorised by primitive example, but one strongly to be condemned.

* Gen. ii. 7.

† Compare Scudamore, "Steps to the Altar," pp. 23—25.

‡ Perhaps the healthier view is indicated in p. 478: "*Every action of your life ought to be either a preparation for the Holy Sacrament, or a thanksgiving for it.*"

§ See Charge of the Bishop of St. David's (1866), pp. 102, 3.

On another matter we cannot but state our opinion, though we are aware how gravely offensive, even shocking, it is to many excellent persons: namely, that the supposed merit in, or obligation to, *fasting* communion (20, 482, &c.), and consequent sinfulness of evening communions (496), have no real foundation. We speak, of course, abstractedly, and say nothing of what individuals may find conducive to their own edification. This opinion is probably connected with certain well-known notions about the body, Oriental, as we believe, in their origin, and which have always fastened with peculiar force on the subject of food, and on one other, to which we shall not further allude. We are not, however, going into this large and well-trodden field. Our opinion on this particular practice is founded on the manifest inconsistency, as it appears to us, of the view we have objected to, with the fact of the institution of the Sacrament "*after supper.*"

Of the elaborate and minute directions about the vessels, ornaments, colours, &c., to be used in the celebration (490—495), we are unable in many respects to judge; and we only mention them because they are the proximate subject-matter of the perilous controversy now raging, and known, perhaps not very accurately, by the name of Ritualistic. We would wish to be understood as declining to enter into that controversy.

In the Post-Communion part (585) we cannot but note—but we will not quote, for the words seem to us repulsive and irreverent—a view of the doctrine of the Real Presence which we conceive to be altogether false and materialistic.

Of the Preparation for Death (624—634) we may speak with admiration almost unqualified.* We may say the same of the very beautiful Instructions and Devotions for the Sick and Dying (634—694): taking for granted that the sick and those around them are to be carefully guided by proper advice in the selection from, and moderate use of, such ample materials.

The author (692) pronounces a sweeping and vehement condemnation of the whole of our present funeral arrangements—proposing a complete revolution in them, the entire banishment of everything black, and its replacement by white and joyous colours, &c.—of which we do not presume to judge confidently. We must confess a strong leaning in favour of his views, and his practical suggestions in detail seem to us very beautiful; but we can hardly think that the established usage deserves quite the condign censure which he bestows upon it.

On the remaining portions of the work, relating to Baptism

* There is, however (629), a somewhat obscure passage, which appears to imply the doctrine of Works of Supererogation.

(696—708), Confirmation (709—727), and Matrimony (728—742), we have no special observations to make. They all appear to us—perhaps the last-named above all—very admirable and impressive.

We have already noted some points on which we either do not wish or do not feel competent to pronounce; and we add a few more, in order to dismiss that part of the subject before proceeding to more particular criticism.

Prayers for the Dead are, as was to be expected, assumed and inculcated as positive duties (pp. 104, 634, &c.).

The same is said of recourse to a “spiritual guide” as of the “utmost importance” for every Christian in the regulation of every part of his ordinary life (104; compare 490).

It is hardly necessary to say that a complete form of sacramental confessions to a priest, and penance, is provided (448—460). Of this it is not said that it is an absolutely universal duty; but it is spoken of (449) as clearly applying to the majority of mankind.

The indissolubility of marriage in any circumstances is laid down in a note to pp. 728-9 (apparently communicated); of which we have only to remark that it cannot be said even to state the question at issue, for it takes no notice of the words of our Lord on which, rightly or not, the opposite opinion is founded.

These points relate to large and controverted questions, on which no doubt we have our own opinions, but some of which would lead us too far for our proper object, which is not purely theological, while on others we do not presume to suppose that we have any claim to be heard.

We must now proceed to that part of our task, which, to our regret, will mainly consist of objection.

The first and most general exception we take to this book is, that it, regarded as a whole, offers itself for use to Churchmen at large, whereas it manifestly cannot be so used except by a small minority of men anywhere or at any time. We are aware that there are to be found in it a few cautions and restrictions as to its use. But in the first place these *are* few, and may easily be overlooked. In the next place, some of them (as at p. 517) relate to special seasons, as preparation for the Holy Eucharist. And of the general caution in the Postscript to the Preface, it is obvious to remark that it, as well as the one just quoted, is addressed to *beginners* only. So, where the plea of want of time to follow the scheme of the book fully is admitted (34), it is under an awful warning that heavy guilt will be incurred unless that plea is irrefragable. On the whole, we think it can hardly be denied that the *normal* state—that at which a Churchman, as such, is invited to aim—is, according to the intention of the book, that in which its directions are fully followed,

or nearly so. To regard the contents of the book as what we are to select from, we apprehend, is (allowing, of course, for special occasions) not what it is meant for.

We take then the average Churchman, with the average amount of worldly duties and connexions: and we find that—

He shall use forms of Morning and Evening Prayers (34—51, 70—93) varying in length from three to five or six pages of rather close print.

He shall have a separate prayer for each of the twenty-four hours of the day (51), or, apparently as an alternative (55), he shall have short ejaculations for the same, to be learnt by heart.

He shall have prayers for the canonical hours between morning and evening, occupying twelve pages (58—70).

He shall have a prayer for every time the clock strikes (27, 106).

He shall have a special prayer for each day of the week (113—142).

He shall have a special reflection for each day of the month (142—165).

He shall have a special subject of meditation for every day, to be kept before the mind the whole day (105). On this more hereafter.

He shall have special Litanies on Sundays, Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays (besides particular seasons, of which hereafter) (166—204).

He shall use once a month the Preparation for Death (625—634).

Such is the ordinary course. We have to make an immense addition to it in respect of special seasons and functions; but we will pause here, and ask of any reasonable person if it is really conceivable that this course should be followed by ordinary men, “nobles, squires, canons, clerks, coachmen, carpenters, blacksmiths, butchers, and bakers?”*

What is the meaning of our Lord’s warning (Matt. vi. 7) against “vain repetitions” and “much speaking?” As we venture to think, it is not that in the abstract, or again in certain cases, direct communion with God can be in excess; but we do believe that it means that for the mass of men, as He has seen fit to make them, there is such a thing as excess, and that the attempt to go beyond moderate bounds as a matter of *duty* will (not to advert to other points) involve at least two serious dangers. It tends to hypocrisy and formalism; it tends to “make the heart of the righteous sad, whom God hath not made sad.”†

Is it even so certain as some writers hold, that the life of the blessed hereafter will be solely occupied in direct devotional exercises? We have heard a sermon in which this was said to be proved sufficiently by the single text (Rev. iv. 8), ascribing, if literally

* Sydney Smith’s Works, iii. 23.

† Ezek. xiii. 22.

taken, to the mysterious beings called the Four Beasts, the sole and perpetual use of an unchanging and brief doxology. Such, it was inferred, would be the task for ever of the spirits of the just. But even if we admit the inference, purely conjectural, from the occupation of the Four Beasts to that of glorified spirits, this view can only be maintained as *certain* if we confine our attention to that single passage in its most literal sense, overlooking the analogy of such texts as Heb. i. 14, and indeed the fact that in the very next chapter (Rev. v. 5, 6, 14), the Four Beasts are represented as *otherwise* employed.

In one of the ablest of his inimitable sermons,* Dr. Newman has attempted to specify those whose condition and circumstances may often or generally fit them for a life of which devotional service shall form the main and regulating part. We do not say that he has succeeded in the attempt, though we can go with him in the belief that "favoured and honoured beyond thought" † are they who *can* do so. But we conceive that his is the right method. To throw it open in the way of general suggestion, as in the book before us, must very often, as it seems to us, act as a snare and a torment to tender and scrupulous consciences, and lead to the many evils which are involved in that hazardous process.

This particular defect might almost be remedied by a single plain and explicit paragraph in the Preface.

We postponed commenting on the special or occasional exercises here recommended, because we have some remarks to offer on parts of most of them, besides the general objection of excess in quantity which applies more or less to them. The principle of selection, however, by which this objection is to a great extent met, is more naturally applicable to the Occasional Devotions (206—272), which refer chiefly to emergent circumstances and states of feeling, than to the rest; though here, too, it must be said that it is rather a large pasture into which the Churchman is, as it were, turned loose without guidance. But when we remember the amount of the exercises above recapitulated, which apply throughout the year, it is surely a formidable addition to them which is prescribed (not to mention other seasons) during Lent, occupying in the whole 77 pages (304—381), and in the preparation and the sequel to Holy Communion, occupying 162 (460—622). It must be recollected how frequent, and rightly so, is the reception of the Sacrament in these days by pious persons generally. And on others it is expressly urged (481) that if possible the whole of the preceding week should be devoted to direct devotional preparation. (Compare the instructions on Holy Week, 357).

* "The Good Part of Mary," vol. iii. p. 350.

† P. 367.

The same objection in respect of excess applies, as we said before, to the chapter about Meditation (95—101). This practice, as we should expect, is laid down with the utmost rigour and minuteness. It is to be on one subject (96), to be fixed on the evening before (*ib.*), and to be pursued according to the most precise rules (97—99). And this work, so defined, is to be engaged in every day, and the subject of the meditation is to be before the mind the whole day (105).

But we must take exception to the whole manner in which, in this chapter, this subject of Meditation is presented to us. We ventured to doubt whether ordinary men were equal, by their mental constitution, to the *amount* of devotion prescribed in this book. But this doubt referred only to the quantity. We cannot but think that *meditation*, as commonly understood, and such as corresponds with the directions here given, is, in fact, only in the power of certain persons to attain. The author, indeed (95-6), thinks it clear that every one can meditate on spiritual subjects (as, we presume, on any other), because every one necessarily does meditate on something or other; —the farmer on his farm, the merchant on his merchandise, &c. But this appears to be a fallacy. Every act of the mind, every deliberation and conclusion for a practical purpose, is not *meditation*; and it is *such* acts which no doubt all men must needs do in daily life. *Meditation* is *contemplation*: the abstracting of the mind, and fixing it, *apart* from present life and immediate action, on some past event, or some great truth; and from this in due time the practical fruit is expected to grow. So the author himself describes it (97); and he himself points out that it is an exercise of the *imagination*—a gift hardly possessed at all by the majority of mankind. No doubt every man ought to *consider*, to *think*, what is needful for his soul's health; but this is not the technical exercise of meditation. It might as well be said that every one who has the practical care of a steam-engine can meditate on it, because Watt did so.

This fallacy recurs in various forms in the book, and we shall have to recur to it. At present we will only profess our belief that the power of meditation or contemplation here described, is a great blessing and a great privilege; nor do we deny that by cultivation it may be improved, if not brought into existence. But as a specific and precise exercise (as which it is the whole object of this chapter to present it) we cannot admit that it ought to be generally urged as a duty.

We pass to another point. Most of our readers, we hope, will concur in the objection made to that description of religious teaching which may be sufficiently described under the popular designation of Methodism, that it tests the spiritual state, the state of salvation or the contrary, by certain inward *feelings*, instead of principles,

practical affections, convictions, actions. They will adopt the sober words of Jeremy Taylor:* "In all accidents, let us make no judgment of God's favour by what we feel, but by what we do." Now, it is singular to observe in these books, in respect to this matter, an instance of the proverbial saying, *Extremes meet*. In doctrine they are essentially opposed to Methodism; and the *kind* of feelings which they speak of is a different one. But they too, in passages too numerous to quote, are constantly occupied in suggesting and stimulating, in every variety of the most vehement language which they can command,† intensity of feeling of every kind, from the most transcendent rapture to the most inexpressible grief, and urging deep humiliation of mind if it is not attained. In this book almost all the whole of the Post-Communion devotions may be so described; and it is to a great extent true of all the Eucharistic and Lenten offices.

A particular form of this procedure is what we may call an excessive application of the *principle of anniversaries*. We are expected or invited to feel, on each anniversary of great events, almost if not quite the same as was or might have been felt when the event itself occurred. Dr. Newman (with a caution, however, that his words are not to be taken as inculcating an actual duty) says, when preaching just before Passion Week :‡—

"If we felt Christ's sufferings as we ought, of course, they would be to us at seasons such as is now coming far worse than what the death of a friend is, or his painful illness. We should not be able at such times to take pleasure in this world; we should lose our enjoyment of things of earth; we should lose our appetite, and be sick at heart, and only as a matter of duty eat and drink, and go about our work."

Surely the fallacy of this contrast is obvious. The writer speaks of feelings natural *at the time* of certain events. Are they equally natural and general, and to the extent thus supposed, at each recurring *anniversary* of them, and as compared with other times? It is not a religious question; it is, as in the former case, a question of the power of the abstractive imagination—nay, almost of its *poetical* power. Miss Sewell, in a very beautiful little book called "*Thoughts for Holy Week*," but one constructed to a great extent on this principle, says§ (and of course not without an implied reference to corresponding feelings) of the church-bell at the Ninth Hour on Good Friday, "It is the Saviour's death-knell." Surely none can really *feel* this but those of a strong and concentrated imagination.

* "*Life of Christ*;" Works, ii. 147.

† We cannot resist observing incidentally that no authority can reconcile us to the well-known expression, "*inebriation*," applied to the awful intercourse of the soul with its Maker.

‡ Sermons, vi. 56.

§ P. 75. See, however, the Preface to the Third Edition.

We repeat that it is not a religious question. We have known a strong loyalist who felt a decided exhilaration on the anniversary of the Restoration. But we know equally well that there are those who, having felt to the full like any one else *at the time*, are not able to recal and reproduce the same feelings, and that, as we conceive, with no impeachment of their sincerity; or, again, others who *can* through life very vividly and at will recal them, but to whom it is as easy and natural at other times as it is at the anniversary.

It is also impossible, we conceive, to most men, from the mere infirmity of human nature, to *feel as acutely* an historical event, however momentous, as one which they have actually seen.

Moreover, there is a great difference in this respect between such events as the loss of earthly friends and the awful events regarded as subjects of *mourning*, in the Life of our Lord. Earthly sorrow is sanctified by its relation to those mysterious sufferings; but the former must ever be attended with a trembling uncertainty, a sense of weakness and of sin, which cannot belong to the latter. We have heard, in a sermon, Good Friday called a day of unmixed gloom: a description contradicted by the very title of the day. On the death of man a mysterious veil must hang for the present; but what power of abstraction can separate the thought of Good Friday from the triumph and the glory of Easter and Ascension?

Consider, too, the rapidity and violence of change in feeling to which we are invited. At the beginning of Holy Week the feelings are to be of gloom and grief, deepening in intensity to an indefinite degree till the evening of Friday; to be then succeeded by a sense of profound though sorrowing repose till the morning of Easter Day, when they should be replaced by emotions of the most exalted rapture.

Again we must earnestly say that neither do we for a moment question the reality of such feelings, nor that they have their peculiar blessings and privileges. Whether the accounts of such persons as the *Estatica* and the *Adolorata* are true or not, is, we conceive, a question of evidence, on which we do not enter. We fully believe that they may be true, and that such persons may be set by Divine Providence as separate living witnesses of the Unseen. But we demur to their being held up, as some of these books almost seem to hold them, as models towards which the ordinary Churchman can be expected to approximate. Nor, while admitting that such a store of, such a command over, various and vehement sensations, have their own privileges, do we admit that they are necessarily signs of a better or a higher life. They can hardly be held consistent with "the meek and quiet spirit,"*

* 1 Peter iii. 4.

"The *sweet repose* of hearts repenting,
The deep calm sky, the sunshine of the soul,"*

which are surely with God not only accepted, but "of great price." They can hardly be held consistent with the equable and self-possessed performance of the ordinary duties of life.

The whole truth in this matter is indicated, though not developed, in half a sentence in one of Newman's Sermons,† in which he speaks (without, as we believe, anything like a latent sneer) of "persons of sound judgment and calm temperament, who, though they do truly repent, yet repent with the reason rather than the feelings."

Or, again to quote Bishop Taylor:‡ "Joys and transportation, spiritual comforts and complacencies, are no part of our duty; sometimes they are encouragements, and sometimes rewards; sometimes they depend upon habitude and disposition of body, and seem great matters when they have little in them; and are more bodily than spiritual, like the gift of tears."

On these last words we pause for a moment. Tears *are* a gift, given to some and not to others. To some they are a luxury, often an enervating luxury. But we need not tell our readers that in such works as we are considering they, penitential tears, are constantly spoken of, if not as an absolute obligation through life, yet as that the absence of which indicates serious defect, and the command of which is to be the subject of unceasing prayer. In the book before us, *daily* tears (28, from St. Benedict), "floods of tears" (88), are urged among ordinary rules and devotions.

This is hardly a point to argue about. But we will venture to suggest the question, whether this really is and must be the test of the truest sorrow? Is there nothing in the immortal line§—

"Thoughts that do often lie *too deep* for tears"?

or in this of Æschylus||—

ἔμοιγε μὲν δὴ κλαυμάτων ἐπίσσυτοι
πηγαὶ κατεσβήκασιν, οὐδ' ἐνὶ σταγῶν?

On a kindred subject we cannot but touch, but it is one of a nature not to be dwelt upon. "The Tractarian school have felt and tried to administer to this craving" (for books of devotion) "by the publication of Romish devotional books, but of the most corrupted and erotic character."¶ We do not fully adopt this censure. But that there is too much foundation for it is, in our judgment, capable of easy

* "Christian Year," First Sunday after Trinity.

† On the Subjects of the Day, p. 48.

‡ "Life of Christ;" Works, ii. 114.

§ Wordsworth's Ode on the Recollections of Immortality.

|| Agam., 887.

¶ Life of Rev. F. W. Robertson, vol. i. p. 327.

proof from many parts of this book alone. Will the Song of Solomon be alleged in example? On that mysterious book it has been said none but a saint (St. Bernard) was fit to comment. None other, we venture to hold, should attempt to imitate it.

On another point we quote from a powerful but over-vehement writer:—*

"I cannot but animadvert on the offensive mode in which some ministers preach Christ, especially on Good Fridays. They have the execrable taste to give a detailed description of the physical sufferings of Christ. How dare they, on this most awful subject, utter one word save the very words of the Evangelists? Those most simple, and dignified, and sublime, because *unimpassioned*, words, are the only words in which, on this subject, the tongue of man should speak. Warned by the blood of Uzzah, warned by the rebuke of the wailing daughters of Jerusalem, minister of Christ! spare, oh spare us your unseemly and irreverent details!"

Neither do we adopt all these words. But in their substance we wholly agree. We know no greater contrast than between much that is in this book, and such others as Avrillon's Guide to Lent, some of which we really think unfit to be transferred to these pages, and the simplicity, purity, and delicacy of Holy Scripture. Nor are wanting abundant examples in human writings, as in our Prayer-book, in Newman's Sermons, in the "Christian Year."

We conceive it to be more than a question of taste. It seems to us wholly to lower and degrade those awful and mysterious sufferings to dwell in this preponderant manner (it is no less) on their merely physical aspect. Nor are we aware that we are anywhere bid to believe that simply *as* physical sufferings they exceeded all others. Surely it is their impalpable and spiritual character—the weight of man's sin and of the Atoning Sacrifice—their connexion with the mystery of our Lord's divinity and the Twofold Nature, that remove them far beyond all human comparison.

We next observe the disproportion in quantity, and the excess in expression, as it seems to us, in this book, of the strictly penitential parts. The first may be illustrated by noticing that the directions and offices for Lent occupy just double the space which is filled by those for all the other sacred seasons put together, from Advent to Trinity; and Advent, it must be remembered is, as here treated, at least of a mixed character.

The latter, as we need not say, is to be found throughout books of this character. We mean such a prescribed confession as this (257):—"I have consecrated my time to the world, to the devil, to sin." Now here let us not be misunderstood. We know too well that there are multitudes to whom such expressions are

* Craufurd's Sermons (1836), p. 4.

strictly suitable; and on the other hand, we know that often the more progress a man makes in holiness the more naturally and truthfully does he use them. With these we have no thought of interfering. But both are different, as it appears to us, from the indiscriminate recommendation of the practice to others, in a book meant for general use. Surely every one must know many, especially girls and young women, to whom he can hardly be mistaken in holding such phrases as inapplicable. Some caution, we think, should be used in the introduction of them.

Of the hyper-ascetic and morose, anti-social, or ultra-selfish teaching, of which so many instances are to be found, we acknowledge gladly that, to the best of our judgment, there is not much in this book. There is nothing in it equal to the denunciation (if we understand him rightly, for the passage is not quite clear or consistent), by Mr. Aitken, the Corypheus in some of these kinds of extravagance, of all dinner-parties, particularly if kinsmen are invited.* It is needless to say what text it is that is thus perverted, and what its reasonable sense is; or to point out what impossibilities and contradictions would follow, if this literal and exclusive following of favourite texts were made our guide.

It is indeed, as has repeatedly been urged by Whately and others, one of the most fruitful sources of error. For example, Massillon—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—perhaps the very first in the great company of Christian preachers, but not free from excesses of this kind, in one of his Sermons,† after professing indeed that he is relying on the general scope of Scripture and not on single passages, proceeds to adduce some of the more rigorous precepts, and says upon each of them, "Follow that, and whither will it lead you?"

No doubt there can be but one answer. But how easy it is to take texts of a different appearance on the surface and when isolated, such as, "The Son of man cometh eating and drinking," or "Bodily exercise profiteth little," and to say, "Follow *that*, and see whither it will take you!"

Nor do we find any very near parallel to the passage (it is only a specimen) in the Imitation of Christ, in which we are advised to "fix our whole mind upon God and our own soul." Can there be a more direct opposition to the precept of St. Paul,‡ "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others"? No other passage, we think, is needed to warrant, to a great extent, Dean Milman's criticism on that celebrated work.§

* High Truth, pp. 67-8.

† "Œuvres," vol. i. p. 450.

‡ Phil. ii. 9. We are aware of the interpretation which limits the sense of this passage. It seems to us a doubtful one; but even so limited, it is inconsistent with the purport of the above quotation. Nor is this the only text.

§ P. 69, Edition of Dean Goodwin. See, however, the Dean's Preface.

We find, indeed, in the Guide (108), as often elsewhere, the injunction to have nothing to do with "things which do not concern us." Now, what *does* concern us? The answer, we conceive, is multiform: but even the heathen poet has been generally, if not universally applauded, for saying that to a man *nothing* human is alien and unconcerning.

Nor is there here anything* equal to the severe sentence which, in one passage at least,† Dr. Newman appears to pass on the "merry heart." He reluctantly admits that there *may* be a few of almost perfect sinlessness, of the highest sanctity, to whom it is not forbidden. The rest, he says, "whom earth soils, lose their right to be merry-hearted." Now, as it is quite certain that those of the former class are the last who will ever believe that they are so, it would follow that the ancient and humane texts,‡ "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast," "A merry heart doeth good like medicine," have under the Gospel no longer any place.

So of the impressive and beautiful Sermon§ just preceding, the *tendency* is to make us believe that unless and until we are visited with outward afflictions more than men in general, we have but slight ground to hope that we have any good measure of the Gospel privileges. We say *outward* afflictions, for that is the point mainly put in the Sermon, and not the greater inward sense of sin and unworthiness or the like, which is another matter. In one passage, indeed,|| the author admits that "almost all men" (surely the *almost* might be omitted), "sooner or later, have their troubles, and Christians, as well as others, have their continual comforts." This is, in fact, to abandon his thesis. But, as is not unfrequent with this great writer, he simply sets aside his own admission, saying, "What if it *be* ever so true?" and proceeds with his argument, like the man whose experiments always failed, but who founded theories on the assumption that they had succeeded.

A somewhat similar passage (which we are compelled to quote from memory) occurs in one of the Plain Sermons by Contributors to the Tracts for the Times: "There never has been any very good man who was not violently persecuted." What the writer *means* may be simple enough, but it seems a heedless inaccuracy of expression, either denying that the millions of Christians who are called to the "noiseless tenor" of the "*fallentis semita vitæ*" can ever be "very good men," or that they can be liable to what ought reasonably to be called "violent persecution."

Our last quotation from the "Churchman's Guide" was from the

* On the contrary, see p. 108.

† Sermons, v. 346.

‡ Prov. xv. 13; xvii. 22.

§ Endurance the Christian's Portion.

|| P. 336.

directions for the Ordinary Actions of the Day (103—113). We have not yet adverted to them, because, while they seem to us on the whole and in most of their parts very good, there are several incidental passages (besides others to which we have in effect already referred) to which we cannot but take exception. And we propose to conclude by going through these, together with one or two similar passages from elsewhere; only observing with respect to these and all our quotations, that though they may be incidental and isolated where they happen to occur, we have cited none which may not, we believe, be looked on as representative specimens of a large number.

The subject of fasting (113, &c.) is naturally treated more at length under the head of Lent (305—314). We have not much to remark on the general character of what is there said; but we must say that if we rightly understand the advice to professional men (313) as purporting that they should on such days have nothing during the whole day but "a little cocoa without sugar, and dry bread," in the earlier part, the rule is surely a severe one.

We cannot, indeed, but say that we conceive the detail and minuteness of such regulations—"dripping and lard" permitted on certain conditions, "beef tea" on others, &c. (306, 313)—do really derogate and detract from the dignity and usefulness of the ordinance rather than promote them. We think that herein has been a chief error of the Church of Rome, and that our own Church has much shown her wisdom and her more scriptural tone by abstaining from it.

It is of course asserted as indisputable (305), that the full and precise observance of all the forty days of Lent has been unbroken in the Church from the beginning. Far be it from us to say a word against the ordinance itself, or against the great institution of Lent as an ecclesiastical one of high antiquity; but that it can be traced in its integrity to apostolic times, seems hard to be maintained in face of the evidence collected by Bishop Taylor.*

Some of these precepts, as "not to look steadfastly on that which you may not lawfully desire" (105), to use a distinct prayer "at the beginning of *every action*" (106), "never to do anything that you would not do before all the world" (107), are probably mere slips in expression.

In condemning *public balls* (110) we hope we may understand the author to stop short of the Puritanism which denounces all dancing, however plainly permitted in Scripture itself. We regret to observe no such reservation in his prohibition (*ib.*) of the drama, under whatever regulation. Yet many authorities which he would respect, as we need not say, have allowed it as conducive, when rightly conducted,

* Duct. Dubit., B. III., ch. iv. 13 (Works, vol. xiv. pp. 31—45); Collier, Ecol. Hist., v. 313—4.

even to moral elevation, and as affording scope to some of the noblest faculties of human genius.

We rather wonder that the author should condescend (108) to adopt a semi-jocose proverb in order to enforce such a maxim as this : "Never make comparisons between men." On what ground is this impossible precept founded? Surely not on our Lord's words, "Judge not," and similar texts, which rightly construed can never go to this length.

Of eating and drinking we are told (105, 260), that they are not for pleasure or gratification of appetite, and that "exquisite dishes" should be avoided. And we remember reading a Rule of Life of one of the ancient Fathers, translated in a publication of the Guild of St. Alban, called *Church Work*, in which one of the precepts was "to eat food with groans."*

Now, either these passages allude to the peculiar and, as we think, semi-Manichean view of food to which we have already adverted, or they apply equally to all physical and worldly enjoyments. We know to what length such views have been carried, as, for instance, by Pascal.† But in the Bible we read of "food and gladness," and of "nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving."‡ Even Dr. Newman allows§ of the things of this world that we may "take them for life, for comfort, for enjoyment;" whereas it might almost seem of some of these writers as if they read a well-known text,|| "the Lord, who giveth us richly all things *not* to enjoy." Assuredly enjoyment is not the proper and ultimate purpose of any of God's gifts; but that not even in a secondary and subordinate sense does He intend things pleasant and beautiful to give enjoyment to His creatures, is truly a hard saying. Are such things His work, or are they perversions of the Evil One?

Another great and common misconception, as we deem it, will be found at p. 106; that labour, simply as such, is penal. It is strange that they who tell us this do not recollect that it was *before* the Fall that Adam was directed to "dress and to keep" the garden.¶ Labour in itself is a blessing and a privilege; its penalty consists in its often ungrateful character, its necessity on all, and consequent frequent painfulness, its wearisomeness from excess, and other marks of its altered nature.

We have but to add two more notes. One is on a form of address to our Lord, which may be found at pp. 534 and 590 of this book,

* "Grudgingly," it was mis-translated.

† See his Life, by his sister, prefixed to the Amsterdam edition of the *Pensées* (1700), pp. 30—43.

‡ Acts xiv. 17; 1 Tim. iv. 4.

§ Sermons, vi. 336.

|| 1 Tim. vi. 17.

¶ Gen. ii. 15.

and in the Steps to the Altar (p. 17) : " Lord, I am that sick man whom thou camest from Heaven to heal." This segregation of the individual from his brethren—this claim to a peculiar share in Redeeming Love—(and if not that, what can it mean ?)—seems to us singularly offensive.

The other is the notion, often found in these writings, that thoughts passing through the mind in dreams can be actually matter of guilt, and calling for repentance. Dreams may, perhaps, be among the proofs of the sinfulness of nature ; and possibly particular dreams may be indications of an actually sinful life—though we conceive that both these are beyond what any one can really know of the depths of that unsounded sea. But that a malicious or an impious thought conceived in a dream can be in itself matter for judgment, seems to us one of the strangest delusions ever entertained.

We have now done with our fault-finding. It has been no welcome task. And we repeat our admission, that if we could look on this book as only a repertory for discreet selection, much, though by no means all, that we have said would be less applicable. We can only say "*less* applicable," for, as we before intimated, that very discreet selection is just that in which many who deserve the most consideration are likely to fail.

There will always indeed be many who delight in these books : many to whom they will be found suitable. Nothing that we or any one could say will ever put an end to the demand for them ; nor have we any such purpose. We have written for the young, the innocent, the inexperienced, the sensitive, the scrupulous : who, we cannot but fear, are in danger of needless violence to their consciences and loss of mental health, by the unrestricted use of such writings. These, or some of them, may perhaps be warned to consider carefully, and take good counsel, before they finally commit themselves to their guidance, rather than to the sounder and more Scriptural tone, as we deem it, of the Prayer-book, of Taylor, of Wilson, and of Keble.

LYTTELTON.



FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

THE action taken by Mr. J. S. Mill in the House of Commons on behalf of the freeholders and householders, the petition for whose enfranchisement he presented, raises a question of very great importance to women, and to the community of which they form the numerical majority.

It is probably the first occasion on which the claims of female persons to political rights have been seriously brought before the British Parliament, and as the attention of the nation is now being directed to the question of the expediency of making some re-distribution of political power, it seems an appropriate season for the grave consideration of all that can be urged in favour of this claim being allowed.

Hitherto the difficulty has been to get the question of the political rights of individuals of the female sex recognised as one open to discussion at all. The advocate has not been allowed to come into court. It has been assumed that the male sex, by a sort of divine right, has the exclusive privilege of directing the affairs of the community; and any serious claim made by the other half of the human race, to a share in controlling its destinies, has been met, not by argument showing the groundlessness or inexpediency of the demand, but by a refusal to entertain it, as if it were something intrinsically absurd.

But in this inquiring age, first principles of all sorts, whether in religion or politics, are being sharply scrutinised, and those who maintain them must be prepared to justify them at the bar of the intelligence of the age. The principle of confining political privileges exclusively to one sex, though persons of both sexes are equally affected by the course pursued in deciding political questions, is now challenged, and the case must be fairly judged on its merits.

The sheer novelty of the proposal is the weakest part of the case for the petitioners; the opposition will find their most formidable stronghold in taking up the position that women never have voted in choosing members of Parliament, and therefore they ought not to do so now. They may also possibly make the assertion that women do not desire the franchise, it is therefore needless to inquire whether it ought to be given to them.

The best answer to this last proposition is, that many persons otherwise qualified, but at present excluded from the franchise on account of their sex, do petition that the privilege shall be extended to them; and that a number of ladies, honourably distinguished among the people of England for their intellectual attainments, and therefore most worthy representatives of womankind, are very much in earnest in seeking to obtain a favourable hearing for the petition. This being the case, it is difficult to see on what principles of equity its continuous rejection can be justified.

It surely will not be denied that women have, and ought to have, opinions of their own on subjects of public interest, and on the events which arise as the world wends on its way. But if it be granted that women may, without offence, hold political opinions, on what ground can the right be withheld of giving the same expression or effect to their opinions as that enjoyed by their male neighbours? To individual men the law says, "All of you whose rental reaches the prescribed standard shall have your political existence recognised. You may not be clever nor learned, possibly you do not know how to read and write. Still you know your own wants and wishes better than others know them for you; you have a stake in the country, and your interests ought to be consulted; you contribute directly to the national revenue a certain proportion of your property or earnings, and you shall enjoy in return a small share of direct political power, for the exercise of which, according to the best light you possess, you shall be legally responsible to no one."

But to individual women the law says, "It is true that you are persons with opinions, wants, and wishes of your own, which you know better than any other can know for you; we allow that your stake and interest in the country are equal to that of your next-door neighbour, and that your intelligence is not inferior to that of great

numbers of male voters ; we will tax your property and earnings as we see fit, but in return for your personal contribution to the national revenue you shall not possess the minutest fraction of personal political power ; we will not allow you to have the smallest share in the government of the country of which you are a denizen, nor any voice in the making of the laws which determine the legal and political status of persons of your sex."

Now can any man who feels that he would not like to be addressed in language of this sort, seriously believe that women do like it ? Surely there is no such difference in the feelings of persons of opposite sexes as to make language which would sound mortifying and unjust to one set of persons, seem agreeable and equitable to another set. If we do not hear much of such discontent as may exist, it must be remembered that women are naturally shy at expressing any sentiments liable to draw upon them the disapprobation or ridicule of their male friends ; and that these, instead of talking of the question quietly and calmly, as one to be settled by fair reasoning, are apt, in discussing it with ladies, to assume a bantering air, and in asking their female friends whether they want votes, to indicate by their tone and manner the kind of answer they expect, or, at any rate, would approve of. They put, as it were, leading questions, and often receive the reply they prepare for. Men do not ask women earnestly, whether they will have votes, but jestingly, whether they would like them ; and it is not very wonderful if the answers they receive to questions put in this spirit are much to the effect that the grapes are sour.

It is admitted that cultivated and intelligent women at least, even if it be denied of others, have opinions of their own on political and kindred matters ; and the tendency of public opinion, if it has not already reached this point, is in the direction that the formation of these opinions should be encouraged, and that it is desirable that women should take an interest in the general welfare. But if this is right, where is the consistency or propriety of saying to them, "Open your eyes to what is going on in the world, think for yourselves on the subjects that engage public attention, and when you have taken pains to inform yourselves on the topics of the day, and on the merits of the various questions that stir the mind of the nation, your opinions shall be treated as worthless, your voices counted as nothing, and not a point of independent standing-ground shall be given to one of you from which you may endeavour to give effect to the strongest desire or opinion that may influence you." Is not this style of dealing with the opinions women are encouraged to form, something after the manner of the famous recipe for treating a cucumber—Carefully prepare the fruit, adjust the proportions of

the seasoning, and when all is done, and the dish dressed to perfection, open the window and fling it away !

The question should be fairly put, and honestly answered, Ought the wishes and opinions of women to be allowed any political influence at all, any weight whatever in the general councils of the nation ? It is for those who answer this question in the affirmative to show cause why they should not be permitted to exercise whatever influence it is thought right they should possess, in a direct, straightforward manner.

But many who allow that women's voices ought to count for something in estimating public opinion, say that the proper manner for them to exercise power in the State is through the influence they possess over the minds of their male relatives—when they happen to have any—and that this indirect method of making their opinions known ought to satisfy them. This may sound plausible, but the legal measure of influence accorded under this arrangement to the opinions of women of independent position is found, on examination, to vanish to a nullity. By what process can the votes of men be made to represent the opinions of women ? Is a man bound, before giving his vote, to consult the wishes of the woman or women on whose behalf, as well as his own account, he is supposed to be acting ? Each individual voter can give but one voice—his own ; that voice represents the sentiments of a single mind. It adds nothing to the weight of this voice in choosing a representative, that any number of his female neighbours coincide in the views of the elector ; and if they do not so coincide, far from representing their wishes, he is thwarting them. If, then, the opinions and wishes of women ought to have any political influence whatever, a channel should be open to them for expressing them independent of the votes of men, for these may or may not represent their opinions truly.

Some persons will boldly maintain that women ought not to think on political questions at all, and these are at least consistent in denying them votes. But it cannot surely be deemed desirable, or even possible, that more than half the adult population of the realm should remain wholly apart from, and uninterested in, the events that daily happen among them. If women lived shut up in zenanas, seeing no man but their husbands, and with nothing to occupy their minds but baubles and sweetmeats, it might be possible to sequester them wholly from interest in the world's affairs. But English women live in the world—in the society of English men. They have access to the same sources of information that men have, and they have usually enough of leisure at their disposal to make themselves acquainted with passing events. The newspaper is a daily feature in the life of most English families, and though the female members of a family group will pro-

bably feel a much stronger interest in the newest Paris fashions than in the latest odds on the Derby, yet matters such as these, specially interesting to individuals of either sex, bear but a small proportion to the mass of general news, which attracts intelligent persons of both sexes alike. But if women are found to take a genuine interest in public affairs, they are liable to be forbidden to follow the promptings of their natural tastes, to be reproached for intruding into matters "beyond the province of their sex," and to be told that as they are excluded by law from participation in political power, they have no right to concern themselves with public interests.

The case of persons excluded from the franchise solely on account of their sex, is essentially different from that of male persons shut out by the operation of the existing electoral law. In the latter case the disability is not inherent, but accidental, and may be overcome by the efforts of the individual, without change in the law. If a man is not an elector to-day, he may be one to-morrow; his exclusion carries no stigma of supposed mental or moral incapacity to form a judgment in political matters, and is no logical bar to his making himself as fully acquainted with them as his tastes and circumstances permit. His acquisition of a vote would be simply the adding another name to the electoral roll, and would possess no special interest for other men.

But the admission of female freeholders and householders to the privilege of voting would enfranchise, not simply the individual voters, but the whole sex. Every woman in the land would have an immediate accession of personal dignity, for she would belong to a class no longer denied the logical right to hold political opinions. Though she might not happen to possess the requisite qualification for a vote, personal exclusion from political power would lose its sting, for it would cease to imply presumed mental incapacity for its exercise. English women would be relieved from the mortifying consciousness, that while feeling no moral nor intellectual inferiority to the generality of the men of their own families, or whom they meet in society, and unable to perceive any difference between men's and women's manner of judging, or sentiments on public affairs,—except such as may be attributed to individual differences of tastes and circumstances,—the opinions of their male acquaintances are respected, as forming a legitimate portion of the motive power of the State, while their own are rejected, as only women's, and therefore not to be taken into account. It is to this feeling, and not to any unworthy desire to interfere in party squabbles, that the movement of women for enfranchisement is to be attributed.

It has been urged as an objection to female suffrage that it would be a grave evil to involve women in the undignified turmoil of a

contested election, and in the discreditable scenes that too often disgrace the polling booths. This objection will seem to have more or less force according to the character of local influences. For in the city where this paper is penned, the constituency of about 22,000 electors, being very much in earnest on political questions, conduct their sharply contested elections with perfect order and good temper. They would not tolerate the interruption of riotous demonstrations, which they rightly regard as the expression, not of political sentiment of any sort, but of sheer ruffianism. It must be confessed, however, that this happy state of things is not universal, and that in many places the scenes at election time are such as not only no woman, but no man of refinement or self-respect would care to be mixed with. But, though a mob might prevent a woman from actually recording her vote, no mob could deprive her of the consciousness that she was deemed by the legislature a fit person to exercise the privilege of the franchise, nor of the consideration this privilege would confer on her in her own eyes, and in the esteem of her neighbours. And all unpleasantness might be avoided by the use of polling papers, as at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, until such time as the masses had learned manners. It is, besides, not improbable that the mixing of women in political life might exert the same humanising and softening influence over its rougher elements, as is confessedly the case in social life.

It has been alleged that the franchise would be injurious to women because it might expose them to the arts of the dispensers of bribery and corruption, from which, having no votes, they are at present happily exempt. But if the franchise is so demoralising in its effects, those politicians must be grievously in error who desire to see it extended beyond its present limits, and the classes now excluded are much better and happier without votes, if they could only think so. Where bribery, however, is proved to exist, a measure of disfranchisement has been recommended rather as a penal infliction than as one of solicitude for the morals or comfort of the bribees.

It is, moreover, by no means certain that the exclusion of women from the franchise secures their immunity from the seductions of electioneers. Probably green parasols have been distributed in other constituencies than the world-renowned borough of Eatanswill, and it scarcely needs the revelations of recent election commissions to prove that, at present, candidates do not neglect to conciliate the female interest by all the arts in their power. But under the existing law, women have no right to concern themselves in political contests, and, therefore, all the influence they exert at elections is of an underhand and unlawful character. Consequently, the means used to gain this illegitimate sway over the minds of electors are

extremely likely to be as improper as the end for which they are employed.

But if female influence in political affairs were allowed direct and legitimate expression by female votes at elections, candidates must then address themselves to win the respect and confidence of women by fair and honourable means. This might not altogether put down the existing evil, but it would be something on the other side; and it is probable that the knowledge that candidates had in this manner to gain the suffrages of women, would exert an influence the reverse of injurious on the moral tone of electioneering tactics.

It has been objected that conferring the franchise on women, and thus holding out to them an inducement to occupy their attention with political affairs, would tend to withdraw their minds from domestic duties, and take up their time to the disadvantage of those pursuits which have a more special claim on their attention. This seems to imply that women are the only persons who have peculiar duties, and that the privilege of voting properly belongs to those who have nothing else to do. The objection might be urged with equal force against conferring the franchise on men who do not possess independent property. It is true that the peculiar duty of woman is to mind the house, and attend to the comfort of the inmates; but it is equally true that it is man's special province to labour for the maintenance of the household, and in this division of family cares, the share of the man is at least as important and engrossing as that of the woman. Were he to relax his efforts as breadwinner, the welfare of the family dependent on his exertions must be the sacrifice, and it might be plausibly argued that it would be a serious evil to encourage him to turn his thoughts to politics, lest it should have a tendency to withdraw his energies from the labours necessary to support his family. But experience proves that male voters are not, as a rule, in the habit of neglecting their private business in pursuit of political objects: why, then, should it be imagined that women, whose affections and interests lie yet more closely within the home circle, would be likely to neglect the duties naturally dear to them, for the sake of public affairs?

The objection is founded on a false estimate of the time and attention required for the due discharge of the duties of an elector. Ours is a representative government, and it is the elected only who are required to make politics the business of their lives. These meet, and elaborate, with much care and thought, the measures needful for the welfare of the nation; while the great bulk of the voters sufficiently discharge their duties to the State, if they keep themselves tolerably well-informed of what is passing in Parliament, and in the country, and support by their votes, when called upon, the general policy of the party to which their sympathies incline. Thousands of electors un-

obtrusively discharge in this way important duties, without taking part in political agitation, or having their energies taxed in any manner injurious to the exigencies of social and family relations. Giving a vote is a remarkably short and simple process, not demanded usually more than once in two, three, or possibly seven years. Generally within a very short time after the election, the constituency relapses into quiescence. The only time when deliberation on the subject is needed, is when the seat is vacant, and the side on which the vote shall be given is in most cases already determined by hereditary or natural bent, or by opinions formed gradually, growing out of the knowledge and experience gathered from day to day, and not as the result of time specially devoted to political study, and withdrawn from the ordinary occupations of life.

The duties of electors being thus neither onerous nor exacting, there is no need to fear that the extension of the suffrage to women would impose a burden inconvenient to be borne, on hands now exempt from it. For no one need perform even the light and easy functions in question against his will. No elector is bound to vote if he be not so minded, and no man is worse thought of by his neighbours for declining to exercise his constitutional privilege. Still less would blame be attached to female electors who might not care to take the trouble of voting. Therefore no woman who feels that she would rather not be called upon to take any interest in political affairs, need be apprehensive that the subject could be forced upon her against her consent.

It is said that if we allow women the privilege of voting for members of Parliament, and thus concede to them the right to interest themselves in political subjects, we shall next be asked to admit them as eligible for seats in the House of Commons; and this is considered to be a *reductio ad absurdum*, and therefore to settle the matter.

But it is a mistake to suppose the one privilege to follow necessarily from the other. It is a perfectly fair position to maintain, that a woman, by circumstances incidental to her sex, is disqualified for discharging the burdensome and responsible duties of a member of Parliament, and yet that she is quite capable of exercising with advantage the very simple functions of an elector. It may be admitted that the personal participation of woman in the active struggles of parliamentary life, would be as incongruous as would have been her appearance armed in the lists, where of old her fate was oftentimes decided, without therefore believing that it is necessary to the preservation of her womanly character, to deprive her judgment of all voice in the selection of the champion to whose efforts the interests of herself and those dear to her are confided.

In support of the proposition that eligibility to sit in the House of

Commons is not a necessary corollary to the privilege of voting in the election of its members, we can appeal, not only to reasoning, but to precedent. There exists now, a large and influential class of the community, placed by law and public opinion, in exactly the position which women would occupy, were the privilege of the franchise conceded to them, namely, the clergy of the Church of England. It would not be an edifying spectacle to behold the rector and curate of a parish at the head of rival election committees, and we might be sorry to see clergymen taking a prominent part in political agitation, yet no one seems to consider that on this account they ought not to be allowed to vote.

Were it now proposed for the first time to confer this privilege on the clergy, many of the objections which sound most plausible against female enfranchisement would be complacently urged against priestly suffrage. We should be told that clergymen had no business with politics; that it was their province to attend to spiritual matters; and that they ought to confine themselves to their proper sphere; that if they were permitted to participate in political affairs, it would deteriorate from the sanctity of their character, and be a hindrance in the discharge of their special duties; that the passions roused by political contests were inconsistent with that spirit of meekness and holiness which we look for in preachers of the Gospel; that if clergymen were allowed to vote, the next demand would be that they should sit in the House of Commons; with many other objections of a similar character, which it does not need a very lively fancy to suggest. But all these imaginary evils are found not to exist practically. Clergymen are not hindered in the performance of their spiritual duties by their participation in political power, and it is no deterioration from the sacredness of their calling, to give them a voice in mundane affairs. They would feel it to be unjust were they deprived of the right to hold political opinions, which would be implied by the exclusion of all persons of their class from the franchise, but they do not appear to regard it as any hardship that the exigencies of their special vocation are thought to render it expedient that they should not sit in the House of Commons.

Let it be remembered, in considering the plea for the admission of a small per centage of their number to political existence, that persons of the female sex form the numerical majority of the adult population of the country, and that measures specially affecting their legal status, and the disposal of their persons and property, are enacted without their consent being obtained, or even asked. As an instance, there is the law which gives to the husband of a woman who marries without a settlement, the power of spending any money she may possess, or even of leaving it away from her in his will. The wisdom and beneficence of these arrangements are not here

impugned ; the question is simply suggested, whether, in case of a proposal to assimilate the English law affecting the property of women who marry, to that which prevails in other civilised countries, the legislative assembly best qualified to arrive at a decision which should be beyond suspicion of being partial, would be one in the election of which no woman had a voice.

But as this question is not at present raised by any politician, it may be more apposite to take one which is periodically mooted, and which is believed, though on what grounds it is somewhat difficult to make out, to have a special interest for the female sex, namely, the propriety of legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The supposed wishes and opinions of women have been freely used as arguments pro and con in Parliament, and a departure from the time-honoured formula, "Women have no business with politics," has been sanctioned to the extent of taking some pains to ascertain what women think and desire in the matter. This seems a tacit confession that an assembly composed of the representatives of one sex only, is not always the one most competent to decide on questions specially affecting the other.

"Women have nothing to do with politics," we are told, and this assertion is given as an answer to their request for enfranchisement. But on the right solution of political questions depends the progress of the nation in material prosperity and intellectual culture. Female persons, especially those occupying an independent position, have the same stake in the country as their male fellow-citizens, and it is of just as much importance to women as to men, that the national counsels should be directed to the end of promoting the comfort and happiness of the masses of the people.

The venerable phrase, "Women have no business with politics," was once uttered as a reproach in the hearing of a witty French-woman during the period of the Revolution, and called forth the ready reply, that in a land where women were liable to have their heads cut off for political offences, they liked to know the reason why. We have in this country discontinued the practice of cutting off the head of any person, whether man or woman, for political reasons ; but whatever practical inconvenience any individual is liable to sustain from the operation of political measures, affects persons of both sexes alike.

"Women have nothing to do with politics" is a mere assertion, founded on sentimental, not on scientific grounds. It may be true, it may be false ; it is a proposition fairly open to dispute. But though this proposition may be doubted, there is no doubt at all about its converse. It may be denied that women have anything to do with politics ; it cannot be denied that politics have a great deal to do with women.

LYDIA E. BECKER.



CONINGTON'S ÆNEID.

The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English Verse. By JOHN CONINGTON M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London: Longmans. 1896.

AS is the case with translators of Homer since the days of Pope, so it is with all such as essay the translation of Virgil's "Æneid," and enter the field which is Dryden's by right of first possession. They must incur the imputation of seeking to try a fall with a master of their craft. They cannot help feeling that not only are the sympathies of bystanders pre-engaged on the side of their antagonist as a champion whose vested rights it seems sacrilege to disturb, but that their own inner sense and leaning point in the same direction. They are doing despite, by the act of rivalry, to a god of their youthful idolatry. Of Pope's "Homer" Professor Conington, in one of the "Oxford Essays," avers, "that probably no other work has had so much influence on the national taste and feeling for poetry. It has been—I hope it still is—the delight of every intelligent school-boy; they read 'of kings, of heroes, and of mighty deeds,' in language which, in its calm, majestic flow, unhasting, unresting, carries them on as irresistibly as Homer's own could do, were they born readers of Greek; and their minds are filled with a conception of the heroic age, not, indeed, strictly true, but almost as near the truth as that which was entertained by Virgil himself."* And the tone of modest deprecation of audacious rivalry which breathes throughout the pre-

* "Oxford Essays," 1858, p. 30.]

face to his recently published "*Æneid*" is a sufficient guarantee that Mr. Conington is quite alive to the great advantage which a no less mighty weaver of verse than Pope—to wit, his predecessor Dryden,—enjoys in an arena of which he has come to be esteemed the *genius loci*; and where, in fact, his very peculiarities of style, his freedom, facility, and vigour, almost pass with English readers for the characteristics of the poet he translates. But it is this very mastery of the situation, as held by Dryden, which really renders needful the effort to produce a translation more nearly representing Virgil's own poem, a translation aiming rather at the reproduction in English of the exquisite delicacy of Virgil's own touch, than at the exhibition of personal gifts of poetry, and endeavouring before all things to set forth the "*Æneid*" as it issued from the author's mould, with as few additions or diminutions, as slight departure from the original thoughts and expressions, as the most careful rendering of one language through the medium of another can secure. Not to anticipate the great Caroline translator's practice in reference to the "*Æneid*," opportunities of comparing which with the greater faithfulness of the Oxford Professor will occur in examining the work of the latter, it may not be out of place to give a single sample of Dryden's small reverence even for Homer, in a passage very much admired, nay, sometimes quoted as equalling anything of Pope, and as proving what great capabilities for Homeric translation lay undeveloped in him. The lines represent Hector's prayer for the young Astyanax, as he holds him in his arms in the parting scene with Andromache.* The original, which it is needless to quote, has not a word to spare, and bears tacit testimony to the concurrence of heathen practice with Divine precept, in holding cheaply the long prayer and the vain repetition. But now contrast Dryden:—

"Parent of gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you, bright synod of the powers above,
On this my son your gracious gifts bestow,
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow;
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To shield the people, and assert the crown;
That, when hereafter he from war shall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and quiet home,
Some aged man who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remembered me,
May say, the son in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at these words his mother may rejoice,
And add her suffrage to the public voice."

There is not much amiss in the four first lines: but it will be found that the third couplet is a mere amplification of 'Δίον ἰφ

* "*Iliad*," vi. 476-81.

ἀνάσσειν; while the aged man, whose memory does duty in ver. 9, 10, is an expansion of the monosyllable *τις* in ver. 479; and his speech in ver. 11, 12, a paraphrase of *παρὸς δ' ὅγε πολλὸν ἀμείνων* in ver. 480. It would be easy to show this diffuseness of Dryden's at greater length, but the point for establishment is that faithful translation is liable to go by default where the translator, being a brilliant and fertile poet born, succumbs to the temptation of forgetting his original in himself. Finer, more vigorous lines than the above would be hard to find; but if ever the cant phrase, "This is poetry, but this is not—Homer!" was justifiable, it is surely here. Dryden's *real* tribute to Homer and to Virgil is his not infrequent introduction, into his original poems, of some image or description of theirs which has taken hold upon his fancy. With his lax, uncritical scholarship he has every temptation to be vague in his translations: he may even, by careful observers, be tracked through the whole process of circumlocution to evade difficulties; but when, as in the "*Britannia Rediviva*," he paints from memory the son of Venus in the temple at Carthage,—

"Shining with all his goddess mother's grace:
For she herself had made his countenance bright,
Breathed honour on his eyes, and her own purple light" (128-33),—

a regret must possess all who can appreciate his transcending genius that he did not either eschew translation altogether, or else adhere more closely to principles which no one knew better how to enunciate. For though, in prefacing his Ovidian translations, he advocates paraphrastic translation as affording elbow-room for the elegances of classical poetry, and unjustly underrates Sandys, whose "*Metamorphoses*," in spite of a dash of quaintness, remain a model of what translation ought to be, Dryden has left no room for misunderstanding his ideal of the more distinct declaration of principles prefixed to his "*Æneid*." His design was "to copy Virgil in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing of them for the sweetness of the sound." He professes to have studied, among other admirable features, "Virgil's sober retrenchment of his sense." He admits that the scantiness of the heroic verse has been a hindrance to his reproduction of the beauty and figurativeness of Virgil's words and expressions, and regrets that the brevity which that poet studied more than all others is so beyond the reach of imitation by other tongues. All this is bare profession; but, as a matter of fact, at the end of three years bestowed upon his translation, the only characteristic of his original which clung to Dryden, was his sounding elegance of diction. If among his contemporaries his version passed for "Virgil speaking such English as he would have spoken had he been born in England in Dryden's days," a very limited comparison

of the Latin with his English now, will demonstrate that at all events it is not Virgil speaking from his own brief.

The causes may have been contempt of servile accuracy, disinclination to subject poetic thought to an irksome groove, and the inherent difficulties of his chosen measure. The first and second of these were not unnatural failings of a great original genius; the third was an obstacle which, if ever surmounted, is certainly not to be got over by forsaking the direct road of translation, and straying into amplifications and additions. It is doubtful, indeed, whether this impediment admits of cure. As yet, no model translator has wrought one in the instance of Virgil. One or two recent and limited attempts to render Homer faithfully in heroic couplets are simply beneath contempt. It has, however, been suggested that the result would be different, if translators would allow themselves the liberty of running line into line, and abandon the usual practice of concluding the sense of a couplet within its proper limits. Something like this was attempted in a translation or two by Leigh Hunt from Homer and Theocritus, but the experiment could scarce have seemed successful to its inventor, for he continually recurs to the time-honoured usage, which is more natural to the genius of English heroics. And further, where seen in its fullest extent, the result is not such as to encourage innovation. John Wordsworth attempted something of the same kind, but was himself convinced of his failure.

Despairing of the heroic couplet, Virgil's translators have sometimes chosen *blank verse*, and essayed to tread the path of Milton, a path demanding almost as much and as various skill in verse and diction as the other. There is, indeed, the alternative of the metre of the "Faëry Queen," but to resort to it would indicate a readiness to multiply fetters to chafe at, or shake off, in the process of translation. Among recent translators in blank verse are the names of Kennedy, Singleton, and Miller. Of these the first is, on the whole, most successful, though the posthumous version of the third has many creditable passages. The second would be more noteworthy if its author had not, in pious horror of free translation, rushed into the counter-extreme of over-exactness, and if he had been as solicitous about the effect of his clauses and sentences as about the tasteful choice of his words. But after all there has been no sufficient success in these quarters to discourage other adventurers, whether they affect the same or some other metre. And of this opinion Mr. Conington seems to be, for while he speaks reverently, and even apologetically, of entering the lists against Dryden, he has little to say about the inferior combatants, whom he probably regards with as little concern as a knight-errant would the *mêlée* on the second day of a tourna-

ment, if so be he had held his own in the single combats of the first. Nor is such confidence ill-advised or unjustifiable. Mr. Charles Kennedy, though, perhaps, Professor Conington's match in scholarship, is both less under self-restraint in translation, and more indifferent as to the even execution of every part, than the latter. It is through the force of these virtues that Mr. Conington, venturing upon ground confessedly dangerous and offering diverse traps and pitfalls to the unwary, has yet accomplished a task which combines the rhyming fetters of the heroic couplet and the Spenserian stanza, with the temptations to commonplace of blank verse, without taking hurt from either; and this because he has understood a translator's duties too well to draw upon his own invention to supplement his metre, and those of a poet sufficiently to enable him to present the great Roman epic in a garb of adequate dignity.

No justification, indeed, is needed of an attempt so laudable as that which the Corpus Professor of Latin has ventured upon. Lookers-on may admire the chivalrous fellow-feeling with a great and departed genius, which has prompted him to overlook "the thousand points of external dissimilarity," in comparison of "the outweighing inner identity between Dryden and Virgil." No one will gainsay this, if no more is to be understood by it than that both were the foremost poets of their respective eras; but when, in another page of the Professor's preface, he enumerates the effects of a good translation upon the general appreciation of the original, and amongst these reckons the fuller realisation of the poet's art, "as shown in the thousand minutiae which make the poem what it is," it is impossible not to fathom the depths of the former criticism, and to find them in the critic's kindly reverence for a prince among poets, rather than in any intellectual sympathy with a translator who kept small faith with his original. If "a thousand minutiae make a poem what it is," it is surely excess of toleration to condone neglect or oversight of these, on the score of "inner identity," and of supposed affinities of genius between the poet of Augustan Rome and the poet of Caroline England. A much more substantial and noteworthy plea for his new translation, is the argument that as each age embodies its increased knowledge and appreciation of an ancient author in the form of a translation, so that translation, if successful, extends more widely and deeply this very appreciation. It is a matter of fact that schoolboys find in Professor Conington's translation of the "Odes" of Horace sufficient light upon what would else be dark passages in the original author, to render easy and pleasant a task which, without some such aid, would be a toil calculated to bring undeserved reproach on the joyous Venusian. In a still greater degree will young as well as mature scholars find in the new version of the "*Æneid*" by

the same hand, helps to the comprehensive realisation of Virgil's epic, and an expeditious and infallible key with which to unlock particular difficulties. The metre chosen,—and by this time it is superfluous to explain that it is that of "Marmion" and "The Lord of the Isles,"—is in itself not ill-suited for the purpose of including in its limits the manifold points of the Virgilian hexameter; and in the hands of one who has both poetic gifts and minute knowledge of his author, it stands forth the completest exponent of what Virgil wrote that has till now been realised in translation. Not too ballad-like, so as to offend the admirers of Virgil's polish and refinement; not revelling in archaisms, or, as Mr. Arnold designates them, "ballad-slang;" not given to trip it too lightly and jerkily, like "Harold the Dauntless;" and yet keeping clear, in the opposite direction, of the Oriental spirit of Byron's tales in a like metre,—Mr. Conington's verse does justice to the peculiarities of his subject, in a measure which will surprise even those who are prejudiced against it. It is the ballad metre toned down and modernised in form, yet without loss of its distinctive rapidity, and it has nothing of the lowness and quaintness of other experiments in kindred measures. In the whole volume there is not a single line which would necessitate such aid from a glossary as would be required in nine cases out of ten by English readers coming upon this line from Professor Blackie's "Iliad" (i. 412),—

"His hand the *proiest* of the Greeks in lawless rapine *shent*;"—

nor can more archaisms be cited from its range of four hundred and fifty pages than the fastidious Mantuan himself admitted into the original work. There would have been something repugnant to classical sensibilities had it been otherwise; but as it is, this new experiment has the advantage of one for its originator who is thoroughly alive to its drawbacks as well as its attractions, and who, with the consciousness of having appropriated a metre confessedly lax, has also the good taste to keep considerably within the bounds of lawful liberty. "Not the least," writes Mr. Conington, "of the evils of the metre I have chosen is a tendency to diffuseness; and in translating one of the least diffuse of poets, such a tendency requires a strong remedy" (p. xv.). This is a manful way of facing difficulties, and the persistency with which he has walked in this way is a great contrast in itself to the "say-and-do-not" policy of his Caroline predecessor. To this resoluteness is to be attributed not only the very moderate excess of English lines over those of the Latin, after an allowance of two to one, or of sixteen and occasionally fourteen English syllables to fifteen Latin, has been made; but also the remarkable similarity existing between the copy and the original in

point of terseness and rhetorical compression. No doubt it is a great gain to have for a translator one whose business it has been to comment minutely on the text in his professorial capacity, yet even the clearest perception of the force and drift of an author does not, of itself, secure a translator against the encroachments of his own imagination, if an ill-chosen measure keeps whispering that there is room for more in an English verse than has warranty in the original counterpart. However achieved, it is certain that for closeness of rendering, coupled with poetry of expression and temperate management of a lax metre, this new translation of the "*Æneid*" must be accounted a remarkable feat. A single yielding to the licence of a double rhyme is the extent of his metrical liberties. A jealous watchfulness against aught that could savour of rudeness and lack of polish, and a keen discernment of the capabilities of every passage, have been the chief instruments, apparently, in bringing to a birth, which is almost universally hailed with satisfaction, such a version of the "*Æneid*" as women and children may read with interest and without weariness, and as professed scholars will find a delightful revival of pleasantest classical memories.

That this is no mere encomiastic statement, put forward on the safe principle that it can scarcely be wrong to praise where others with one voice conspire to do the same, might be proved by quotation, *ad infinitum*, of passages culculated to establish the Professor's intellectual sympathy with the mind of Virgil, and his power and resource in clothing the offspring of that mind in the fittest and most poetic language. But it is impossible to do more than take a few of these: and there is no greater anxiety to one who has to make such selection, than lest by any oversight the very passages, by which the translator himself would wish to stand or fall, should fail of being subjected to criteria which, if applied, would vindicate the sterling merits of the whole. Luckily, Virgil's "*Æneid*" is a storehouse of such diverse and contrasted wealth, in poetry and in diction, that from end to end it is not easy to light upon a tame or commonplace page: and for this reason, perhaps, the really capable translator finds in it less temptation to spend precious time in burnishing up golden ornaments here and there, and to neglect the more ordinary metals of every-day use.

A variety of modes, whereby to test Professor Conington's labours, suggest themselves to the reviewer. For instance, he may be tried upon the merits of his pictures of still-life, and descriptive passages about sea or land, which abound in the third book and the fifth: and then, by way of contrast, upon his execution of the deeply emotional scenes of the fourth and sixth. Or he may be taken in his handling of vivid narratives of war and battle-fray, such as occupy the second

book and the last four books of the "*Æneid*;" and, as a set-off, in that of the consummately rhetorical speeches between Dido and *Æneas* in the first book as well as the fourth. The talent born of thorough appreciation of peaceful scenery and incident, such as is found in the "*Odyssey*," would find scope in translating a large portion of the first six books of the "*Æneid*:" the rapid succession of battles and incessant clangour of arms in the last six might occupy the translative muse of one whose *forte* would be the reproduction of the "*Iliad*." Or, looking at the question in another point of view, one might consider this translation with special reference to its treatment of those famous tropes and figures which lend to the "*Æneid*" its choicest adornment,—the similes, the allegories, the aposiopeses, of which it is a notable repertory. A specimen or two of each class shall be set, as time and space may serve, before the reader.

To begin, then, with the last class. The first simile in the "*Æneid*" is in many respects the most memorable. It is of native growth—no copy from the Greek, like so much of Roman poetry. From the political contests of the later Republic the poet of the yet young Empire draws an image by which to illustrate the influence of Neptune over wind and wave. As Mr. Conington in his Commentary remarks, the poet generally illustrates man from nature, not nature from man; and he further remarks that this is an instance of a simile in which the construction of the sentence is fully drawn out. No scholar needs to have quoted for him the lines beginning, "*Ac veluti populo in magno*," and ending with "*dat lora secundo*." If he falters for a word, Professor Conington's version, which follows, is close enough to aid his memory:—

"As when sedition oft has stirred
In some great town the vulgar herd,
And brands and stones already fly—
For rage has weapons always nigh,—
Then should some man of worth appear
Whose stainless virtue all revere,
They hush, they list: his clear voice rules
Their rebel wills, their anger cools:
So ocean ceased at once to rave
When, calmly looking o'er the wave,
Girt with a range of azure sky,
The Father bids his chariot fly."*

The nine hexameters of the original here reappear in twelve octosyllabic verses, and at the first blush it might seem as though the translator had strained conciseness to a fault. Yet, when Latin and English are set side by side, not a single idea is lost in the translation, not a single essential word suffers eclipse. The fourth verse

* P. 8. "*Æn.*" i. 147-56.

very happily represents the "*furor arma ministrat*" of Virgil. Invert the ablatives of quality after the adjective "*gravem*," and the clue to the principle of the translator's imitation is patent; and if the clause "*arrectisque auribus adstant*" seems scantily realised in the words "*they list*," be it remembered that the "*ears attent*" in the original only serve to fix the meaning of "*adstant*," and really introduce no new idea. This passage Dryden has spun out into thirteen lines of his more roomy verse, and his version of the words "*sævitique animis ignobile vulgus*" actually spreads over a line and a half:—

" Rise the ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud."

The words "*pectora mulcet*" are improved into—

"And quenches their innate desire of blood."

And as if Neptune's picture, as drawn by Virgil, were imperfect and fragmentary, the trident is clapped into his hand by the translator, and a sonorous triplet made up by an insertional line in which the sea-god—

"Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains."

A fairer presentment of Virgil here is that of Mr. Charles Kennedy, whose closing lines are as follow:—

"Thus the turmoil of ocean was appeased,
As, overlooking all the liquid field,
Under an open sky, with easy rein,
Guiding his chariot steeds, old Ocean rode."

In rendering another simile ("*Æn.*" ii. 416-19), the characteristic methods of Conington and Dryden may be seen in marked contrast:—

"Adversi rupto cœu quondam turbine venti
Confligunt, Zephyrusque Notusque et letus Eois
Eurus equis; stridunt silvæ, sævitque tridenti
Spumeus atque imo Nereus ciet æquora fundo."

Here, if the elder translator can claim precedence on the score of age, it may more easily be conceded than on that of faith and accuracy:—

"Thus when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the empire of the sky,
South, East, and West on airy coursers borne—
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus strikes the deep, the billows rise,
And, mixt with ooze and sand, pollute the skies."

The trident, which was thrust unbidden into the former simile, puts in no appearance here when the text requires it, and the fine epithet "*spumeus*" is also overlooked by Dryden. In the paraphrase of the last line, explicable only on the supposition that the translator

intends to substitute effect for cause, the chief thing to admire is its audacity. Conington's version runs :—

“As when the tempest sounds alarms,
And winds conflicting rush to arms,
Notus and Zephyr join the war,
And Eurys in his orient car :
The lashed woods howl ; hoar Nereus raves,
And troubles all his realm of waves.”—(P. 53.)

Here also the trident indeed is absent ; but the epithet is not forgotten, and the work of old Nereus is represented with more truth and less exaggeration than by Dryden. If Sir John Herschel's honest plan of italicising what is foreign to the original were to be adopted in these contrasted passages, the earlier poet would be found to have been by far the most zealous advocate of free trade in this respect.

To turn to another chief excellence of Virgil—his skilful personifications and allegories,—the part played by Alecto in the seventh book might serve, were it not so large a part, to exhibit Mr. Conington's skill in realising and representing such creations of his author. But that of Fame or Rumour in the fourth book (173-88) is briefer and not less striking. It is also the rather to be quoted as illustrating the variation of his metre, with which, in passages of a suitable character, he relieves the monotony of his octosyllabics with intercalary six-syllable lines. (“*Extemplo Libyæ magnas*,” &c., &c.) :—

“Now through the towns of Libya's sons
Her progress Fame begins ;
Fame, than who never plague that runs
Its way more swiftly wins :
Her very motion lends her power :
She flies and waxes every hour :
At first she shrinks, and cowers for dread,
Ere long she soars on high :
Upon the ground she plants her tread,
Her forehead in the sky.
Wroth with Olympus, parent Earth
Brought forth the monster to the light,
Last daughter of the giant birth,
With feet and rapid wings for flight.
Huge, terrible, gigantic Fame !
For every plume that clothes her frame
An eye beneath the feather peeps,
A tongue rings loud, an ear upleaps.
Hurling 'twixt heaven and earth she flies
By night, nor bows to sleep her eyes :
Perched on a roof or tower by day,
She fills great cities with dismay ;
How oft soe'er the truth she tell,
She loves a falsehood all too well.
Such now from town to town she flew,
With rumours mixed of false and true.”—(P. 106.)

In point of faithfulness and force this is a very adequate representation of the famous passage which Pope himself disdained not to imitate in more than one place of his "Temple of Fame." It should have been a grand trial-ground, a fine space for display to Dryden also, who here, however, as elsewhere, surprises his readers by one or two glorious verses, but forfeits all claim to truthfulness in translation by inability to stick to his author's words or thoughts for half a dozen lines together. From him, no doubt, Professor Conington has borrowed the turning of one of his best couplets, for Dryden translated—

"Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit."

"Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies."

But when that poet comes to the poetical figure, which counts the eyes, ears, and tongues of Rumour as numberless as the feathers of her wing, he lets loose his fancy, and swells into five verses some superadded details: Conington, on the other hand, consulting naked truth and narrative force, by limiting his muse to the three-line bounds of his original. And really, when a critical reader finds Dryden amplifying "et magnas territat urbes" into—

"And spreads through trembling crowds disastrous news,
With court-informers haunts, and royal spies,"—

he is driven to the conclusion that that old worthy never intended his admirers to refer to an open Virgil; and (from a sneaking kindness towards a bard of such splendid audacity as to point a moral to Court scandalmongers, and then father it on Virgil) incontinently shuts up his Latin text, and reads Dryden's "Æneid" for itself alone. Deliberate imitation, a translator's chief virtue, is uncongenial to "glorious John." Whoso would catch him in the vein nearest this virtue, must read such poems as his "Annus Mirabilis," into which he imports Virgilian images more faithful to the primary artist than his professed imitations. With Mr. Conington, the sense that he has to render a great poet poetically in another tongue never clashes with that fidelity in representation which a scholar feels due as much to himself as to his readers. Hence, if there occur an ambiguous passage in Virgil's text, it is almost as instructive to have recourse to the Professor's English version as to his Commentary in the "Bibliotheca Classica." The latter, after minutely discussing untenable interpretations, may give an acute decision as to the better sense which is worthy of acceptance. But the translation—like a woman's off-hand divination of the right conclusion,—with a noble contempt of premises, leaps as it were to the sound result; with this slight difference, no doubt, that the premises have been gone through

unseen in the one case, whereas they are not so much as dreamed of in the other.

There is a passage of some little obscurity near the close of the third book (684-6):—

“Contra jussa monent Heleni Scyllam atque Charybdim
Inter, utramque viam leti discrimine parvo,
Ni teneant cursus; certum est dare lintea retro.”

Here punctuation, interpretation, construction are all alike field for conjecture. Some of the acutest commentators condemn the lines, and banish them from the text, although every manuscript affirms their place in it. It is not necessary here to set up nine-pins only for the sake of upsetting them, and so it may suffice briefly to say that Mr. Conington takes “ni” for “ne,” and considers “utramque viam,” &c., as in opposition to “cursus,” unless it be a cognate accusative, as it were, after “teneant.” “Leti discrimine parvo,” he proves by cogent parallels to be an ablative of description. Hence springs a consistent and coherent sense. “On the other hand, the injunctions of Helenus warn us not to hold on our course between Scylla and Charybdis—either passage a hair’s breadth remove from death: so we resolve on sailing back again.” The wont of translators, as all who have paid much heed to them know, is to steer as warily wide of difficulties as Helenus bade Æneas do; but not so Professor Conington, who in translation defines his view of the construction of the passage as lucidly, to eyes that can see, as in his commentary:—

“But stronger than their present fear
The thought of Helenus the scor,
Who counselled still those seas to fly
Where Scylla and Charybdis lie:
The path of double death we shun,
And think a backward course to run.”—(P. 98.)

So, too, with the smallest minutiae, which are always in danger of being overlooked by the average run of translators: in this version they reappear clearly defined, and thus the poetical translation serves the reader in the guise of a better sort of *Interpretation* than that which ran, for boys of fifty years ago, along the margin of the Delphin classics. That clever Virgilian interpreter, Dr. Henry, has expended much pains and skill on elucidating the precise force of—

“Cavum conversâ cuspide montem
Impulit in latus.”—(I. 88-9).

Yet the reader of this translation will arrive at it as clearly, though without treading the same steps to reach it, in the verses,—

“He said: and with his spear struck wide
The portals on the mountain side.”

Nor, indeed, need he hesitate about the true sense of "alto prospiciens" in i. 126, although Kennedy, apparently in devout following of Dryden's "fearing for his watery reign," interprets it, "caring for his empire," if, after reflecting that such use of "prospicio" is unparalleled, he commends himself to the plain-sense translation here vouchsafed :—

"His calm broad brow o'er ocean rears."

And, once more, had plain-sense translation been more early in vogue, there is no saying how many other passages, like that which follows, would have escaped ridiculous misconception. From Dryden's rendering of the lines,—

"Ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis
Scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit,"*

it might reasonably be deemed that he took "correpta" to refer to the retentiveness of the chopped-off hands of slaughtered heroes who had gone through a second process of annihilation in the Simois, and not to the mere action of its rolling tide. Laxness could hardly go farther lengths than this :—

"Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismembered hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear."—*Dryden*.

To this very imaginative, not to say Irish, version a wholesome antidote may be sought in the simple but nowise tame rendering of the same lines by Conington :—

"Where Simois tumbles 'neath his wave
Shields, helms, and bodies of the brave."

Accuracy, however, some may plead, may easily consist with scant supply of poetic fire and spirit. Many would, without examination, give Conington's more truthful version in exchange for the highly poetic "*Æneid*" of Dryden, and flatter themselves that they had gotten the golden armour in lieu of the copper. But is this quite the case? The question must find its answer in lengthier cullings from the Professor's translation, adapted to exhibit the poetical calibre of the man at the same time with the capabilities of his metre.

Let such, then, as have an eye for nature and natural beauty scan this graceful picture of the entrance to the real or imaginary Bay of Carthage :†—

"The tempest-tost *Æneads*
Strain for the nearest land,
And turn their vessels from the sea
To Libya's welcome strand.

* "*Æn.*," i. 99, 100.

† "*Æn.*," i. 157-69: "*Defessi Æneades . . . ancora morsu.*"

Deep in a bay an island makes
 A haven by its jutting sides,
 Whereon each wave from ocean breaks,
 And parting into hollows glides.
 High o'er the cove vast rocks extend,
 A beetling cliff at either end;
 Beneath their summit far and wide
 In sheltered silence sleeps the tide,
While quivering forests crown the scene,
A theatre of glancing green.
 In front, retiring from the wave,
 Oppes on the view a rock-hung cave,
 A home that nymphs might call their own,
 Fresh springs, and seats of living stone:
 No need of rope or anchor's bite
 To hold the weary vessel tight."—(P. 8.)

Surely this is poetic description and artistic word-painting. If in the italicised lines a lynx-eyed critic should fancy he misses the fulness of the phrase "*horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ,*" let him not be too sure of this till he has studied the context, "*silvis scena coruscis Desuper,*" and ascertained, after allowance for Mr Conington's professed principle of not translating a double phrase, how every prominent feature of each clause finds its due place in what remains. Set side by side with the generally exact blank verse translations, how immeasurably does this passage surpass them in poetic and metrical effect. It is the same where, at the beginning of the seventh book, the Trojans are represented gliding at early morn into the famous river of Latium:—

"And from the deep Æneas sees
 A mighty grove of glancing trees,
 Embowered amid the silvan scene
 Old Tiber winds his banks between,
 And in the lap of ocean pours
 His gulfy stream, his sandy shores.
 Around, gay birds of diverse wing,
 Accustomed there to fly or sing,
 Were fluttering on from spray to spray,
 And soothing either with their lay."*

The gist of the original comes out in the translation; if a word or phrase is varied, the change is never deeper than the surface, and the genius of English poetry is invariably consulted.

But enough of pictures of nature in repose. How stands the case when the chief constituents of the epic, strife of passions and din of arms, have to be represented? No portions of Virgil's "*Æneid*" can outmatch the fourth book for the former of these. Does Dido's struggle between love, despair, and indignation lose less or more of its force in the present version than in preceding ones? It

* P. 217. "*Æn.*," vii. 29, &c.

would be hard to render Dido's pleadings to Anna * more pathetically than in these lines:—

"Not now I ask him to restore
The ancient marriage he forswore;
Resign his lovely Latian town,
Or abdicate Italia's crown.
My prayer is for a transient grace,
To give this madness breathing space,
Till fortune's discipline shall school
My vanquished heart to grieve by rule.
Vouchsafe this aid, the last I crave,
And take requital from my grave."—(P. 119.)

The admirable capacity of the octosyllabic couplet to represent a Virgilian hexameter could scarcely find better illustration than in the lines in italics representing the line—

"Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere."

But the climax of passion and of love changed to hate is reached when the deserted Queen girds herself to curse *Æneas* by her gods. Here Virgil is at his best, and his latest translator is but a little behind him in realising her tempestuous wrath:—

"Avenging fiends and gods of death,
Who breathe in Dido's dying breath,
Stoop your great powers to ills that plead
To Heaven, and my petition heed.
If needs must be that wretch abhorred
Attain the port and flent to land,
If such the fate of Heaven's high lord,
And so the moveless pillars stand;
Scourged by a savage enemy,
An exile from his son's embrace,
So let him sue for aid, and see
His people slain before his face;
Nor when to humbling peace at length
He stoops, be his or life or land,
But let him fall in manhood's strength,
And welter tombless on the strand.
Such malison to Heaven I pour
A last libation with my gore." †

Enough has been quoted of this terrible imprecation, though the famous words which conclude the original passage suffer little loss of fury and fire in the process of transmutation. What has been said above of this translator's power of throwing the work of interpretation into poetry is signally exemplified in his rendering of "*meritumque malis advertite numen*," in the third verse; while his ideas of allowable licence may be learnt from his expression of "*hic*

* IV. 430, &c.: "*Non jam conjugium*," &c.

† P. 127. Virg. "*Æn.*" iv. 610-21.

terminus hæret" in ver. 8,—words which Dryden has ignored, and the generally accurate Mr. Kennedy melted down into—

"If such be Jove's unalterable will."

Graphic point is achieved by Professor Conington, when he sees in the "terminus," or *ὅρος*, a pillar to mark that thus far but no farther may man interfere with the settled order of things. But these lesser details are of less noteworthiness than the consistent grandeur of the whole passage. It is easy to rail at the facile metre of Scott. It can, and may, no doubt, in bad hands be lowered to the low level of dog-grel; but not when handled by a master, not where pre-eminent scholarship helps the translator to realise the high flights of his author, and unusual gifts of poetic taste supply him with wings to soar towards them. To apply a fair criterion to the force of this passage, let it be supposed that the "*Sortes Virgilianæ*" had been consulted by Charles I., not in the original Latin, but, if it were not an anachronism, in the translations of Dryden or of Conington; which of them would have smitten the ill-starred monarch's mind with less effaceable forebodings, the smooth and rounded couplets of the courtier-poet of his son's æra, or the short, rapid, fitful utterances which, in Professor Conington's rendering, heap curse on curse?

To change the scene. Let the reader throw himself into the sacking of Troy, esteemed by many critics as Virgil's *chef-d'œuvre*. From first to last the interest, so unflagging in the Latin, is preserved in the counterpart under consideration. Sinon's treachery, Laocoön's death-pangs, the armed outpouring from the horse's iron womb, the ghost of Hector, scarred and dust-soiled, the ever-changing phases of fight and flight, might serve, were there but a trifle more mythological lore among the unlettered, for a first-rate subject at the "Penny Readings" now so much in vogue. Here is a sample by which to judge of the spirit of the rest. It describes the Trojans rallying under the influence of despair : *—

"So valour grew to madness. Then
Like gaunt wolves rushing from their den,
Whom lawless hunger's sullen growl
Drives forth into the night to prowl;
The while, with jaws all parched and black,
Their famished whelps expect them back,
Amid the volley and the foe,
With death before our eyes, we go
On through the town, while darkness spreads
Its hollow covert o'er our heads.
What witness could recount aright
The woes, the carnage of that night,
Or make his tributary sighs
Keep measure with our agonies ?

* "*Æn.*," ii. 355-69.

An ancient city topples down
From broad-based heights of old renown ;
There in the street confusedly strown
Lie age and helplessness o'erthrown,
Block up the entering of the doors,
And cumber Heaven's own temple-floors.
Nor only Teucric lives expire ;
Sometimes the spark of generous fire
Revives in vanquished hearts again,
And Danaan victors swell the slain.
Dire agonies, wild terrors swarm,
And death glares grim in many a form."—(Pp. 50-1.)

There is sustained excellence in the above ; and the whole translation in the second book is full of jets and sparkles of happy rendering. Such is the description of Pyrrhus, "*telis et luce coruscus ahenâ*," "a meteor shooting steely rays ;" such the requiem of Rhipheus :—

"Justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui :
Dis aliter visum !"—(II. 426.)

"Then Rhipheus dies : no purer son
Troy ever bred : more jealous none
Of sacred right. Heaven's will be done !"

Such the well-timed recourse to our English version of the Old Testament for a very fine rendering of ver. 618 :—

"Ipse deos in Dardana suscitât arma."
"E'en Jove to Greece his strength affords,
And fights from heaven 'gainst Dardan swords."

But it must not be fancied that the translator slackens or becomes weary in the later books. The seventh, already once or twice referred to, affords great scope for taste and judgment in more ways than one ; and this has not escaped Mr. Conington. It is, in strictness, the beginning of the actual battles of the "*Æneid*." The first affray is one of a rustic character, arising out of the slaughter by Ascanius of Silvia's stag. The skill, refinement, and innate dignity which bring Virgil through the record of a somewhat vulgar fight without hurt or debasement to his Muse, are not always warranted in a translator ; and if not, the result is parody or caricature. But the more classical the taste, the higher out of reach of blur or stain will the Muse soar, just as in a fable, and in the Old Fathers, Innocence passes scatheless amid the wild beasts and the pitfalls that line her path. Far distant be the day when England's youth shall imbibe their first rudiments from any "*arida nutrix*" whatsoever, to the exclusion of that time-honoured nursing-mother, classical literature. Not to run, however, into digressions, let the page be opened where Silvia, after the fatal shot of Iulus,—

" Gives the first alarm,
 And calls the rural folk.
 They—for the fury-pest unseen
 Is lurking in the woodland green—
 Or ere she deems, are close at hand;
 One grasps a charred and hardened brand,
 And one a knotted oak:
 Whate'er the seeker's haste may find
 Does weapon's work for fury blind.
 Stout Tyrrheus, as he splits in four
 With wedge on wedge the tree's tough core,
 Leaps forth, his hatchet still in hand,
 And, breathing rage, arrays his band.
 The goddess from her vantage-tower
 Perceives and seizes mischief's hour,
 Flies to the summit of the stall,
 And thence shrills out the shepherd's call.

Now gathering at the hideous sound,
 The rustics from the country round
 Snatch up their arms and run:
 The Trojan youth, their gates displayed,
 Stream forth to give Ascanius aid,
 And battle is begun.
 No longer now to village feud
 Waged with seared stakes and truncheons rude:
 Another game they try:
 'Tis two-edged iron; *Swords and spears*
Bristle the field with spiky ears:
 Responsive to the sun's appeal
 Flashed glittering brass and burnished steel,
 And fling their rays on high."*

The homelier features in this outbreak of strife are kept from descent or degradation, while the more poetic are caught up with a grace and truth well worthy of study. How ample is the justice done to the fine metaphor, "*horrescit strictis seges ensibus!*" How faithfully brought in, the image presented in "*æraque fulgent sole lacessita!*" And a few lines below, how telling is the brief and poetical description of Almo's death:—

" *Hæsit enim sub gutture vulnus, et uda
 Vocis iter, tenuemque inclusit sanguine vitam.*"—(VII. 533-4.)

" Deep in his gullet lodged the death,
 And choked the ways of voice and breath
 With life-blood's gushing flow."

As the ball gathers force, and the strife deepens, the occasions for fine poetry multiply apace. The famous description of the opening of the gates of Janus is noble in the original, and not less so in the translation. Yet the results of that solemn "letting loose the dogs of war," as narrated by Virgil, make up precisely that sort of passage of which inferior hands might mar the dignity, when translating

* Pp. 239-40. Cf. "*Æn.*," vii. 504-12; 519-27.

such minutiae as cleaning shields with lard, grinding axes, and turning ploughshares into swords. Here these details reappear in fitting guise, form a natural part of a becoming whole, and partake of the dignity which a true scholar has caught from his original, and nowise sacrificed in a metre not possibly originally intended for such high uses. There is, however, one feature in this portion of Virgil's epic, which the metre of Scott is pre-eminently successful in representing, the enumeration of the Latin tribes who, at the bidding of their princes, rush to war against Æneas. Critic after critic has noticed, but it is worthy of reiteration, that few metres can do equal justice to geographical names, or those of ancient kings and heroes. To realise the agony to which such names are subjected on the rack of English hexameters, it needs but to peruse a page of Simcox or Herschel anent the catalogue of ships in the "Iliad." The aptness, on the other hand, of ballad metre for such purpose, has received convincing illustration but lately in the Homeric labours of Professor Blackie. The second book of the "Iliad" has a wider scope, but such field as Virgil offers in geographical passages, few metres have better satisfied than Professor Conington's. Here is a brief account of the subjects led by Cæculus from Præneste and its neighbourhood to the help of Turnus:—*

" Behind him march his rural train,
Whom high Præneste's walls contain :
Who dwell in Gabian Juno's plain ;
Whose haunt is Anio's chilly flood,
And Hernic rocks by streams bedewed ;
Who till Anagnin's bosom green,
And drink of father Amasene."—(P. 247.)

But it may be thought that if quotation can prove a work's deservings, Professor Conington's "*Æneid*" should by this time be established. And yet Nisus and Euryalus, the lament for Marcellus, and many other splendid passages, have scarcely been hinted at. But perhaps it is better so. Whatever a past generation may have done, the present age, it may be suspected, knows the "*Æneid*" of Dryden chiefly through favourite excerpts, even if it knows so much. A more thorough paving of the way, by translation, to the appreciation of one of the very few great epics, may have been reserved for this new application of metre, and for a work, it may be added, which exhibits an almost unparalleled combination of scholarship and poetic power. There is nothing to prevent as eager and consecutive a reading, aloud or for private enjoyment, of a book of Conington's "*Æneid*" as of a canto of the "Lord of the Isles" or the "Lady of the Lake." The incident is as various; the metre as rapid, and as suitable for sus-

* "*Æn.*," vii. 682-5. "Quique altum Præneste," &c., &c.

tained interest. It admits of high finish, so as to reproduce such passages as "*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra*" (vi. 847-53), on this wise:—

"Others, I ween, with happier grace,
From bronze or stone shall call the face;
Plead doubtful causes; map the skies,
And tell when planets set or rise:
But ye, my Romans, still control
The nations far and wide:
Be this your genius—to impose
The rule of peace on vanquished foes;
Show pity to the humbled soul,
And crush the sons of pride."—("Æn." vi., p. 213.)

Nay, more, it can sometimes be said to add dignity—though this is a bold saying—to the original. Here is an instance. In the seventh book the incident of the *Æneadæ* eating their tables of wheaten cake, and so fulfilling prophecy, is surely trivial to a degree. No one can seriously regard the circumstance which provokes Iulus to exclaim, "*Heus! etiam mensas consumimus*," as other than as near an approach to bathos as Virgil, nodding, could be guilty of. Yet, by some means or other,—by the translator's innate sense of fitness, or through his laying to heart Dryden's maxim (who could preach if he could not practise!), "that the least portions of an heroic poem must be of an epic character: all things grave, majestic, and sublime,"—Professor Conington's version keeps rhythm and diction equally above the suspicion of burlesque. More than justice is done to the matter-of-fact line—

"*Et cereale solum pomis agrestibus augent.*"
"And heap with store
Of wilding fruits their wheaten floor."

And something like dignity is imparted to the somewhat ridiculous necessity,—

"*Et violare manu malisque audacibus orbem
Fatalis crusti, patulis nec parcere quadris*" (vii. 114—12),—

when it reappears in English dress—

"Attack the fated round, nor spare
The impress of the sacred square."—(P. 221.)

Occasionally, no doubt, in the course of so long a work, a translator may be excused for lapsing into commonplace. The lip of a critic hostile to octosyllabics will curl with sarcasm when he reads the translation of vii. 540,—

"*Atque ea per campos æquo dum Marte geruntus.*"
"While these are killing thus and killed,"—

a prosaic line, which, albeit an echo of Homer, might as well be employed to chronicle the bloodshed in the last scene of "*Hamlet*." It

is disappointing too, sometimes, to find shorn of its due proportions such a pregnant sentence as "et magno miseræ dilectus amore" (*Æneid*, i. 344), wherein the intense love of Dido for Sychæus, and its ill-fated issue, is summed up. Mr. Conington's Commentary teaches readers to expect a fuller rendering of the words than the barren three syllables, "She loved him." But for one or two specks of this kind on the fair wide surface of his work, Mr. Conington may comfort himself by feeling that every other translator has hundreds. To unimpeachable scholarship, a fine taste and critical ear, and high cultivation in the study and practice of poetry, he superadds the exceedingly rare endowment of ungrudging carefulness. In this particular he tenders the example of the Roman poet he has undertaken to translate, and to this may be attributed a large portion of the praise which will be bestowed on a translation so faithful, and yet so easy and unembarrassed. On this footing his poem ought to rely for the verdict of classical scholars. It is hardly fair to concede high praise on all these points, and yet to reserve the point of metre, unless those who do so will set up a standard translation, and exhibit to the world some unfailing counterpart of Virgil's measure. Perhaps it was a pity Mr. Conington did not practise total abstinence in the matter of double rhymes; for his one excess, where he renders—

"Unguibus ora soror fœdans et pectora pugnis."—(IV. 673.)

"Rends cheeks of rose, beats breast of snows,"

is a trick of metrical variety opposed to his usual principle of eschewing unwarranted ornament. But it is a single yielding to temptation, whereas one of the most recent translators of the "*Iliad*" has almost made the double rhyme a normal condition of his metre.

On the whole, an honest and thorough perusal of Conington's "*Æneid*" will convince even the sceptical that the application of the ballad metre to Virgil, as tested in it, is so far a success, and a success greatly due to the firmness of the translator in curtailing the liberties of his measure. And the sum of all that can be said is this, a choice lies between a careless, uneven, dashing version by a famous poet of a past age, in a measure accepted as heroic; and a careful, faithful, yet withal lively translation, by a living scholar, in a metre which has not hitherto won the same acceptance. Ignore the existence of a Latin original, and fitful sparkles of divine genius may perhaps assert Dryden's title to the first place; but even then the thorough readableness of Conington's version would leave but a small interval between first and second. But set up the original for a standard, to be aimed in spirit, and, as far as possible, in letter, and the verdict must be a reversal of this order. The weavers of blank-verse translation cannot be said to have come into court. Milton's

"drafts on Virgil" show indeed what a blank-verse "*Æneid*" from his hand might have been. But, "*dis aliter visum!*" The best unrhymed version is a weak representation of the graceful flow, life, and rapidity of Virgil.

It would be a sin of omission to conclude without expressing satisfaction at the sensible accession to the catalogue of "*bona fide*" translations realised in the volume under review. Times out of number, even in this nineteenth century, have those who hold a stanch belief in the inestimable value of classical studies as a mental drill, recognised premonitory symptoms of a tendency to substitute for them a more utilitarian and compendious training, in accordance with the spirit of the age. And the pang to such persons is all the bitterer, because there is no denying that time cannot be stretched to suffice for the multifarious branches of education which reasonably claim a share in it, without retrenchment of the perhaps undue devotion of it, in the good old days, to Greek and Latin. But it is the part of true wisdom not to deal obstructively with the question, but to seek means of curtailing superfluities, and of so preparing mental food, that the digestive process may be satisfied, and not deranged. To this end everything in the shape of concise, exact commentary, is sure to be of service. Classical books must eschew vain repetitions. There is scarcely a Horace in use which does not repeat "*ab ovo usque ad mala*" all the quotations, lucubrations, and crotchets of all the commentators, in one form or another. This is what baffles the best-arranged time-table. Short notes, pithily expressing definite results, and not dilating on doubts and dieta, are more likely to promote a wide study of the classics, and to strengthen the throne they hold in the education of English gentlemen. And closely akin to the strength which these may impart, is the light shed upon the classic page by a real and scholarly translation. This not only helps to mould the taste, but also throws the brightest rays upon passages, over which doubt has hung its cloud after all the assistance of grammar and dictionary. Even the most lucid commentary hardly smooths the way for a young student so helpfully and expeditiously as the intelligent, faithful reproduction of classical Greek and Latin in classical English.

And as it is not only desirable that the young should derive the same benefit which their forefathers derived from classical studies, but expedient also, that, as far as possible, these studies should be kept up by grown men, for the refining of taste, the improvement of style, and the salting of literature and table-talk, it follows that the heartiest welcome should be accorded to the class of books among which Professor Conington's "*Odes of Horace*," Lord Derby's "*Iliad*," Mr. Calverley's "*Translations*," and one or two like works stand foremost,

and which is now most worthily augmented by the "*Æneid*" of the first-named scholar.

Mature readers may not care to wade through "scholia" and "excursus;" but there might be a drearier pastime for cultivated leisure than the perusal of Conington's "*Horace*," with Dubner's "pocket edition" of that poet, "*ad modum Joannis Bond*;" or of Conington's "*Virgil*," with the same author's "bijou edition" from the classic press of the Didots. The debt which English literature owes to classical is one which can never be repaid. But it were a poor and spiritless repudiation of it to let ancient learning fall asleep and die out: a thankless course towards the creditors, and, on the part of the debtors, one which, in these latter days, would gender to poverty: poverty of taste, language, and literature, against which the works of earlier generations would remain a witness and accuser.

"*Di melius!*" So gloomy a forecasting is hardly called for in a decade of years which has done so much, through translation, in making the thoughts, expressions, and mighty works of antiquity accessible to intelligent English readers.

J. DAVIES.



ANCILLA DOMINI: THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN ART.

V.—SCHOOLS OF THE FUTURE.—LANDSCAPE.

WE have tried to speak with confidence of the possible, if not actual, prospects of modern English schools of painting. The fact that an excellent system of elementary art-teaching is in full work among us and makes great progress, seems hopeful enough. It proves that the educational representatives of the country recognise art as an object and means of national instruction. Still it is pretty clear that such teaching as is offered at present can hardly be expected to produce great painters, or train them effectually. Elementary or national art education is offered us by the State, and that is all the State can do. The further and more important question is whether art shall be made a branch of liberal education: and its answer rests with our universities and great schools, the Royal Academy being simply in abeyance as regards real guidance or encouragement to original men. We know how great change and progress of public opinion is necessary before the pursuit of the beautiful can be made co-ordinate with that of Greek and Latin. Yet our classical course consists mainly in reading Greek books; and it seems strange that we so entirely ignore an important part of the mental culture of the men who wrote them. The common error of art-study used to be to draw from Rafael, and never attend to the nature which Rafael worked from: and we seem to make an analogous mistake in our study of

Greek literature. We read all Plato says on Beauty, but never think of looking on Beauty, and looking for it and reasoning from it as Plato did all his days. Ancient Greece subdued the world with art, and we all but ignore art in studying ancient Greece. These are days of scepticism and innovation, when the very Latin grammar is remodelled, and not even the particle *άν* is suffered to escape unquestioned. Opposed preceptors brandish internecine rods, each presenting a dauntless (and secure) front to the enemy whom he longs to smite on his *μετάφρενον ἢ δὲ καὶ ὤμῳ*; and dooming him to assured perdition for his "Treatise on the Irregular Verbs." Supines are restless, and soon even gerunds will not be "dumb." In such times we make a permissible attempt to call attention to the educational use of the imagination, and to the peculiar power over it which pictorial symbols possess. After all, the object of all schooling is literature above grammar, and the ideas rather than the language, though the hard training of grammar must come first; and the best educated mind is the mind best filled, not with rules of construction, but with thoughts worth having. Now Greek life, with its daily scenes and sights, supplied the youth or the man with ideas of physical beauty; and on it he was taught always to look as the symbol of moral nobility. The *καλόν* stood in his language for whatsoever things are fair. The Quest of Beauty was a thing to live for, to the Athenian; it was an object of his life to enjoy the higher pleasures of sight, and to be himself also fit to be seen; and he owned it. And he always set forth the histories of his Gods, and commemorated the great deeds of his ancestors, by sculpture and painting, to the utmost of his power: first, that his people might know their own history; secondly, that they might know most of its more glorious parts, and seek themselves to add like passages to the story of their race, and share their fathers' fame. The eye was trained to call the imagination to the help of intellect—in short, between the musician, the rhapsodist, the sculptor, and the painter, all the resources of art were applied to the daily education or instruction of a whole people. The great oration of Pericles touches lightly on this,* just pointing to the distinction between beauty of decoration and barbaric splendour. Athens was hardly yet conscious of her power over things lovely. The age of Phidias was creative and not analytic; and as the Parthenon and the Propylæa rose in glory, men had not time to estimate their value for those who should grow up in possession of them. It was for Plato to attempt to separate the idea from the object, and to begin to seek for the yet unfound definition of that which makes fair things fair. The Hippias is pretty frequently

* Thuc. ii. 45. φιλοκαλῶμεν μὲν τιμῆς καὶ φιλοσοφοῦμεν ἀντὶ μαλακίας. Compare Socrates' after reputation as "the hardest man in Athens"—*ωὐκ* in Thrace and elsewhere.

read in Oxford and Cambridge lectures. But of all the lads who can construe it into coherent English, how many are taught to know or care anything about the Theseus or the Elgin frieze? How many have learnt to form an idea of the influence of those works, and their like, on the mind of the young Athenian? Of all the men in a lecture, the few reading athletes have the best chance of really understanding it. The oarsmen and runners who daily see muscle in motion, are most likely to appreciate such works. They may really have ideas of their own about what Athenian training actually was like. They will find passages in Aristophanes* for instance, which point, at least in theory and ideal, to the ancient honour of man's body, and inculcate the not unhealthy view that courage, truth, honour, and hard condition between them will go far to make a man fair without and within. We do not subscribe at all to an opinion which we have heard parents as well as undergraduates express, that the athletic training of the universities is the best thing learnt in them: this, in fact, often means only that athletics may be made a means of tuft-hunting. Nor have we time to dwell on the fully admitted connection between the Greek gymnastic system and their art. But we cannot help enjoying the notion that there are strong points of resemblance between Athens and Oxford as to the former, especially in those two grand tendencies towards boat and saddle, which have made both Academies "good with horse and colt, and good at an oar's end."†

If any of our readers are horrified at our finding good points in Greek education, we can only say that they have no business to send their own children to any public or other large school in England; and had better attack the classical system of teaching, which it is not our object to defend now. Greeks were dreadful pagans, of course; they saw each other naked, and were not so much ashamed as they ought to have been, because, probably, they were more fit to be seen. There is an undercurrent of Puritan suspicion of all use of or appeal to the imagination, which looks on an ideal as the same thing as an idol, and thinks that all mediæval teaching by such

* Nub. 1002 Diud. We do not know many prettier "landscapes with figures" than are in the following lines—part of the advice of Old Athens to Young Athens:—

Δίκαιος Λογος.—ἀλλ' εἰς Ἀκαδήμειαν κατιῶν ὑπὸ ταῖς μορφαῖς αποθρίξει
στεφανωσάμενος καλὰ μὲν λεοκῶ μετὰ σῶφρονος ἡλικιώτοιο,
μυλακος ὕζων καὶ ἀπραγμοσύνης καὶ λειψῆς φυλλοβολούσης,
ἥρος ἐν ὥρῃ χαίρων, ὅπταν πλάτανος πετρίῃ ψιθυρίζῃ

ἔξεις αἰὲ στήθος λιπαρὸν,
χροῖαν λευκὴν, ὤμους μεγάλους,
γλῶτταν βαιάν . . .

† Od. Col. 711 Diud. "ἐπιπτον, ἐπὶ πῶλον, ἐνθάλασσαν:" but the word *ἐνθήρεμος* occurs just below, though in the passive sense. The whole chorus is a type of the favourite landscape of a Greek.—("Modern Painters," vol. iii. ch. xiii.)

means was Popish, and all Greek Pagan. If it be replied that the use of the imagination to pursue truth and beauty is simply human, we are answered again that it is of corrupt humanity; that beauty is not true, but a veil of delusion thrown by the Tempter over the accursed thing. The world is wholly accursed, men say, at least their utterances come to this:—"Man has no business with the thought of beauty, or its creation, or woman with being beautiful. Plainness, monotony, such appearance as shall attract no notice, awaken no association, give no pleasure—these shall be necessary conditions of Christian architecture, dress, labour, and recreation. For that small part of mankind who are to be happy in the world to come, beauty here is immaterial, because they will have it there, or have something better, or have learnt here not to want it there. For that large part of the race of men which God has made to be damned eternally, it does not signify how hideous the saints make their life here. Let our dress be what it is; let all the world build Baker Streets to dwell in; let art close with Benjamin West; and let any person detected in possession of an original notion be privately whipped." This is the answer (expressed or suppressed, and whether the speaker understands his own meaning or not) which English Puritanism makes to all appeal about the use of art by man. We are sure that nothing but a quite religious pursuit of ugliness could ever have made English life what it still is; and we are feebly re-asserting that the pursuit of beauty is neither Pagan nor Popish, but that the best men among Pagans and the best Roman Catholics have at times known how to make that pursuit incalculably useful and advantageous to them, and that we never have; also that the reason we have failed to do so is not so much because we are a specially pure or devout people, as because we are a melancholy, intense, hard-driven, dyspeptic, irregularly-logical, and occasionally brutal people. We look on the world as under a curse, and virtually all curse, and say it has no business with beauty. That is what is called the Calvinistic view. The Christian view of the world's being once very good; and fallen and under curse, yet with promise of restoration to we know not what, has logically much more in common with Greek thought than with this. For though the Greek knew not the history of his own fall or of the curse on the world, and was therefore liable to charge his gods unwisely under great trial,* still in his best time he fully believed that they were, and were with him.

* Cf. Trachiniae, 1264, Diud. One of the most pregnant and tremendous passages in Pagan poetry. Hercules is being raised living on the pyre. Hyllus speaks the κομμος—

αἶψα, σπασίω, μεγάλην μὲν ἰμοὶ
ταύτων θέμενοι συγγνωμόσμεναι,
μεγάλην ἔτι θεοὺς ἀγνωμοσύνην,
οἱ φέσαντες, καὶ κλυζόμενοι

He connected the beauty of the earth with the unseen presence of God or spirit in earthly things. A tree which was very green, broad, and pleasant, was so because a dryad lived in it; a clear, stony well-head in the hills was delightful, because a nymph lived in it; and so on, up to sun, moon, and stars. Living in the midst of colour and form, they, as we say, deified colour and form. Yet higher and deeper minds undoubtedly did think of the lower beauty as typical of the higher; of the beauty of the creation which culminates in man, as a sign of greater glory of the unknown, culminating in the unknown God. This is the substratum or frame of Plato's ideal doctrine; and it is not Pagan or idolatrous, but human, and, for what we see, spiritual. At all events if it is to be condemned, we must altogether reject the service of art to God; we must say that the Christian knows no such thing as beauty here; and become Quakers, or (logically) Fakeers. It is the spirit of Eastern asceticism,* or of self-separation by all means short of suicide from an utterly evil world, which condemns art for pointing out the wonder of the world. As for art's showing forth the glory of God, we suppose the ultra-ascetic Roman, Greek, or Calvinist, must answer, on the whole, the world is not to His glory, but rather discreditable to Him.

Practically, it is no more Pagan to educate men through ideas of beauty or appeal to imagination, because the Greeks taught so, than it is to ride or run matches because Athenians enjoyed racing; or than it is to read books in their Pagan language—in which the history of our own faith has been handed down to us. Surely the thought of a presence of God in all His works is only the corollary which untaught humanity draws from the thought that He made all things; and as surely, the idea of the bodily presence of gods and heroes among men was a natural inference to the Greek, from the thought of God's care for man. No doubt both the desire to see and the idea of seeing, some Visible Presence, were tainted with man's frailty of seeking for a sign, or making to himself a sign; yet we cannot think of them except as a part of God's witness to the heathen; and St. Paul himself, in the very act of appeal against open idolatry, bids his hearers think of rain and fruitful seasons, of their own harvests and vintages, as gifts of God and tokens of His

πατίρις, τοιαῦτ' ἐφωρῶσι πάθη
 τὰ μὲν οὖν μίλλοντ' οὐδεὶς ἐφορᾷ·
 τὰ δὲ νῦν ἐστῶτ' οἰκτρὰ μὲν ἡμῖν,
 αἰσχροὶ δ' ἐκείνοις
 πολλὰ δὲ πῆματα καὶ καίνοπαθῆ,
 κοῦδὲν τούτων ὅ τι μὴ Ζεύς.

* As distinguished from Puro Asceticism, or Discipline, in the etymological sense of the word; meant to subdue, chasten, and perfect the body.

manifestation of Himself. The root of idol-worship seems to be man's tendency to make to himself a sign of Deity, rather than accept the signs of common blessing actually given; St. Paul refers to these, even while he is protesting against being taken for Mercurius. Respect for Nature, because God's hand is in it, is not idolatrous, or Pantheistic either. It really is not the same thing to say God made all things, as to say there is no God except Things. We daresay Wordsworth is as great a heathen as Homer; but to us Homer does not seem to have been an idolator in the same sense as a worshipper of Astarte in old time, or a Fiji islander at the present day. Pericles read Homer, and so do we; it is a strange subject for reflection what form the belief in the Homeric gods may have taken in the statesman's mind. Was it like a knight's belief in the power of the saints? and was Homer, as it were, their chronicle? How did Pericles, or Phidias, or Æschylus conceive of Poseidon, standing in the breach against Hector, or of the strength of the river rising against Achilles with a voice and a form? They would hardly look on such things as mere tales or as myths of the past: they were too near such half-beliefs in their own day.

It is the lesson of revealed religion, that man shall not ask for a sign. We shall see God, but not now; but we hold, as all men worth the name always have held, that He sees us and our deeds. The Greek persuaded himself that he could see. And it is a glorious garland of fancies to read in Herodotus, of the hostile shadow at Marathon, passing through fighting ranks, all covered with his streaming beard, slaying and striking blind; and how Phæbus Apollo defended his own at Delphi; and of the triumph of Demeter and her son "going down in its cloud to brood above the masts of Salamis;" and the woman's form, shrieking scorn in mid-air at the cowards who were yet backing water, even when Ameinias of Athens had struck the first Persian trireme.*

There is a good deal worthy of our respect just now, in all the men who believed these things and their like in all ages: whether they were Athenians of Marathon, or Romans of the early Commonwealth, or Conquistadores† and valiant men of Spain; for all alike believed, in the most practical way, under trial, that God was with them; and if their eyes or fancy deluded them, their hearts did not. Those of us are blessed indeed who do not ask to see, and yet believe in God's work in the dubious struggle of this world. "Neptune was seen once at the Nemeun games" in Pindar's time. Well, men were

* Ameinias was Æschylus's younger brother, and the poet was present, in all human probability, at both Marathon and Salamis. (Hdt. viii. 84, 93; Ælian, V. H. v. 19.)

† The Twins at Regillus, and the mistake of Francesco de Morla for Santiago, will occur to every one.

mistaken, and it wasn't Neptune, but somebody else. But it did them good, according to their lights; and in a sense it was not wrong, to believe that their god was among them, honouring the brave, and accepting their willing service.

We shall have to return to the subject of reverence, or feeling, as painters call it, for external nature, when we take up that of landscape; but we feel that it will take a great deal more writing than we can do to bring the British nation to look on Art as a noble and powerful means of general education, and to induce it to have fit men specially educated to teach by fresco. Education would then call the imagination to its aid, in the first place: and in the second, a new access to beauty in form and colour would be opened to our middle and lower classes, who suffer they know not how much from unrelieved monotony. The old prejudice against art as a liberal employment of life is over in theory, and society does not reject a young man of family and fortune for becoming a painter. Only, people still seem to think, he must not be too much in earnest about it. He may paint, and sell his pictures, but under a kind of protest. And it seems a waste of a lad's university education if he is to "go off to painting" at the end of it. Academic studies have their value not only as a preparation for, but an introduction to most of the learned professions. They give no immediate advantage to the young painter; they do not at once avail him in the studio or on the hill-side; they give him no start in his profession, and establish no connection among picture-dealers. They "only" make him fit to teach men by painting instead of writing. Yet let the painter have his chance of hard education and ripened thought; these are the real needs of English art; which seems to be coming to a temporary stand-still because there is no academy of sufficient influence or authority to teach students what or how to paint, or to teach the public what kind of pictures it really wants from them.

We said before that educational art would be applied in two ways, by means of fresco and by book illustrations, mostly in black and white. It does not follow that because the imagination is early encouraged to take possession of its proper domain, and set its pictures of history before the childish mind, that necessary grammar-training need be neglected. We let the mind of boy or girl run wild in fancy and silly reverie, and never teach them to realise what the facts of the past were like; and so the past is never made living to them. The Spanish fleet they have no business to see because it is not in sight. And then, having prohibited ideas, we complain of slowness, want of intellect, unreality of thought about events; and now and then discover with surprise that neither our pupils nor ourselves really think of History as if the facts ever

happened at such a time or place. How should we, when we have got it up by tables of dates and words, and printed symbols only, utterly neglecting the vivid symbolism which represents motion, and change, and complication of event, and teaches at a glance? The principle of taking all bulls by the horns is carried too far in our elementary teaching. We must of necessity retain much that is repulsive to both master and schoolboy, simply that the latter may learn to endure hardness and to gird up the loins of his mind. Grammar, we suppose, must be given small children to learn, and to the end of the chapter they will have to swallow language bones first. People argue from analogy as if it was resemblance, and talk about beginning with the framework or skeleton of a language, as if they could take a little boy, and put the Latin Grammar up in his inside like a tent in the wilderness. We do not quarrel with them now; learning must begin with learning by rote, and grammar, we confess, does not make any appeal to the imaginative faculty. But all history does. We have before us, at this moment, the old pictures of the Horatii and Curiatii, and Leonidas setting his back to an oak at the last, and the Samnites closing round Decius's white robe, which were, with many others, the "framework" of history to us long before we went to school.* These impressions remained with us even there, but were little deepened, or quickened, or multiplied. We were set down to the luminous Goldsmith, and rather got into disgrace for knowing facts "before we had come to them."

It is admitted in a general way, that something may be taught by pictures; that people may learn from them who have little chance of instruction by more regular means; that this has been so heretofore, and that the penny press of our own days does not make every other form of instruction superfluous. We have only one thing to repeat, that the training necessary for the art students who are hereafter to take their place among educators of the people must be much more extensive and complete than the present course of our art schools, which is excellent as far as it goes. We believe they were established, as most good things are in England, with a curiously cynical assertion of the lowest possible principle—in order that our ornamental trades might be supplied with prettier designs and patterns, and that we might be enabled to rival the cheap art of France. They have aimed higher, as a matter of course. Drawing had to be taught in earnest, as it has been fully ascertained that the

* The book consisted of two volumes, called "Pictures from Ancient and Modern History;" we cannot remember the name of the author, or of the designer of the illustrations. They were steel engravings of considerable spirit, and to this day enable us to quote a definite experience of the value of pictorial instruction. It is on the same pictorial principle that ballads and simple stirring rhymes are of such value; as "Chevy Chase" and others.

study of the human figure is the basis of all inventive design. The schools have risen from their first-intended office as mere schools of design. Quite rightly and naturally; for original design is only to be acquired by study of nature; and when nature is faithfully studied, higher results than good calico patterns are pretty sure to follow.

We have already referred to the scheme of Mr. Watts and to the virtually similar views of Mr. Armitage; and we think that their opinions deserve, and will obtain, serious attention. But the question still awaits us: Granted that history may be taught by means of fresco, and that our schools, and perhaps our public buildings and churches, ought to be illustrated accordingly, still what is the educational use of landscape? Supposing it has such use; granting also that a number of men already exist who are able and willing to produce it—how is it to be popularised, how are the people to have easy access to good specimens of landscape art? Is it adapted for fresco, and who is to paint the frescoes?

We are anxious not to lose a harmless singularity which at present happens to distinguish us from nearly the whole of our fellow-men. We never wrote a treatise on education, and do not propose to begin one now. But we suppose we have a right to say that education is Development, or right drawing out and perfecting of that which is within the human creature; that faculties in their passive or potential state require such drawing out; that the observant or theoretic faculties, and their chief instrument, the eye, ought to be made the best of, and that the education of the hand along with the eye, is the best means yet found of cultivating those faculties.

Now, granting this, and nobody controverts it, art ought to be a part of all education; and landscape-painting is in our own country the best introduction to all higher art—the best because of its ease, its healthiness, and its popularity. We are aware that the English pursuit of mere scenery may have contributed to the national carelessness about real drawing, and that the landscape school has been made a refuge for bad draughtsmen. But for all that it has made natural beauty something like a national passion. A man's life is well passed, and he will in the end have taught his fellows something worth teaching, if he passes his time in producing correct and literal studies from Nature. His work is sure to advance technical Art, since he must necessarily make discoveries in it; and the pictures he produces will have obviously great value as records of beauty; and we think, though literal, they will never be prosaic. Mr. Hamerton's views in "*A Painter's Camp*" seem to us of great value and importance, and to furnish an important pre-Raphaelite supplement, so to speak, to Mr. Ruskin's. Such study from nature will never be prosaic, because it has in it the poetry of delight in

God's works; the echoes of the song of the Three Children are heard in it by all who will hear. We cannot press this now—it seems to us that very many students of landscape are and will be, as it were, led past landscape to man, who is, after all, the crown of things and centre of beauty. The impression of the highest and wildest scenery, like Turner's *Mer-de-Glace*, or his terrible lonely seas, would at once be said to be that of solitude. Many Alpine and Highland subjects rely on this for all their feeling. Solitude means only that man is conspicuous by his absence. The feeling of those who contemplate scenes of the inaccessible magnificence of nature is always tinged strongly with the thought that this beauty is a thing apart from man, and that whether he be greater or less than it, he cannot rest in it, but must come down, and think, and toil, and love, and contend with his fellows. We take this to be a further meaning of the finest pure description in our language—the real “idyl” in “*The Princess*”—“Love is of the valley.” It is human interest which makes slight things significant, and man's sense of the beauty of utterly savage scenery is tinged with faint melancholy and the “desiderium” of his kind. Be it as it may, we are sure that thoughtful and highly educated artists will surely learn to feel that man is the proper study of man in art as in all else; as it was in Egyptian, and Greek, and ancient Gothic, and Mediæval work; as in all grand work perfect and imperfect, from Phidias and Michael Angelo down to the unknown carvers of the old Grotesque. And the value of sincere feeling for Nature is so great that we must not reject it for leading men to technical power by a circuitous route. Landscape makes keen students and thoughtful observers of beauty and sublimity; and it is especially valuable because it commits men to art by giving them little successes at first. Had Goethe been led to begin with leaves or wild flowers, and struck on the fresh sensation of first producing a tolerable imitation of nature, he would not have experienced what seems to have been his only disappointment in any matter of mental study.

The pictorial study of external nature and its beauty is daily taking place beside, or if you like below, the study of internal nature and its structure. But its chief value is in the hold for good which it has on English people: it gives their mind a breathing space and outlet; it gives them hope and freshness; it helps many through the thorny close at whose end the *Sleeping Beauty* lies.

Were it only that interest in landscape leads so naturally to understanding of the highest phenomena of form and colour, it would have great educational value. But it is so strong, in fact, as to be a need and a force requiring food and guidance. Right ways of pleasure are as necessary for us as right ways of labour; and we may ask simply, if the sum of accessible happiness has not been greatly increased in

this country by means of the increased sense of natural beauty, which we owe mainly to the works of Turner and the writings of his chief critic? We quote so much from Mr. Ruskin because we owe so much to him: in art the worth of his labours is incalculable, because he has analysed and proved as no other man ever did, *and with such references for the use of his readers as no man ever yet gave*, the power of Nature over the theoretic faculties of admiration and aspiration. He has done for painting what Wordsworth and Tennyson have done for poetry, and made man know that natural beauty is a sign of God to man. Turner painted on, whether people would understand his interpretation or not: we can hardly estimate the success of one who has fairly forced the world to understand.

When it is proved that landscape art can develop the higher faculties of soul and intellect, it is proved to be one of the highest means of human teaching, and the Lord's handmaid in practical earnest. Now, in spite of their swagger and pretence of indifference, very large numbers of English people are capable of reverent admiration of nature, with a sense of her having been made beautiful for them to admire—in a word, with thankfulness. And we think this settles the question as to landscape art being useful. It is a thing for any man to live for, because he may live by it, and produce demonstrably good effects on his fellow creatures in proportion to his powers. And what is more, it does really teach a true amateur, of any rank or position, what Art really is; it gives him a world of his own, and is his liberal education because it makes him free at heart. What we now say rests mainly on personal experience, on long labour with little success, unrepented and unregretted. It may be of use to those who shall be drawn to the practice of art, as we were, by the beauty of inanimate nature, observed in the intervals of an eager, busy life; and perhaps to others who have both leisure and energy, and want an outlet. It will be better still if anyhow it may point out some resource and comfort to every one of the many prisoners of advanced civilisation. Men are bound to monotonous labour, and oppressed with ugliness of all surrounding objects, till they learn to think of beauty as a false thing or a dangerous thing. Yet their hearts are idly stirred and blindly rebellious many a year, against the weight of dull endurance, till some sink into apathy, or evil stimulus. But to know and watch for the beauty of little things saves many. There is a glorious meaning in Hans Andersen's imagination, of how the spirit of him who had been a crippled pauper on earth, came back, as a mighty angel, to gather up the roots of the withered flowers which had raised him to wonder and rejoicing on earth. Every pot of geranium in a poor man's window is a window for his soul, an attempt to see beauty which was made from the first for man to see. And whatever may come of higher art-

teaching, it may comfort all who care for England that our elementary schools are opening windows of beauty exactly for those among us who want them most. Great art may spring again from the people, as Blake and Turner grew up in Carnaby Market and Maiden Lane.

For we must look on landscape art in its necessary imperfection, as the vestibule of higher work and worship. And the question of what is called amateur art presents itself at once to any one who is thinking of landscape. We suppose amateur art means art which is imperfect because its author cannot give time or attention enough to it, for all art is imperfect for one reason or another. Amateur art ought to mean elementary work in the first instance, or progressive study by people who wish to acquire technical skill. But when a certain considerable amount of skill has been acquired, and the pupil is capable of expressing an original idea in correct drawing, and without marked fault of colour, imperfect work may become creative. It is then real art confessing its imperfection; and the workman becomes a true artist, though an unskillful one. It is useless to take any view of painting except a painter's; at least we think there are very few men who are qualified even as critics, unless they have real knowledge, either of technical working, or of the subject represented in a given picture. For example, a deer-stalker's criticisms on a moorland scene would have their value, as well as a good drawing-master's; but the ordinary reviewing lawyer, or curate, or public-office clerk, or "educated person of the nineteenth century," has no right to be attended to, except, of course, in proportion as he has educated himself to observe nature. But many painters, we think, will allow the doctrine of an intermediate state of study, where strong feeling for nature has led to the acquisition of a certain amount of correct, though slight working, by persons who will never have time to acquire full technical skill. A good idea imperfectly expressed deserves attention, though the picture which embodies it has no value in the market. Its author ought not to wish to sell it; but he has a right to wish that it may be seen. If he can call attention to a fresh thought or a new beauty, he has the spirit of an artist; if he can call attention to it in correct pictorial symbols, he is an artist; if he can call attention to it in a way which people will attend to, he is a successful artist. The many fail and the one succeeds; and yet the attempt of the many has something to do with the rare success; and we cannot doubt that non-professional work is and will be of great service to modern art. What amateurs want most is, of course, hard work; after that, continual remembrance of their inferiority as workmen, kept alive by study of nature and the best models. When they have worked hard enough themselves to begin to understand Titian and Turner as workmen, their opinions, at all events, will have a real basis; and their pic-

torial thoughts, if suggestive and unaffectedly worked, will be more likely to be undervalued than overrated.

The English taste for landscape is essentially a love for Nature and reality, concrete and unreflective. We are apt to attribute it all to the influence of Wordsworth's poetry, in a general way; and yet it is not very like Wordsworth. He is no doubt its chief analyst and spokesman, but he did not exactly create love of natural beauty. The taste for out-door life and green fields came back full tide on all our writing after the coffeehouse life of the last century: and Scott, we think, did most to stimulate and raise it. Wordsworth tells us all Wordsworth's thoughts about the paternal pines of Borrowdale, and states that the cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep. Scott throws himself into his scene, and forgets himself in it; he tells you what the cataract really was like with straightforward love of colour, and brightness, and force, and fern, and heather, and birches, and big stones: it does not occur to him that cataracts sound like trumpets, and in point of fact they never do: their sound is deeper than any which metal ever made. And we think that most young artists must begin with Scott, at least. As they ripen and reflect, as delight in nature mellows, and the significance of nature breaks more and more on them, they will no doubt take up "The Excursion" with fuller understanding and the graver reverence of mature life. Young Wordsworthians in our University days were generally considered awful prigs. But few who read Scott in youth will ever forget their old master, we think—the master who was like a nurse to them; who taught their imagination where to find all the Gothic fairies; who showed the way into the land of chain mail, and clothyard arrows, beauty and big blows; more than all, who set their faces to the hill and moor, and blew the hunter's bugle in their ears, and wakened the blood which yet runs strong in all northern veins. We could not give him up for Byron or Shelley, nor for Keats, nor even for Tennyson—without him we might not have read or understood any of them. There is a reaction in favour of Scott setting in, with which we fully sympathise, for old love's sake, and for his influence on landscape subject. Muscular Christianity has perhaps carried the love of mountain scenery too far in the direction of adventure; but much is for ever due to him who cunningly mingled the sylvan feeling with the contemplative, and taught the hunter to delight in the hills as much as in the deer. It is no use complaining about men's turning the hills into playgrounds and places of adventure instead of meditation. The Benedictines of St. Bernard combine both in their life, and Mr. Ruskin tells us that the Carthusians of the Grand Chartreuse say they "do not go there to look at the mountains." That being the case, it seems to us that adventure is not fatal to meditation, and that ascetic

contemplation sometimes refuses to connect itself with the impressions of mountain scenery. It is no use going to the hills to be devout or thoughtful any more than it is to buy a stool to be melancholy upon. Cling, with God's help, to the mental habits of prayer, repentance, and thankfulness; learn to follow a train of thought with the hound's tenacity, and you may take your hound to the hill with you. Such high or good thoughts as you are capable of will come to you, as they always do, in the day's work.

There seem to be three healthy ways of looking at landscape;—at least there is a three-fold classification of men, who have told us their view of nature well and rightly. There is the view of strong enjoyment, which is Scott's; that of meditation, which is Wordsworth's; and that of religious Purism, which is Keble's: these seem to us to be the representative names. We cannot judge of their comparative greatness here; we have always preferred to look on poets as people generally look on wine and walnuts; that is to say, as things excellent in combination, but too unlike each other for comparison.

Keble's great descriptive power seems to have been voluntarily limited and held in command. It was subtle and vivid to a degree, and he must have felt his power: but he seems to have felt also that he was preacher by office and duty, rather than poet by nature. Having given himself to the ministerial service of God, he would give his powers entirely to religious or dedicated poetry; and he looked at external nature mainly for analogies or illustrations. Yet he showed almost incidentally such power of observation and description, as must give painters, at least, the very highest sense of his self-restraint. That he did not pursue description for fame, seems to us one of the highest instances of pure self-denial which is to be found: and few Christian men can think unmoved of its exceeding great reward even in this world. But the faculty of the painter and the poet is as strong in his verse as in Tennyson or Turner.* It is not treating the "Christian Year" lightly to show what exercise of power was foregone by its author, and how he chastened his genius for dedication. The first verses of the Morning Hymn are a picture: the "unfolding" of the radiating light, the motion of light-touched leaves, the soft mist and freshness of morning, are all pictorial:

* Most of our quotations are anticipated in a valuable paper in vol. ii., p. 334, of this *Review*, whose author will, we trust, excuse a short reference:—

"Perhaps the epithet which here best describes Mr. Keble's power is *picturesque*; a word itself the growth of modern poetry, which marks him in point of thought and language, as belonging to the school of Scott and Wordsworth. It is almost entirely English scenery, . . . there are, indeed, some mountain pictures. There is the 'new-born rill, just trickling from its mossy bed,' the 'chill and dun November day,' &c., &c.

so are the "orbed blaze," the "march of majestic cloud," "the oleanders of Gennesaret," the "lake sleeping in the embrace of mountains terraced high," the "spring willows tipp'd with vernal red,"—above all the glorious Turner-sketches in verse :—

"I marked a rainbow in the north,
What time the wild autumnal sun
From his dark veil at noon look'd forth,
As glorying in his course half-done,
Flinging soft radiance far and wide
Over the dusky heaven and bleak hill-side."

And—

"They know the Almighty's power,
Who, wakened by the rushing midnight showers,
Watch for the fitful breeze,
To howl and chafe among the bending trees ;
Watch for the still white gleam
To bathe the landscape in a fiery stream,
Touching the tremulous eye with sense of light,
Too rapid and too pure for all but angel sight."

And of victory when "her glories gild afar the dusky edge of stubborn war," as the sun breaking through cloud ; and the "billowy" corn, which anticipates Tennyson's "waves of shadow went over the wheat ;" Tennyson's being yet better as pure description, because the verse runs with a gentle rapid undulation exactly like the thing—these are all taken from a hasty reference to the first part only of the "Christian Year." Mr. Keble's works are in the first rank of Purist art, and such passages show the accuracy of imaginative observation which we value yet more than Purism.

It would be, we think, an important further service to both poetic and pictorial art, if Mr. Ruskin (who is obviously the man to do it, having in great part done it already) would publish a series of parallel passages of writers in words, and writers in colour and form, illustrating Turner with Tennyson, and illuminating Tennyson with Turner ; Wordsworth with Cox and Harding, and *vice versa*.* Nothing can be of more importance to landscape and all other painting than to demonstrate and insist on its poetic and creative power, and to show painters that careful technical study ought indeed to lead them to the shining table-lands, and not leave them mere manipulators and copyists. Pre-Raphaelitism has not yet produced all its proper fruits : perhaps it has not had time. Mr. Lewis's work preceded it ; but the realist landscape of Messrs. Brett, Hunt, and Millais, with

* There are illustrated poets enough, it is true. We think Mr. Birket Foster's Wordsworth very charming. But we want illustrations of parallel original thought ; not merely obsequious reproduction of the poet's ideas by engraving—some work which shall point out how the poet and the painter had and expressed the same thought independently ; it would give men a good lesson how to look at pictures, and be no small advantage to them in reading poetry.

Mr. Spencer Stanhope's Titianesque backgrounds, and the younger A. Hunt's discipleship of Turner, are no small results already, and more must follow from a system of study like that recommended and practised by Mr. Hamerton. Yet we feel that art must not end with laborious transcript from nature, nor indeed be limited by it. Men cannot all, like our last-mentioned artist, live three months "in the hill" over a single study of heather. The power of our landscape school will increase *ab extra*, as knowledge of art and nature becomes popularised by study, and even more by travel and adventure rightly enjoyed. We do not think there is any real antagonism between the artistic and the gymnastic view of the Alps after all. Mr. H. George is the editor of the *Alpine Club Magazine*, and has as vaulting an ambition for standing on bad eminences as any member of "our club." But his volume on the Bernese Oberland, with Mr. Edwards's photographs, is a valuable contribution to landscape art, and the power of choice and *coup d'œil* shown in selection of points for photography is very great.* No man who, like ourselves, has travelled a good deal over both sand and snow, can help understanding the necessary failure of art, much more of photography, in really representing their brightness. It is explained at length in "Modern Painters," and we beg our readers to verify our references; adding some part of the passages, however, for the sake of the majority, who will do nothing of the kind.† Such works as Messrs. George and Edwards's show us not only what the best photography cannot do, but also how very much it can effect, in skilful hands transported on adventurous legs.

The fact is that the English landscape school is really founded on English out-door habits, and has extended its range with their development. Like the Douglas, our own people love better to hear the

* Every lover of the High Alps will do well to look at the woodcuts and photographs published in the *Alpine Journal*.

† "The waves of snow, when it becomes a principal element in mountain form, are at once so subtle in tone, and so complicated in curve and fold, that no skill will express them, so as to keep the whole luminous mass in anything like true relation to the rock darkness. For the distant rocks of the upper peaks are themselves, when in light, paler than white paper (in shade, as a drawing must be looked at), and their true size and relation to near objects cannot be exhibited unless they are painted in the palest tones. Yet, as compared with their snow, they are so dark that a daguerreotype taken for the proper number of seconds to draw the snow shadows rightly, will always represent the rocks as coal-black. In order to paint a snowy mountain properly, we should need a light as much brighter than white paper as white paper is brighter than charcoal."—*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. p. 246.

In Eastern landscape the prevailing impression of light and heat comes to this, that the solid forms of mountain, ground, and architecture are paler and brighter than the sky—pink, white, or Naples-yellow against blue. The photograph just reverses this, as the yellow prints black and the blue white. The effect of photograph is in dark masses against a white sky—that of Egypt or Sinai is in blinding bright masses against a deep sky.

lark sing than the mouse squeak. Before the quite modern feeling for the high snows prevailed, men always asked for scenes of lower mountain and woodland: not wholly, though in part, because they shot and hunted there—often because they found rest for their souls in such scenes. All the reaction against wigs and hoops, coffeehouse life and heroic couplets, Claude and sham pastoralism, brown trees and Sir George Beaumont, was part of one and the same preference for the beauty of God's works as they are, and for the Ideal which genius draws straight from the Real. All our fathers were on one side in the matter,—as it seems now, when only the names and words of the conquerors remain. Opinion did not seem unanimous to our fathers,—they had to set themselves against the rules of our grandfathers. And the poets and painters seem to have fretted and thwarted each other then as now, and the heavy critics of the day, mostly on the wrong part, "tare each other in their slime," like Tennyson's *Ichthyosauri*. But, however, the waves clashed and broke, the tide had its way: pressed on by the might of Goethe and Scott, the wrath of Byron and Shelley, the delirium of Keats, and the solemn counsel of Wordsworth. But to this day it is the love of genuine nature and pure passion which makes art and poetry, and so for ever. It is a speculation which is perhaps worth following out, what results might have followed for art, if Goethe's attempts had been successful, as we think they might have been in a Naturalistic school like our own. Strange results might have followed, could he have known the better part of the English athletic or wandering life, and seen the Yorkshire drawings of a certain ill-bred, amorphous, and taciturn young man who was pushing on his grey, green, and yellow water-colours to some perfection about A.D. 1800.

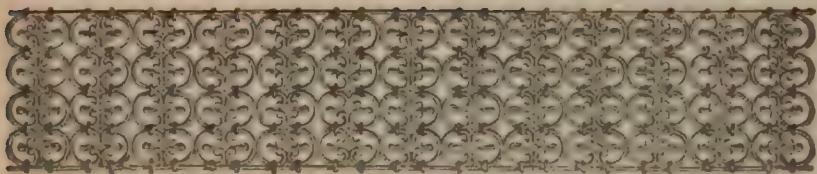
Studies from nature cannot stand in the first ranks of art for want of mere human interest. This does not depend on the introduction of human subject. It is supplied by any evidences of the thought of the painter, in the first instance; and one man may interest another in his train of thought expressed in a picture, though it be one of pure landscape without figures. But much has been done in England with mixed landscape and figures. It is the fault of dealers who minister to the careless taste of untaught buyers, and of idle buyers who will not even look at books or nature to see that they get their money's worth, that artists are driven to self-repetition and trivial subject. But all men must repeat themselves. As one of the first preachers of the day once told us, you can only impress a thought on the mind of any ordinary person by "repeating it at him with all your strength, continually, till you have produced a sort of physical indentation." The thing is to give serious aim to serious work; to paint no landscape without

marked motive and strong feeling ; to paint no figures but such as shall become the central objects even of passionate and powerful landscape. Pictorial feeling and spirit are things as real as they are rare ; it is the number of imitations which takes the freshness from invention and the heat from passion. But works of mixed landscape may often convey feelings and thoughts which become a possession of the soul for ever. The "*Liber Studiorum*" is generally known to exist ; whether its plates are separately studied and remembered by any large number of ordinarily-educated people is another thing. Yet one may appeal to it as containing studies which are pretty well beyond range of common criticism. It may be said also, that it has been so frequently appealed to, that a plate cannot well be dismissed with the simple remark that one has not seen it. Every one who talks about pictures *ought* to have seen the "*Liber Studiorum*," and to know something of it. One does not pay much attention to the historical views of a gentleman who has never read Gibbon or Milman ; nor does such a man often express them. It is rather absurd to talk about hunting when you cannot ride ; and it is precisely the same to talk about pictures when you cannot draw. But numbers of people talk about Turner's works being unintelligible, or now-a-days about their being "lost," who have never been at Denmark Hill, and know no such place as Farnley. Three pictures, chosen for their parallelism with Claude, wanting the genuine inspiration of the master, represent him in the National Gallery ; and a scamper through the South Kensington collection completes the critic's stock-in-trade. But we never heard any of the leading plates in the "*Liber Studiorum*" described or appealed to by any critic save one. They contain motives of quite unlimited power and beauty, which sway the taught and untaught mind with equal power. Yet how many of our readers will remember Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, sitting exhausted at moonrise by her dead sons ; or the meeting of Esacus and Hesperie among the willows of the woodland river ; or Cephalus and Procris clasped together for the last time, her life waning with the dying light, she gliding away contented with the truth of the strong clasping arms, which would fain hold soul and body together ? Yet the author of those three works, if nothing more were left of him, would have a right to be named among the first creative minds of our generation. Rizpah is perhaps the central work of all, from its enormous power of appeal to pity and terror, the awe of its landscape, and its suggestion of the end of that long battle in which Love proves himself indeed as strong as Death, but for the time no stronger. Some, at least, will remember it. The chief dark of the night scene is on two round massive trees, which close the middle distance, and are continued in a broad belt of shade across the composition. They are relieved in distance against the broad moon,

rising in strength, and the fields of barley harvest on which her rays glisten in dew. One small dark object catches the eye below, also relieved against the light; it is the impatient tail, waving in hungry irresolution, of a couchant leopard, scared by the sad mother's torch. Carelessly drawn, as if by a wearied hand, the figure sits in utter languor, sackcloth veiling the whole form and head, while the face rests on the left hand, and is covered by it and the broad, perhaps disproportioned arm. The right arm, with a wonderful expression of fatigue in its poise, holds out a firebrand, which casts fitful light on the near leaves, and under them, on the fleshless ribs and skulls, and rigid upturned feet of the dead sons of Saul. It also just catches the points of the small crown which Saul's concubine has cast down by their side. There is nothing local or Jewish about the picture, though it gains much force from Turner's expressed feeling of the heavy shade and bright cool light of the Syrian moon, and perhaps from a subdued feeling of her strangely comforting influence after all the fire and toil of day. As a creation of art, it is perhaps the best example we could choose of the unlimited power of suggestive landscape in powerful hands. We prefer the first thought in the engraving to the oil painting (now, we believe, at Kensington), from its entire unity and simplicity, and because, in the latter, ghostly figures of the dead are introduced hanging vainly over their mother, which, we think, complicate the feeling, and perhaps appeal too much to horror. We do not think we need compare the horror of this work with that of M. Doré's performances; but we may just notice, that it was necessary to suggest decay, and show the fleshless bones, to mark the length of the bereaved woman's watch, who "spread sackcloth for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon the dead out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."

As has been said, scenes in the desert, or in wild mountains, or open sea, derive their impressiveness by rule of contrary, from the sense of loneliness which they bring home to the spectator's mind. In a striking picture of this kind the value of the welcome face of man is understood *a non lucendo*. They really prove what has been said about the necessity of human interest in all high art. They lead our thoughts to the vast tracts of unknown beauty and grandeur which seem made for man's wonder, and not his habitation, and must abide for ever in their inaccessible splendour. They are for man's wonder and warning, assuring him of something far beyond himself; and their educational value is all the greater, to our mind, because they tell their tale without grammar or hornbook, by silence or by storm.

R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF MONOTHEISM AMONG THE GREEKS.

[The following article is a translation (omitting the first paragraph) of an Essay by Professor Zeller, of Göttingen. Disclaiming identification with the author's opinions, we present it to our readers as conveying to them a remarkable piece of contemporary literature, and as containing a masterly review of Greek Philosophy in reference to one most important point. The Essay, we may add, suggests the thought that the gradual and imperfect development of monotheistic doctrine through philosophic processes, even when carried on by the fine intellects of Greece, stands in strong contrast with its full-grown manifestation at so much earlier a period in Jewish history. This contrast must, we think, be regarded as confirming the view which pervades the sacred record of that history, that the Jews owed to Divine Revelation their possession of the doctrine.]

THE Greek religion was originally, as is well known, polytheistic, like all religions of nature. But the human mind cannot long content itself with the mere belief in the existence of a number of divine beings. The belief in the succession of cause and effect produced by experience, and the need felt of an unvarying moral order in the world, have forced men in some way to trace back this plurality of gods to the ultimate unity. Hence we find in all religions which have partially worked themselves out from their first crudest form, the

belief in one supreme Divinity, a King of gods, who is usually conceived of, not only as inhabiting the heavens, but as being himself really the all-embracing heaven. The Greek world of gods, as far as we know it, has its single head in Zeus, the thunder-launching god of heaven. But in the older popular traditions, as represented by the poems of Homer and Hesiod, the nature of this god appears to be limited in three several ways. First, he has above him the dim power of Fate, to which he himself must on occasion submit, though against his will and with bitter complaints, as at the death of his son Sarpedon, when he exclaims, "Woe to me, woe! Now Fate wills it that Sarpedon, dearest to me of men, shall be brought down by Patroclus, son of Menœtius." Further, he has round him in the rest of the Olympians, an aristocracy occasionally considerably unruly, to whom he is indeed decidedly superior in power and authority, but who, in special cases, not seldom oppose or deceive him, disturb his plans or put obstacles in the way of their execution. But, thirdly, Zeus is subject to this double limitation only because his nature is also limited in itself; because he is not yet furnished with the complete fulness of that intellectual and moral perfection, which, when once assumed to be indispensable in the conception of the deity, immediately precludes all thought of any limitation of the divine power. Even the Homeric Zeus is certainly in a sense a moral being; he is the protector of right and the avenger of crime, the shield of states, the source of law and virtue upon earth, the father of gods and men. But besides the arbitrary despotism which appears in Homer's account of the divine government of the world, as when, for instance, we are told that Zeus has in his chamber two vessels, the one filled with good gifts, the other with evil, which he distributes as he thinks fit, what judgment must a thoughtful Greek of later times pass on a king of the gods who forgets his duties as a ruler, sometimes in the arms of Here, sometimes in those of mortal women, who afflicts mankind with all kinds of evils, because Prometheus deceived him in his offering, and who to please Thetis sends defeat to the Achæan army, who sends a lying dream to Agamemnon to encourage him to battle? &c. The weaknesses of a sensual and limited nature are so glaring in the old Grecian gods, even in the highest god, that the germ of a higher conception which certainly exists in the Homeric theology could not possibly be developed without essential alteration. In the mysteries, too, which in later times have sometimes been regarded as the school of a purer religious belief, this was certainly not to be found: there is indeed something contradictory in the idea that a monotheistic doctrine could have been promulgated by the worship of Ceres or Bacchus. These secret forms of worship, moreover, first obtained a higher meaning in Greek popular life in

the sixth century, that is, after the time in which the gradual purification of the popular tradition and its approach towards monotheism began.

This purification was brought about in two ways: partly by the gradual growth and refinement in the conceptions of Zeus and his government of the world, so that out of polytheism itself, without abandoning its principle, the monotheistic element which existed in it was brought into relief and the polytheistic subordinated to it; and partly also by distinct attacks on the doctrine of the plurality of gods and the anthropomorphism which popular tradition ascribed to them. In the first of these ways, the poets, while working at the completion of their mythology, also helped to purify it; the philosophers combined the second method with this, and from this union arose that more intellectual form of thought, which, since the time of Socrates and Plato, spread abroad in ever-widening circles, and even before the appearance of Christianity became the religion of the most cultivated part of the people, wherever the influence of the Greek mind reached.

The Grecian gods and their mythical history are the creation of the poetic instinct, and accordingly it was the poets especially who cherished and cultivated this mythology, so plastic and so easily adapted to all their wants. But the same poets also transformed and ennobled it, removing all coarser features, and impressing on the tradition of early ages the moral sense of more cultivated times. Thus the great poets of the Greeks were also their first thinkers, —the "Wise Men," as they are so often called—the oldest and most popular teachers of the nation. This idealising process would first affect the conception of Zeus, who was to the Greek the personification of all that was great and sublime, of all his highest ideas of governing power and wisdom, of order in the world, and of moral rule. The higher Zeus was placed morally, and the more completely all mythological anthropomorphism disappeared before the idea of a perfect being, a just, kindly, all-knowing ruler of the world, so much the more did monotheism take the place of polytheism. The earlier poets had already, as we have said, glorified Zeus as the defender of right, the protector of the moral law. What Homer and Hesiod had said in this sense, the later ones repeat with greater force. Zeus, as we read in Archilochus (about 700 B.C.), looks down on the deeds of men, the just and the godless; even the good and evil-doing of beasts escape him not; to him must we commit everything. He is, as a little later Terpander calls him, the founder and the leader of all, as the poet Simonides of Amorgos says, he holds the ends of all things in his hand, and directs all as he will. The farther down we come in time, the more powerfully we see these thoughts developed.

Zeus comes by degrees to be regarded as in his very essence the supporter of a moral government of the world, from which the old dreary belief in fate and the arbitrariness of despotic rule is removed : fate, which according to the earlier representation was beyond and above him, becomes harmonised into union with his will ; and the other gods, who in Homer so continually contravene his purposes, become willing instruments of his world-ruling activity. So Solon teaches us (about 590 B.C.) that Zeus indeed watches over everything and punishes all crime, but that he does not give way to anger at special things like a man, but leaves the evil to accumulate before punishment falls. So a hundred years later exclaims the Sicilian poet Epicharmus, "Nothing escapes the eye of God, of that thou mayst assure thyself ; God watches over us, and to him nothing is impossible." Still more distinctly does this purer idea of God appear in the three great poets whose lives fall in the time between the last third of the sixth century and the end of the fifth, Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles. "On God," says Pindar, "everything depends ;" Zeus directs all that happens to mortals ; he gives success and failure ; he can cause the clear light to shine out of black night, and can shroud the brightness of day in gloomy darkness. Nothing that man does is hidden from God ; only when he leads the way can blessing be hoped for ; in his hand lies the issue of our work ; from him alone come all virtue and wisdom.

Æschylus speaks in the same sense. The sublimity and omnipotence of God, the unfailing certainty, the crushing power of his judgments is enforced in all his tragedies. What Zeus speaks, is done ; his will is unfailingly executed : no mortal can do aught against him, none escape his decree ; all the other gods act in his service ; his rule is in the end recognised by the existing powers, even by the stubborn Titan Prometheus, with willing submission. These thoughts are felt in Æschylus to have taken such deep hold that it would not be difficult, in spite of his belief in the plurality of gods—which the man of antique, solid worth, the soldier of Marathon and Salamis, never thought of doubting—to collect out of his poems, with but slight alteration of form, the essential elements of a pure and lofty monotheism. What comes out most prominently in them is the idea of divine justice. Even though Æschylus has not entirely emancipated himself from the ancient conception of an envious Deity, though we read in him that God lays guilt upon mortals if he chooses to destroy a house altogether, yet still the ruling tendency of his poetry is to show the connexion of misfortune with guilt, and to recognise the lofty justice of divine judgments. As a man acts, so must he suffer ; he whose heart and hand are pure, walks safe through life ; but vengeance surely seizes the guilty man, sooner or later, whether with

sudden stroke or with slow gripe; the Erinyes rule men's fate; they suck out the life of the criminal, they follow ever at his heels; they cast round him the net of madness, they dog his footsteps even to the grave.

But in *Æschylus*, too, Divine mercy overcomes the severity of the avenging law, and even *Orestes* is at last freed from the curse, which his mother's murder has brought down on his head. *Æschylus* is here quite aware that he is going beyond the original character of the Greek religion, but with a very remarkable and highly poetical turn, he transfers the change, which, partly owing directly to himself, was going on in the religious feeling of his time, to the world of gods itself. He uses the old, dim traditions of a contest between the old and new gods, to indicate to us, in representations full of a deeper meaning, how the terrible power of the *Eumenides* had given place to a milder and more humane law; how *Zeus's* original rule by force had with time been elevated into a beneficent moral government of the universe.

The most beautiful development of this milder spirit is found in the works of *Sophocles*. No other poet has brought classic art to such harmonious perfection, and no one has more nobly expounded a pure conception of divinity, as far as this is compatible with the continuance of Greek polytheism. *Sophocles* describes to us, with the feeling of the simplest piety, the gods whose power and whose law encircle human life. From them derives everything, good and evil; no mortal can withstand their never-changing night; no act and no thought can escape their all-seeing eye; no man dares disobey their eternal statutes. From the gods comes all wisdom; they lead us ever to the right; what they ordain, men must endure with submission, commit all sorrows to *Zeus*, and not strive to reach beyond the measure of human nature. These and other like sayings constantly delight us in *Sophocles*, and are found not seldom, also, in other poets of that time. The limit of Greek polytheism is never overstepped; but yet we are led to form a different idea of a faith which is thus expressed, from that which we usually associate with the name of Heathenism. The many gods come to be only the representatives of the One Divine Being, the Godhead; the arbitrariness and contradiction of which *Homer* tells us so much, disappear out of their action in the world, and are replaced by one single moral rule, which uses now one, now another of the gods as its instrument. The plurality of the gods remains as a statement of belief, but the difficulty which it threatened to cause in religious feeling was in fact in great part removed.

The moral character of religious belief was greatly influenced by the fact that at the same time with the advance made, as we have

said, in the conception of God, the belief in a future retribution became widely diffused, and took deep hold of the national mind. In Homer and Hesiod we find only the slightest beginnings of this doctrine; it first acquired greater importance in the Eleusinian mysteries, but more especially in the so-called Orphic mysteries, a later branch of this form of worship, apparently dating from the sixth or seventh century before Christ; afterwards, also, in the Pythagorean doctrine, which, like these, had its origin in moral and religious, not scientific reasons. The form and the meaning of this system, of which we cannot here follow out the history, was in the first instance certainly somewhat doubtful; it was connected with the mythical doctrine of the transmigration of souls among the Orphici and the Pythagoreans; and that which, at least among the first, decided their future happiness or unhappiness, was less moral excellence or unworthiness than their connexion with the secret services and the ascetic practices combined with them; he who had received consecration, and had refrained from eating meat, and similar observances, who had followed certain outward rules of life, would by-and-by sit at the table of the gods in the world below, while the uninitiated, on the other hand, were to be cast into a pool of slime. But even among the Pythagoreans the doctrine of immortality was used in a purer moral sense; in Pindar it appears as the strongest moral incitement; Æschylus's description of divine judgments reaches its height in the threat that even death cannot deliver the criminal from the spirits of vengeance; Sophocles often speaks of retribution after death; and in Euripides we find the words, "Who knows whether in truth death is not life, and life but death?" It is evident how much the conception of divine justice would gain in power by this extension of its sphere, and how far more vividly the unity of the Divine Being would strike the mind, if one and the same moral order were felt to rule both the living and the dead.

But although the ancient form of Greek religion was much ennobled by this development of the monotheistic element, its polytheistic foundation was not immediately attacked by it. Philosophy was now to enter upon another and a bolder course.

Greek philosophy did not, like the Christian, grow up in the service of theology; its first representatives desired, not to defend or purify religious belief, but to inquire into the nature of things. They had not, therefore, the same immediate occasion to pronounce concerning the subject-matter of this belief as had their Christian successors. But as in their explanations of nature they looked at the world as a whole, in order to trace it back to its original causes, they all, either expressly or by implication, started by assuming one single power that formed the world, whether they conceived it as united with

matter or as separate from it, whether they call it nature or divinity, or by any other name. And many of them declared expressly that this divinity was only to be sought in the highest intelligence, in the infinite mind. Among the pre-Socratic philosophers, whom we have next to consider, the one who expressed this most decidedly and with the clearest scientific understanding was Anaxagoras, the friend of the great Pericles, who lived in Athens till near the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. But these philosophers take up various positions with regard to the popular religion, each according to their individuality. Many of them pursued the course of their scientific investigation without bringing it into any distinct connection with the popular belief, and generally even without themselves taking account of it. Others adhered to the popular traditions, using them to express certain philosophical ideas and treating them as synonymous with them; and, therefore, naturally it is under the form of Zeus that is represented in a tangible shape the ultimate cause of all things, the single centre of the orders of the world and of the powers working in the world. Another, Democritus, attempts to explain, not only the belief in gods, but the gods themselves, according to the principles of his materialistic theory of nature. He conceived that by the same meeting together of atoms to which everything else owes its existence, there were brought forth beings of superhuman size and greatness, whose appearance gave rise to the belief in gods. In like manner, Empedocles conceives the gods—"the long-living, honoured above all"—as formed out of his four elements, along with beasts, and men, and all other things. To us, with our purer ideas of God, these statements are very startling; but they were not so to the Greeks, in whose mythology, from the very beginning, the creation of diverse races of gods occupied an important place. As Pindar says, "The race of men is one, and that of the gods is another, but one mother bore them both." There was no idea in this of impugning the popular belief.

On the other hand, this intention appeared with great distinctness in the utterances of Xenophanes, a man whose views form a remarkable epoch in the history of religious thought. This philosophic poet, the founder of the so-called Eleatic school, whose long life reached from early in the sixth till past the beginning of the fifth century, appears to have been led, purely by his own reflections, to the profoundest doubts concerning the religion of his people. Not only the anthropomorphism of the Greek gods and their many and great weaknesses were offensive to him, but also the fact of their number in itself. "Mortals think," he says, "that the gods were created," as if it were not equally profane to conceive of them as being created and as being mortal. He expressed himself in the same sense,

according to Aristotle, on the subject of the sacrifices and the funeral lamentations for the sea-goddess Leucothea; if she were mortal, sacrifices ought not to be offered to her, and if she were a goddess, she ought not to be mourned for. The contradiction inherent in a religion of nature—first assuming a God an infinite being, and then attributing to him finite qualities and circumstances—convinces the philosopher that this religion cannot be the true one. The same contradiction is pointed out by him in many other parts of the Greek mythology. As the gods are considered to have been created, so they are likewise regarded as subject to variation; change of place is ascribed to them, when they are supposed to descend from heaven to earth to visit this or that place where they are honoured, to grant their assistance here or there, &c., &c. Xenophanes cannot accept this representation. It does not beseeem divinity, he says, to wander from place to place. Divinity can only remain immovable in one place. Still more does it offend his conception of divinity when a human, or indeed any physical shape, is attributed to it. "Men," he says, "clothe the gods with their own form, feelings, and even voice, and each people attribute to them its own; the negroes think their gods are black and flat-nosed, the Thracians blue-eyed and red-haired, and if horses and oxen could paint, they would infallibly represent the gods as horses and oxen." And the description of their moral character is even worse. Homer and Hesiod attribute to the gods all that is shameful and is recognised among men as worthy of blame—as theft, adultery, and deceit. But not only this weakness and likeness to man, but the plurality in itself is not consistent with the conception of a Divine Being, according to the purer insight of Xenophanes. God, he shows, must be the most perfect being, but there can be but one most perfect; divinity can only govern, not be governed, consequently no other subordinate gods can be recognised alongside of the highest, all-governing God. He, himself, therefore, can only conceive of one God, who is far removed above all that is finite. "There is one God," he says, "the highest among gods and among men, not to be compared to mortals in form nor in thought." A God who, as he says elsewhere, is all eye, all ear, all thought; who "without effort rules all by the insight of his mind." Here, then, monotheism first appears distinctly opposed in principle to the plurality of gods, and the humanisation of the divine in the popular Greek religion. From the idea of divinity are deduced by simple steps the conclusions which were to shake the whole existing religion to its centre.

It cannot but excite our highest admiration to find such pure and lofty conceptions of divinity, so clear a consciousness of what is involved in the idea of God, among a polytheistic nation five hundred years before Christ, and in an age when scientific investigation had

hardly tried its first uncertain steps. The historical effect also of this phenomenon must not be undervalued. The attacks of Xenophanes inflicted a blow on Greek polytheism, from which it never altogether recovered; and although this philosopher stands for a time nearly alone in his bold doubts as to the existing religion, yet even during the next fifty years he was not quite without followers, and in the end the doubts which he first expressed grew into a power against which the popular religion could oppose no barrier except the custom of the masses, and special measures of authority which were quite ineffectual to produce any general result.

Some time later than Xenophanes we find the Ephesian philosopher Heraclitus following, if not exactly the same course, yet one very near to it. The plurality of gods is not indeed expressly attacked by him, although he had advanced far beyond it in the conception of an universal all-guiding intelligence; but the religious usages so nearly connected with it, the sacrifices of beasts and the worship of statues, meet with his decided reprobation, and he finds no words strong enough to express his disapproval of the poets Homer and Hesiod, who, as Herodotus says, have made of the Hellenes their gods. Somewhat later, about the middle of the fifth century, we meet again with the thoughts, and even catch the ring of the very words, of the old Eleatic philosopher, in a fragment of Empedocles, in which it is said either of Apollo or of the supreme God, for which it is we do not know: "None can come near him, nor see him with eyes nor touch him with hands, for he cannot have human body and human limbs; he is only a holy, impalpable spirit, who looks through the whole universe with his swift thoughts." About the same time begins that sceptical movement, the most decided leaders of which we commonly call by the name of Sophists—a movement which in a short time penetrated into all parts of Greek life and all grades of society, shook to their foundations the traditional customs and beliefs, and from its first appearance began an active attack on the existing religious faith. Thus we immediately find the first spokesman of the Sophists, Protagoras, beginning a treatise with the statement that he means to say nothing concerning the gods, whether they do exist or do not exist, for the question is too obscure and human life too short to fathom it. Another of the more famous Sophists, Prodicus, endeavoured to show how men came to a belief in the gods through their admiration for useful and beneficent objects in nature; while Critias, a disciple of the Sophists, represented religion in one of his plays as the invention of clever lawgivers, who wished to strengthen the power of their laws by the fear of divine punishment. And this was the most received opinion in those circles where the intellectual influence of the Sophists reached. As in other state regu-

lations and customs, the followers of this school saw in religion only the result of a voluntary compact, and according to them this was proved by the diversity of religions. If the belief in the gods was inherent in human nature, they said, all men would worship the same gods; that it was precisely out of the nature of the human mind and the natural conditions of its development that the varieties of religion arose, as of all other historical phenomena, was as little understood by the Greek freethinkers as by their modern followers.

Notwithstanding their superficial treatment of this question, the spirit of the age was so strongly in their favour in the most intellectually important of the Greek cities, and their way of thought was so far from being confined to the Schools, that at the time of the Peloponnesian war it might be regarded as the commonly-accepted view of the cultivated classes in Greece generally, and not in Athens alone. The doctrine which the Sophists advanced in treatises and rhetorical discourses, the poets preached in another form with the most telling and widely-spread results in the theatre. While Sophocles has left in his tragedies a memorial no less of his pious tendencies than of his art, we find his younger contemporary Euripides, the disciple of Anaxagoras, among many beautiful religious and moral sentiments, introducing innumerable questionings on subjects both of doctrine and morals, and giving so naturalistic a treatment to the myths, that we cannot fail to perceive how far he is removed from the old religious point of view. The comic writer Aristophanes rails with passionate vehemence against him and against all the later teachers, among whom he reckons Socrates, and we cannot doubt that in his way he was quite in earnest in his zeal for ancient customs and the ancient belief; but was it the way to restore reverence for the gods to expose them, as Aristophanes did, to the laughter of the spectators with such insolent freedom—to expose the human weaknesses of their characters so glaringly and coarsely—to drag them, as it were, through the mire of all that is low and mean? And he himself tells us that this part of his pieces was far more approved by his hearers than his exhortations to return to the good old time and its faith; and that even at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war it was considered old-fashioned and uneducated by very many in Athens to believe any longer in the gods. Even his pious and often superstitious elder contemporary, Herodotus, is not uninfluenced by the rationalistic spirit; and in Thucydides we see how, towards the end of the fifth century, the deepest seriousness of feeling, the most elevated moral views of the universe, could be united with entire absence of that mythical element which is so essential a part of the old Greek religion. This historian brings before our eyes by his startling descriptions, the confusion of all

moral ideas, the decay of piety and faith, the growth of a naked selfishness, during the internal struggles of the Greek states. The Sophists, in the attacks on the popular belief, are only the pioneers of a style of thought, the way for which having been at that time prepared in the most various quarters, must be regarded not as the work of these individuals, but as the result of the whole historical development of the time. It was, therefore, the less to be expected that any special exercise of state authority—such as the impeachment brought even in the lifetime of Pericles by his political opponents against Anaxagoras, and later against Protagoras and Socrates—should offer any lasting resistance to the new opinions. Individuals fell victims to these attacks. Anaxagoras and Protagoras were driven from Athens, Socrates drank the cup of poison; but the spread of their views was not prevented by persecution, but rather advanced by it. When Protagoras in the year 410 B.C. fled from Athens, the scepticism for which he was attacked had long since taken deep and wide-spreading root there. The restoration of the popular religion in its earlier significance had already become impossible, but it was quite possible to advance beyond the position of the Sophists, if deeper minds and more profound thinkers should undertake the task which they had treated in a one-sided and insufficient manner.

Socrates was a thinker of this more profound kind. It is true that this great philosopher desired, on principle, to abstain from all theological questions; the human understanding, he thought, was not capable of fathoming the nature and works of the divinity, and the investigation could serve no useful end; and he, therefore, blamed the natural philosophers for conceiving it possible that they should trace out the action of the gods in nature. He, for his part, wished to confine himself to the things which concerned human life and human duties. But, as he regarded piety and reverence towards God as the chief of these duties, he was thus obliged to form for himself a distinct view concerning God and his relation towards man, and, as in this he could only proceed according to his general principles, he became almost against his will the founder of a religious doctrine, which, in spite of its scientific deficiencies, was of great value to future times. As he habitually judged of the value of human actions by the reasonableness of their objects, he sought to discover in the universe the end which everything served, and he believed himself to have found this in the well-being of mankind. Thus he arrived at the conviction that the world could only be the work of an all-powerful, all-good, all-wise, and all-knowing Being, a Being whose intelligence as far surpasses ours as the vastness of the world in which he dwells does that of our body, whose eye looks through all things, whose protecting care embraces all, the greatest

and the smallest alike. Socrates did not feel the necessity of investigating more closely how far this intellectual conviction of his agreed with the popular religion, to which he was honestly attached; he speaks, after the manner of the Greeks, indifferently in the plural of many gods, or in the singular of God or the Divinity; he is assured that the gods direct all for our good, that we must submit absolutely to their decrees, and implicitly obey their commands; and, as regards divine worship, he satisfies himself with the aphorism that a pious heart is the best offering to God, and that for the rest every one should worship according to the tradition of his people. But yet it is evident that his religious doctrine has for its essential foundation the idea of the unity of God. He does not deny the existence of the many gods of the popular religion, apparently he believed in them in all good faith, but above these many gods rises so prominently the one world-creating intelligence as the essential power, the single authority directing the arrangements of the world, and giving the standard for the moral duty of man, that all the others seem beside it like mere idle spectators. Socrates himself distinguishes between them in an expression, which Xenophon has handed down to us, when he says that the other gods, as well as the Creator and Supporter of the Universe, bestow on us their benefits without showing themselves to our eyes. The principal point with him is the conviction that everything in the world and in human life is ordered for the best end, with perfect intelligence, and according to a harmonious plan; but whether this plan comes from a single being, or whether the Supreme Deity has under him other divine beings as his assistants, is a question, the investigation of which troubles him little, because it appears to be of no practical importance for his religious requirements. He, personally, must have been disposed to give the preference to the second view, for the reason that it was most in accordance with the belief of his nation, from which he thought it neither desirable nor allowable to separate himself. So the unity of God was combined with the plurality of popular divinities in the manner which already presented itself naturally to the Greeks by their mythology, and in which poets had already prepared the way for the philosophers; the many gods are placed in a relation altogether subordinate to the One, they only carry out, in particular parts of the world, and in special relations of human life, the will of the same intelligence which in the Supreme God is conceived as omnipotence embracing the whole universe.

Greek philosophy, as represented by the great majority of its professors, continued faithful to this course in later times. There were, indeed, some who took up a position more distinctly opposed to the popular religion. Socrates distinguished between the Supreme God

and all the rest, and his scholar Antisthenes went further, and asserted, with the Eleatics, that in truth there exists but one God, whom we ought not to represent to ourselves in human form, while the many other gods are only the creation of the popular imagination. He and his followers, the Cynics, made themselves known for a kind of free-thinking, which we find reappearing later among the Cynics of the Roman empire, while at the same time they endeavoured to use the mythical traditions for moral ends by free allegorical interpretation. Another follower of Socrates, Aristippus, who, however, widely departed from the strict Socratic doctrine, adopted with his school the sceptical views of Protagoras. Among the later schools, in the Alexandrian and Roman periods, the sceptics and the Epicureans opposed the received religion on rationalising grounds. The former, indeed, could not, in conformity with their principles, positively dispute the existence of the gods; but they affirmed it to be as incapable of proof as any other scientific theory; and in the struggle against the contemporary theology of the Stoic school, Carneades, the most clear-sighted of the ancient sceptics, brought forward objections against the commonly-received idea of divinity in the second century B.C., which are not even now without force. The numerous school of the Epicureans, especially spread among the Romans, differed from the popular belief on another side. These philosophers did not try to cast doubt on the existence of the gods, they declared this, indeed, to be quite unquestionable, but in order to give up nothing of their principle of a purely physical explanation of the natural world, and to destroy the superstitious fear of the divinity, they considered it necessary to deny any action of the gods on earthly things; the gods dwell in the empty space between the worlds in sacred repose, not affected by our concerns, nor interfering in them—the objects of an unselfish adoration, while within the world all is governed partly by chance, partly by a blind necessity of nature. The cause of monotheism had nothing to gain from such religious belief as this, which, in its practical result, scarcely differs from atheism; the Epicureans treated it with the same contempt as the myths of the popular religion, and the objections of the sceptics to the popular conceptions would nowise lead to a purer form of religion, since they regarded the existence of one god, and that of many, as equally incapable of proof. These schools, therefore, only assisted the cause of monotheism in so far as they contributed to open a way for a new religion by undermining the existing one.

This way of thought, however, as has been remarked, did not predominate in Greek philosophy. The most important of the post-Socratic philosophers, followed rather the line of reasoning which Socrates had adopted in trying to reconcile polytheism with mono-

theism. At the same time they went further than Socrates, in assuming a much freer attitude towards the popular religion, and insisting much more stringently on its purification by means of philosophy. No one has in this relation exercised so powerful an influence on the development of religious consciousness, extending through many centuries, as the great disciple of Socrates, Plato. The religious system of this philosopher is in its essential features a very pure and intellectual monotheism. Above and beyond the world of outward phenomena lies, according to him, the world of eternal incorporeal unchangeable entities, of ideas; at the head of the collective world of ideas stands the good, the infinite Being, the source of all thought and of all existence, which gives reality to facts, and truth to our conceptions, towards which all our thoughts and actions strive according to their innermost nature, even though we can hardly conceive of itself in its pure form, and mostly can only contemplate it in its imitations and its working. Plato's world-forming divinity does not essentially differ from the Good, and it is by the idea of the good that his conception of God is altogether formed and interpenetrated. Goodness is the most essential quality of the divinity, out of goodness he created the world, and with goodness and wisdom he guides human fortunes, in small things as in great; all things will in the end turn to good for the man who by purity of life imitates his goodness and perfection. Our conceptions of the Deity are to be measured by the idea of the Good, and by this we must determine our duties towards Him. God is not envious of human happiness, as the popular doctrine of fate, among the Greeks, made him seem, for the good cannot feel envy. He cannot alter himself, or show himself other than he is, because what is perfect is invariable, and because all untruth is impossible to him. He must be altogether of a spiritual nature, elevated above pleasure and pain, untouched by all evils. We must form to ourselves only the highest and purest ideas of his power, and his goodness, his wisdom, his holiness, his justice; we must reject as unworthy fables the myths which tell us of human weaknesses, passions, and feelings in the gods. True worship can only consist in pure sentiments and virtuous life, not in the gifts and prayers with which ignorance hoped to honour the gods and wickedness to bribe them. It will be acknowledged that it is hardly possible to find principles purer than these in Christian theology, and, in fact, these principles of the Platonic system have for centuries served as guides to the teachers of the Christian Church in their conceptions of the Divinity and their interpretations of Biblical narratives. A philosopher who could put forth such views had really left polytheism behind. Nevertheless Plato will not consent to abandon it altogether, and his system certainly left him some points of union

with it. In the first place, after and subordinated to the divinity, or the Good, appear the other ideas, which Plato also describes as the eternal gods; again, Plato was unable to divest himself of the popular conception, according to which the constellations, in the unchanging regularity of their course, were held to be living beings, inspired by a far higher intelligence than that of man; and in the same way he looks on the whole universe as a living being, from whose soul all other individual existences are derived. The stars are therefore the visible gods, and the world he calls God become real, whose beauty and perfection he cannot sufficiently admire. On the other hand, he considers the other gods of Grecian tradition, Apollo, Here, Athene, &c., as he clearly gives us to understand, simply as mythical creations. But even these he would by no means have removed from public adoration, but desires that the belief in them should be inculcated as the first step in public education; for men, he says, must first be educated by lies, and afterwards by truth, first by myths, then by scientific understanding; therefore those who do not attain to the latter, as is the case with the mass of mankind, remain confined for ever to the myths, and to the form of worship corresponding to them. So much the more earnestly does the philosopher urge that the myths themselves should be purified in a philosophical and moral point of view, that all that is morally injurious and unworthy of deity should be removed from religious tradition and public worship. This is the chief cause of the severity with which he treats the great poets of his nation, and refuses entrance into his state to a Homer and to a Hesiod. As artists he might tolerate them, but as teachers of religion he must reject them. His position, therefore, as to the question before us is as follows. He is himself a monotheist, and his monotheism is hardly at all affected by his doctrine of the higher nature of the stars, for these "visible gods" stand practically in the same relation to the one visible God, as man or any other finite being. On the other hand, he considers the Greek polytheism indispensable as a popular religion, but its admissibility depends on the condition of its being subjected to a thorough reform, and therefore brought as far as possible into harmony with monotheism.

Aristotle agrees in all essential points with Plato; and he expresses still more clearly the doctrine of the unity of God. As the world is one whole, it must, he shows, be guided by one supreme cause, and this cause can only be, as he proceeds to explain, the pure, immaterial spirit, working ceaselessly in never-sleeping activity of thought. At the same time the doctrine that God must be a personal being comes out more strongly in his system than in that of Plato, and forms a more essential part of it. The doctrine of providence held by So-

crates and Plato, on the other hand, is essentially changed ; God is indeed, according to Aristotle, the first moving cause which gives the impulse to the turning of the heavens, and the highest good, towards which all things aspire ; there is certainly in nature an active power diffused through all things, and unconsciously working itself out ; there is in human life a natural connection between moral worth and inward happiness, but in the system of Aristotle there is no place for the direct action of God affecting the individual in the course of the world. Besides the supreme God, Aristotle supposes a number of other immortal beings, in the spirits of the spheres of the stars, since he considers the universe as uncreated and imperishable, because the action of the divinity in the world must be as everlasting as God himself. He also applies the polytheistic belief to these star-spirits, as far as he allows of any truth in it ; "but all else," he says, "are mythic accessories to gain over the people, which have been added for the sake of law and public benefit." Here then we have again a monotheism which is but little changed by the introduction of astral spirits, and chiefly distinguished from the Platonic doctrine by its more serene and unimaginative tone ; a monotheism which does not itself need the popular religion, but tolerates it as a political necessity, and leaves open certain points of connection with it in its own system.

In the next in succession of the great Greek schools of philosophy, that of the Stoics, this monotheism became pantheism. According to the Stoic doctrine, there exists a single being, who contains within himself the substance of all things, which he allows to flow forth from himself, and take distinct form. When the term of this world is completed, he will absorb it again into himself, in order, after the course of a certain period, to create the same world afresh, and to carry on the cycle of things into eternity, as it has likewise lasted from eternity. This being is at the same time the essence of matter and the essence of force ; it is the creative fire which brings forth the other elements in its changes ; but it is also the highest spirit, the intelligence, and the law of the world, the Divinity. Everything that is, is derived from this Divine Being, and is supported in existence by him ; all the forces of nature and all spirits are only parts of the one power, which is diffused through everything. In so far as a Divine power works in all things, everything may be made an object of religious worship, and personified into a divinity ; but as in truth there is only one original power, which manifests itself in all things under divers forms, these divinities must not be regarded as concrete personalities, but only as mythical representatives of the forces of nature, which having sprung from the one source of the Divine Being, embrace the universe with their thousand

arms. The religious doctrine of the Stoics is formed on this double point of view. On one hand, the Stoics maintain the popular religion against scepticism and Epicureanism; they endeavour to show that the representations of the gods and the myths, even those apparently most unworthy and unreasonable, have a real meaning; they also defend the belief in prophecies and other things of the same kind. On the other hand, they cannot admit the truth of all this tradition in the sense which the popular belief attributed to it; in the place of the gods they introduce natural objects, the stars, the elements, the fruits of the earth, the great men, and benefactors of humanity; and in the place of direct Divine revelations, the natural prognostics of future events, which the expert can understand and decipher according to the usual sequence of cause and effect. Hence their treatment of the popular religion is a continual attempt at interpretation of it in a sense not originally intended; they are the chief originators of that allegorical mode of exposition which has passed from the Greeks to the Jews, and on to the Christians, and has caused so much confusion among both. They seek artificially to reconcile a pantheistic monotheism with polytheism. But that the two are essentially different cannot be concealed by the Stoic doctrine. We find among the writings of the school not only many beautiful expressions concerning the Divine Being, the worthlessness of outward form alone, and the necessity of a spiritual worship of God, but also very keen and free-spoken judgments on the myths and the religious ceremonies of the traditional faith; but the school in general had too little critical insight fully to realise its position with regard to the popular belief. In Plato, Aristotle, and the Stoics, we have now made ourselves acquainted with the three great originators of religious systems which were followed for centuries long by all those in the Greco-Roman and Greco-Oriental world, who found popular religion too impure, and mere scepticism too empty and comfortless. The eclecticism of the Roman period produced the most various combinations of the doctrines of the different systems; but at the same time the tendency grew stronger and stronger among philosophers to attach themselves to positive religion and to expect a divine revelation of that truth which their overwearied thought had begun, since the rise of scepticism, to consider beyond its power to discover unassisted. And the farther the divinity was removed above all that is finite and earthly by the purer idea of God taught in the Platonic and Aristotelian schools, the more vividly arose the desire to find a mediator between God and man in some beings higher than man, who yet stood nearer to the world and to mankind than God. Hence the importance which now begins to attach to the belief in dæmons. Originally this

belief was only a subordinate part of the popular religion which philosophers like Plato certainly made use of on occasion, but which was of no importance in their own view. Now it became a question of the most earnest religious interest. The One God of the philosophers was placed at too great a height for the mind to venture to connect his actions and his existence with the course of nature and the events of human life. The popular gods, who were supposed to take part in both, could not, it was thought, be regarded as gods in a strict and complete sense, on this very account. But the need which had created polytheism, had not yet passed away: people could not abandon the habit of representing divine beings to themselves, in sensuous shape and definite form. What remained to them but to place alongside of the divinity a number of inferior beings, who might be the bond between him and the world, inasmuch as they represented divine power in a limited sphere, and took individual parts of the world and individual men under their special protection. Such beings are the *dæmons*. They are the old gods of polytheism, but deprived of their independence, and subordinated to the one monotheistic God as his servants and instruments. By adopting the *dæmons* in the place of the gods, polytheism shows its readiness to yield the place to monotheism, provided that it be still allowed to retain a subordinate position.

This tendency was widely spread at this time among the followers of the only strictly monotheistic religion of ancient history, Judaism. In the centuries succeeding the Babylonian captivity a new element entered into the Jewish mind in the belief in angels and devils, which afforded a certain satisfaction to the polytheistic tendency within the range of monotheism. The difference between the old gods, who as *dæmons* and lesser gods had submitted themselves to the one Supreme God, and the ministering spirits now surrounding the one God of the Jews, was so slight, that there appeared nothing essential to interfere with the blending of the two. And the Alexandrian Jews began already to put forth a theory concerning divine powers and the supporter of these powers, the "*Logos*," or Word of God, in which the Jewish belief in angels was brought into the closest connection with the Greek belief in *dæmons*, and with the philosophers' doctrine of ideas, and of the universal all-penetrating Divine intelligence or *Logos*. This blending of the two religions was also prepared for in another way. Partly by the mixing of races of the Roman and Alexandrian time, partly by the spread of Greek philosophy, the limits were broken down which hitherto had kept the nations divided in self-sufficing separateness. The Greek had to accustom himself to recognise the existence of moral and intellectual qualities also among the "*Barbarians*," on the

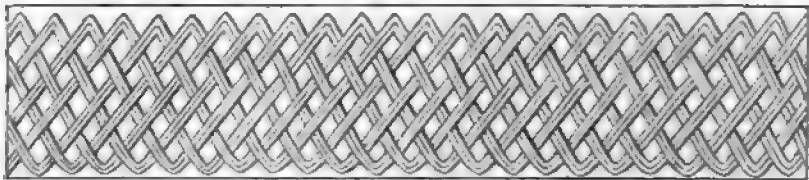
supposed sole possession of which he had hitherto rested his proud contempt for all that was not Greek; and the Jew began to doubt of the exclusive election of his people, when he found the Greek possessed of a superior intellectual cultivation, doubtless also a gift of God, and of an insight into religious things, in recognising which his national vanity could only poorly soothe itself by the groundless assumption that the old Greek sages had borrowed their treasures from the Jewish prophets and the Old Testament writings. So by degrees the truth was recognised, the gradual diffusion of which is to be regarded as the lasting merit of the Stoic school, that all men in right of their intellectual nature are equal, and stand under the same law, that they have the same natural rights, and the same moral duties, that they all alike are to be regarded as children of God, as citizens of one and the same community, comprising the whole of mankind.

People learnt to look on the relation of man to God as immediate and inward, limited to no nationality, no class, and no race; to consider the service of a pious heart and a virtuous life as more essential than national forms of worship, and to substitute for priestly mediation the communion of man with God. This refinement of moral and religious consciousness had been first brought about in an extensive way among the Greeks, and through the means of Greek philosophy; but Judaism had not been excluded from its effect. Since the second century before Christ a party appeared in the Essenes, obviously connected with the Greek Neo-Pythagoreanism, and through it with the whole philosophy of that time, which gave itself up to an inward unworldly piety, devoted to poverty and renunciation, to universal human love, and the removal of all inequality among men, but which, on the other hand, was indifferent to the national expectations of a Messiah, and rejected the whole system of sacrifices, the corner-stone of Jewish religious worship, setting up in the place of the Jewish hierarchical institutions a monastically organised community of ascetics. But this change in moral feeling is itself most closely connected with the development of the conceptions concerning the Divinity. If one God, whose kingdom is the whole world, took the place of the many popular gods, one Divine Right and Law must embrace all men, and thus not only the separations of national religions would disappear, but also the service of a pious life, common to all, would naturally come to appear the essential thing, as opposed to special and outward forms of worship. And so inversely; if people recognised the mutual dependence and equality of all mankind, they could not continue to believe in a variety of gods; if humanity is but one, if it is subjected to the same destiny and the same law, there can be but one and the same power by which all men are ruled and

governed. The belief in the unity of God, and the belief in the equality of all men, and their moral obligations, reciprocally tend to produce each other; both these were developed at the same time in the old world, and so prepared a soil for Christianity, in which not only the seed of a new religion and a new moral life could be planted from without, but in which it could itself arise and grow, according to the laws of historical development.

But however important is the place which Greek philosophy assumes, as the precursor of Christianity, when Christianity itself came forth in its special character and declared war against the polytheistic religions of former times, then this very philosophy became the last champion of heathenism. This should indeed not be said without some reservations. Not a few philosophically-cultivated individuals passed over to the new religion; many more gained as Christians, in the schools of the philosophers, the scientific cultivation which they needed for the defence and for the theological development of their faith. Greek philosophy in this way worked not only beyond the pale of, and against the Church, but also within it, and for it; and closer investigation would show that from the beginning its influence on Christian theology and Christian morals was far wider and more lasting than has been usually thought to be the case. But the greater number of Greek philosophers looked with deep contempt on a faith, which in its positive dogmas appeared to them superstitious, and in its opposition to existing religions, absolutely criminal, and afterwards, when it grew into a power, threatening and ultimately victorious, they met it with bitter hatred. About the middle of the third century, Greek philosophy collected together, for the last time, all the strength which it still possessed, in the Neo-Platonic school. The theological system of this school appears to have consisted in an ingenious and well-worked-out attempt to harmonise a philosophical monotheism with the polytheism which the Greek mind found it so hard to give up. The method of combining them is similar to what we have already found in the Stoic doctrine, although differing in some especial points. One Supreme Being is conceived to exist, without limitations, intangible, incomprehensible, but at the same time the source of all being, and the seat of all perfection. From him issues, as the overflow of his fulness, the natural effects of his power, the whole series of finite beings; but the farther things are removed from their original source, and the more intermediate steps come between, the more imperfect they become, till at last the pure light of divine power is extinguished in the darkness of matter. All things thus form a series of gradually-diminishing perfectness, all are supported by divine force, but this is distributed to them in various measure as to quantity, and as to purity. For this reason, say the

Neo-Platonists, it is necessary to ascend from the lower degrees by natural steps to the higher, we must let ourselves be led from the lower gods in regular ascent to the highest God, we must not reject a sensual means of transmission of spiritual good things. Since they translate the Greek and Oriental gods, after the arbitrary manner common to allegorical interpretation, into the abstract ideas of their metaphysical system, and since they seek for the natural development of a higher life, not in the recognition and the working out of realities, but in the devotional exercises of all popular religions and mysteries, in sacrifices and prayers, in prophecies and vows, in worship of statues and Theurgy, all that is coarse and fanciful in mythology, all the mere externals of worship, all the manifold superstitions of centuries, found in their system a studied explanation. This system could not indeed in the end resist the purer doctrine, and the moral force of Christianity, but so great, even in defeat, was the influence of the Greek mind, though now worn out, and in many ways become untrue to itself, that the conquering church adopted into her system, during the struggle, the very philosophy which had contested the possession of Greece with her to the utmost. Neo-Platonism was conquered, as far as it was identified with heathenism, but as a form of Christian speculation the Church accepted it into her system; she paid the highest respect to the writings which a Christian Neo-Platonist put forth under the name of Dionysius the Areopagite; she adopted in defence of her dogmas, her sacraments, her hierarchical institutions, the very same arguments which her heathen opponents had formerly used against her. In this way also, the influence of the Greek element can be traced down to the present time. But certainly of far deeper importance to all future time was the service done by Greek philosophy in the opposite direction, by refining religious conceptions, and purifying moral ideas; and of this gradual work, I trust, as far as my narrow limits allowed, that I have been able to give a not altogether incomplete account.



THE LAKE DWELLINGS OF SWITZERLAND.

The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and other parts of Europe. By Dr. F. KELLER. Translated and arranged by J. E. LEE, F.S.A. Longmans, 1866.

NO one who had the pleasure of listening to the lucid and able *résumé* of recent scientific discoveries which Professor Phillips gave in his presidential address to the British Association at Birmingham, will need to be reminded of the very curious questions that were there suggested in consequence of the discovery of traces of human habitations in the lakes of Switzerland and other parts of Europe. And all who feel an interest in this matter will, we are sure, hail with pleasure the appearance of the most excellent, exhaustive, and beautifully illustrated work of Dr. Keller, so admirably translated and arranged by Mr. J. E. Lee.

The existence of lake dwellings has long been known to the classical student at least. We remember how Herodotus tells us of the settlements on Prasias, the modern Takhyno, where the men lived on "platforms supported on tall piles, standing in the middle of the lake, which are approached from the land by a single narrow bridge. . . . Each has his own hut, wherein he dwells upon one of the platforms, and each has also a trap-door, giving access to the lake beneath; and their wont is to tie their baby children by the foot with a string to save them from rolling into the water. They feed their horses and their other beasts upon fish, which abound in the lake to such a degree that a man has only to open his trap-door and to let down a basket

by a rope into the water, and then to wait a very short time, when up he draws it, quite full of them." (v. 16. Rawlinson's translation.)

We could hardly have expected that any remains of such perishable constructions, built more than 2,000 years ago, and not unfrequently of a far higher antiquity, would have remained to the present day. Yet such is the case. Nay, Dr. Keller and his collaborators give us many minute details both concerning them and their inhabitants that are quite startling. The quantity of materials at their disposal is most astonishing. Between 3,000 and 4,000 relics have been found on the Eastern shore of the Ueberlinger See alone.

The lake dwellings of Switzerland are of two kinds, pile and fascine. In the first case, which is the most common, piles, generally whole trunks of oak, birch, fir, willow, &c., but sometimes split stems, sharpened in some cases by fire, in others by stone or bronze celts, were driven into shallow parts of the lakes, and upon them a platform erected on which the huts were built. This platform "appears in many cases to have been of the rudest description, and to have consisted merely of one or two layers of unbarked stems lying parallel one to another: in a few cases, as in one of the Italian lake dwellings, they were more artificial, and were composed of boards split out of the trunks of trees, and joined with some approach to accuracy." In some few cases the piles were strengthened by a large number of stones thrown down between them,—just like what has been done, though for a different reason, at the Portland Breakwater. In one case a boat, overladen with stones, and which consequently sank, is still to be seen at Peter's Island on the lake of Bienne.

In the case of fascine dwellings, which occur chiefly on the smaller lakes, and appear to belong only to the earliest age, "instead of a platform, supported on a series of piles, these erections consisted of layers of sticks, or small stems of trees, built up from the bottom of the lake, till the structure reached above high-water mark; and on this series of layers the main platform for the huts was placed." These very much resemble the crannoges or wooden islands that have been discovered in Scotland and Ireland.

When the platform was completed "it appears that a bed of mud, loam, and gravel was laid and beaten down firmly, either by the feet, or by the wooden mallets, of which several have been found in these localities. Occasionally a layer of larger pebbles is found, as in some of the Italian dwellings, near the top, probably to strengthen this kind of plaster floor."

The framework of the huts was made of small piles or stakes, between which boards were forced in, forming the skirting-boards. The rest of the walls consisted of wattle-work, covered, inside and out, with loam or clay to the thickness of two or three inches or so.

As far as the evidence goes, the huts were in all cases rectangular; though huts of the same date and of kindred races, when built on land, were of the ordinary circular shape. They were thatched with straw, reed, and bark of trees.

With respect to the dimension of the huts, there seems to be some mistake in Dr. Keller's statements. For whilst he tells us in the account of those of Robenhausen that they correspond exactly in length and breadth with those of Niederwyl, namely, 27 feet by 22, in his description of these latter he tells us they are, on an average, 20 feet by 12. Sometimes six huts stood together; sometimes there was a space of 2 or 3 feet between each. Besides the huts there were, on the platforms, also stalls for cattle.

"Every hut had its hearth [in the centre], consisting of three or four large slabs of stone; and it is probable, from the almost universal prevalence of clay weights for weaving, that most, if not all of them, were furnished with a loom. Portions of young trees with the branches partially lopped off are also not uncommon in these dwellings: these would be very convenient, if fastened to the roof or the walls, for the suspension of the mats, the tools, the nets, or the earthenware vessels—some of which seem to have been used with rope handles."

The platforms are in general at some distance from the edge of the lake, and were approached by a wooden bridge when they were near the main land. They seem to have been fortified by palisades. The platform is built much further into the lake in the bronze and iron, than in the stone period, and the huts are placed on the side away from the land. As it was, no doubt, for security against enemies that this style of habitation was used, the thatched dwellings were of course removed as far as possible from the danger of burning missiles. A curious confirmation of their being inhabited all the year round is the discovery, amongst other relics, of bones of the wild swan, which only appears in the Swiss lakes during the months of December and January. In this respect they differ from the Irish crannoges, which were only places of refuge for chieftains in times of danger.

Some idea of the number of lake dwellings already discovered may be formed from the fact that in the plan of Lake Neuchâtel alone, Dr. Keller mentions fifty such stations. They vary very much in size, from the eastern settlement of Moosseedorf, 55 feet by 70, to the 23 acres of Sipplingen. The quantity of piles used was enormous. At Robenhausen alone it is calculated there must have been 100,000.

Lake dwellings are of various dates, and may for convenience be divided into three classes, belonging to the stone, bronze, and iron ages respectively. The settlements in East Switzerland were the earliest, and ceased to exist before the bronze age, or at the very

beginning of it, whilst those in the west, though partly founded in the stone age, only reached their full development in the subsequent period. There is no sharp line of demarcation between the different periods—like geological strata, they melt almost insensibly one into another. Many centuries, however, must have elapsed between the oldest and latest settlements. In some instances, as at Nidau Steinberg, they were used through all the periods.

Some settlements seem to have been voluntarily abandoned, but in many cases they were most certainly destroyed by fire. These fires may have been at time the acts of enemies, but in one case at least it was probably the result of an accident which occurred during the prevalence of a wind still, and with only too much reason dreaded in Switzerland, called the Fönwind; for in a northerly direction from the settlement the peat which is dug is found, for a certain breadth, to contain more or less charcoal, whilst that on either side does not contain any. This reminds us somewhat of Mr. Sorby's ingenuity in determining that the direction of the tides during the deposition of the magnesian limestone in the south of Yorkshire, was from W.S.W. to E.N.E. In some cases the accumulation of peat which reached the top of the water and rendered the district unhealthy was the cause of migration. They seem to have continued longer in use at Neuchâtel and Bienne than anywhere else. Here they were not abandoned till after the Roman occupation of the country. Irish crannoges, on the contrary, were used as late as the seventeenth century.

A friend of Mr. Leo suggests that the "paludes" into which the Morini fled from Cæsar may have contained "lake dwellings." If so, their name was fast becoming inapplicable, and their usefulness as places of defence very slight, when a single dry summer could render them untenable ("De B. G.," iv. 38).

The question is a most interesting one, what amount of civilisation was possessed by the inhabitants of the earliest of these lake dwellings? Fortunately there are abundant materials for its determination. The men of the stone age appear before us both as agriculturalists and keepers of cattle. They sowed wheat and the two-rowed barley, still cultivated in the East, and at a somewhat later time millet; whilst oats do not appear till the bronze age, and rye is altogether unknown. All the crops seem to have been spring crops. Corn was grown in large quantities, for at one place alone nearly 100 bushels of various kinds was discovered. "The tilling of the ground must have been simple in the highest degree, and have consisted merely in tearing it up by means of inefficient tools, made of stags' horns, or with crooked branches of trees, as is now done in North America." Remains of the horse have been found in most of the settlements.

We have evidence of the manner in which the corn was prepared

for food. Sometimes it was ground—the stones used for that purpose being of very frequent occurrence—much in the way that the women of South Africa do it at the present day. In other cases the dough does not consist of meal, but of grains more or less crushed, after having been first of all most probably roasted, like the *Gotio* of the Canaries. It was then made into cakes four or five inches in diameter, and about an inch and a half thick, and was baked by being laid on hot stones and covered with glowing embers. Barley, when used, was apparently always thus treated, whilst wheat and millet were prepared in both ways.

Another form in which they used their corn was porridge, remains of which are thought to be still remaining at the bottom of some pipkins found at Meilen, which fell into the lake when the settlement was burnt.

Besides grain the men of the Stone Period cultivated flax to a large extent; apparently the variety still cultivated in the north-west of Switzerland, under the name of short flax. We shall have something more to say on this matter presently. No remains of hemp have been discovered in the lake dwellings.

It is not only as agriculturalists that this ancient people comes before us, but as cattle-keepers as well. They had flocks of cows, sheep, goats, and pigs. The dog was then, as well as now, the companion of the shepherds and herdsmen. And having mentioned dogs, we must not forget to add that cats purled by the hearth, and killed mice, and kittens played with balls of string, just as if they had belonged to the nineteenth century.

The cow was a small species, the original stock, no doubt, of the brown cow, which is still found, almost exclusively, in all the mountainous parts of Switzerland. The great spotted cow, the breed of the greatest importance in Switzerland at the present day, is not found through the whole period of the lake dwellings.

It is more interesting to be assured that the *urus* was domesticated at this early period. It had indeed, so Professor Rüttimeyer assures us, "lost much of the size of its wild ancestors and contemporaries, either by crossing with a smaller breed, or what is more probable, by scanty food: for we find that the same domestic cattle when well fed again attain at the present day to the great size of their ancestors, who are far removed from them in time. It is remarkable, however, that this domestic animal is no longer found in Switzerland, but only on the marshes of the North Sea. No trace of *Bos trochoceros* can be found among our present race of cattle."

The question of the identification of the *urus* of Cæsar is a very difficult one. We are expressly assured ("De B. G.," vi. 27) that it was impossible to tame it, even when quite young, and that the only

way to capture it was by pitfalls. Professor Owen considers it to exist only in a fossil or semi-fossil state, whilst he derives all our present domestic and wild cattle from *B. taurus* and *B. longifrons*. Here, however, we must give an extract from the Introduction to the "British Pleistocene Mammalia," lately published by the Palæontographical Society. The authors say, "We have already spoken of *Bos longifrons* as being probably a variety of *Bos taurus*, of which also *Bos primigenius* is probably a second and extreme variety. Professor Nilsson, of Lund, considers the latter as the ancestor of the large-horned Flemish oxen, and Professor Owen thinks that in all probability the small Scottish and Welsh cattle are descendants of the former. If these views be correct, and we accept, as we are bound to do, interbreeding as a test of species, then both the urus and the short-horn belong to the same species, because their descendants breed freely together." If then we are to consider *B. taurus*, with *B. longifrons*, *frontosus*, *trochoceros*, &c., as only varieties, more or less strongly marked, of *B. primigenius*, the true urus, we have a most curious and unexpected confirmation of this savage and mighty beast, "almost as big as an elephant," having been domesticated as far back as the earliest of the Swiss settlements.

Among the relics found at Auvernier and other places a horn-shaped vessel of coarse-grained black clay, with five small holes in it, one above the other, is supposed to have been a vessel for preparing cheese. Vessels almost precisely identical are still manufactured for this purpose in the valleys of the Jura.

Passing by the sheep and goats, of which there is nothing particular to be mentioned, we come to the swine, about which the evidence appears somewhat contradictory. For though Professor Rüttimeyer tell us (p. 357) that "so far as he can make out, it does not occur tame in the oldest settlements of the stone age," and that it was first tamed "about the time when metals came into the possession of the colonists," yet in his list on p. 361 he mentions *Sus scrofa palustris domesticus* as having been found at Wangen, which Dr. Keller tells us is one of these very "oldest settlements." Towards the close of the Stone Age, at all events, they seem to have become common enough, for at Rohenhausen a large quantity of their dung has been discovered, as well as a considerable collection of beech-nuts and acorns, intended, no doubt, for their food.

Besides the domestic animals used for the purposes of food, the men of the stone age procured no small supplies by hunting. The most interesting of the animals thus secured was the "aurochs or bison," which Professor Rüttimeyer thinks was captured in pits, traces of which are supposed to have been discovered. These pits, however, if such they be, are perhaps more likely to be those

which Cæsar speaks of as used in his time for capturing the urus. The bison seems to have become extinct in Switzerland before Cæsar's time, for his "ox with a single branching horn" is no doubt an exaggerated description of the reindeer, which, curiously enough, does not seem to have been found in the lake dwellings.* The bison now is to be found only in the Lithuanian forest of Bialowieza. If Pliny is correct in considering the Bonassus of Aristotle as a distinct species from the bison, we may perhaps believe that *B. longifrons*, or some closely related variety, existed in a wild state down to that late period.

Next must be mentioned the elk or moose, which, we need hardly say, is now confined to much more northern latitudes. It is disappearing now even from the southern parts of Sweden, but it continued to exist in Switzerland to at least the times of Cæsar. Besides these there were taken the wild boar, the stag—the horns of which were much used for tools—and other animals. The hare has only been found in two localities. Perhaps the lake dwellers were of the same opinion as their possible relations the Britons, who looked on the hare as "unclean" meat. Poultry seems not to have been kept; not even as the Britons kept them, "*voluptatis causâ*." By the way, for the benefit of future editors of Cæsar, we may mention that we were assured at the British Association meeting at Nottingham that these words are to be translated "for the sake of cock fighting."

Marrow bones, which Professor Rüttimeyer seems to despise, and calls a "miserable pittance," were dainty morsels, and "have been opened with a readiness which, by constant use, had become almost art;" almost equal, in short, to the art of the Professor himself in opening oysters. We must say we think it rather unfair to these poor "savages" to condemn their taste in this respect, or to despise them, perhaps over a dish of hashed calf's head, because some of the skulls that have been discovered "have a hole made in the parietal bone, probably to extract the brain." Snails are surely less advanced articles of diet than the dish in question; but we shall hardly gauge the civilization of the glassmen of Newcastle by their annual "Kjökkenmöddinger" of *Helix aspersa*.

A considerable portion of their food consisted of fish—as is evident from the immense quantities of their scales that have been dis-

* I have, however, just seen a specimen of reindeer-moss, found with bones of the reindeer in Lake Constance since the publication of Dr. Keller's book. Cæsar's account of this animal is so unlike his usually accurate descriptions that a very ingenious suggestion made to me by Professor Phillips seems highly probable—that the animal was really only known by tradition and by *silhouette* figures, which, like those of the rocs (?) on the Marin swords, would naturally represent it as an unicorn.

covered. Flint flakes for scraping them off are of very frequent occurrence; and remains of very large pikes are found with many other skeletons of fish among the piles. "In some of the earliest settlements, the actual fishing nets and hooks, made of boars' tusks, have been found. And if we look at the implements used for taking fish by the uncivilised races of North America and South Sea Islanders, we may venture to assume that the lake dwellers also relied on darts and javelins for catching the fish which abound in the Swiss lakes. Some of the points, made out of bones of birds and small animals, frequently barbed, remind us forcibly of the fishing implements of these nations."

Fruit was by no means neglected. Large stores of water chesnuts (*Trapa natans*) have been found—raspberries, from which the juice appears to have been pressed, elderberries, blackberries, strawberries—though rarely—crab-apples, as well as a larger and better apple, from one or both of which it seems probable cider was made—pears, plums, sloes, bird—and perfumed cherries, &c. Grape stones have only been found at Castione, near Parma, though two "sickle-like vine pruning knives" are mentioned as having occurred at Unter Uhldingen. The only produce of the kitchen garden yet discovered, if indeed these be such, are the peas of Cortaillod.

The men of the stone age were also good handicraftsmen. Even at Wangen, where the implements and tools of bone, stone, and wood are wretched enough, both platted and woven cloth were excellently manufactured; whilst in other places the stone celts "exhibit workmanship indicating an extraordinary degree of skill." Some of them might fairly pass as "ornaments or objects of the toilet-table." The carpenters of the bronze age were, as might be expected, superior to those of the stone; but even these latter were by no means inefficient workmen. Their pottery was in general rude and coarse, but sometimes better specimens of finer materials and greater finish are discovered. Throughout the whole period of the lake dwellings, there is no trace of the potter's wheel being used, unless M. Rochat is correct in thinking that he has met with specimens so formed at Concise. But the pottery, though rude, is still not much inferior to that of the bronze period; for even here, though marks of no small taste and skill are found, in the later parts at least, still "no vessels are found artificially formed with long narrow necks, like bottles, flask, or jugs, which are so abundant in Roman times." Curiously enough, there is still manufactured at Casola, a small town on the Apennines of Parma, a sort of earthenware, almost identical in material and mode of production with that of the lake dwellings. "They stand the fire better than the usual earthenware vessels, and consequently find a ready sale in the neighbourhood."

We have already alluded to the use of flax at this period, and no doubt, though skins might have been used, especially by the poorer class of people, clothing of thicker or thinner linen was the principal article of dress. At Robenhausen a portion of a fringe was found, and several specimens of cloth, some of most complicated pattern, "all of which betray a certain refinement of life and a tendency to luxury." Here, too, was found a last, precisely like the modern one, except that it is not hollowed out to fit the foot. The first elements, then, at least of the currier's art were in use at this period. At another settlement close by, were found "what has never been found before, and what could hardly have been expected, the remains of actual embroidery," and a new kind of cloth, resembling a coarse pattern of checked muslin. Ladies' ornaments, such as ornamental hair-pins, combs, armlets, rings, earrings, &c., do not occur before the bronze period. Crochet work, which Dr. Keller imagines to belong to the stone age, would be somewhat difficult, to say the least, with such needles as are represented on Plate xxxvi.

The use of metals was not altogether unknown at this early period, for crucibles of clay mixed with horse dung, like what is used now for moulds in which bronze is cast, have been discovered, containing lumps of melted *bronze*, and in one case a lump of pure unmelted copper.

But perhaps the most curious circumstance connected with the stone period is the amount of intercourse that existed with different nations. Many celts have been found, made of nephrite, a substance as yet only known to occur in Egypt, China, and other parts of Asia. A glass bead, found in the very early settlement of Wauwyl, precisely similar in form and colour to those found in early Egyptian graves, and ancient burial-places in the West, seems to indicate a "trade by sea" either with the Phœnicians or the Egyptians; most probably the former. We must confess that this is somewhat slender evidence of a trade; but at any rate the occurrence of the bead is remarkable. Again, though many of the flints used in this period appear to have come from the Swiss Jura, yet all the finer kinds must have been brought from France and Germany; and a piece of amber found at Meilen, "apparently points in the same direction, though it is occasionally found in Switzerland, on the shore of the Lake of Constance." One great manufactory of flint implements seems to have been on the west side of the Ueberlinger See, where pieces of all sizes exist in such profusion that it was the main source of supply in Switzerland for flints before the invention of lucifer matches. Wauwyl again was another principal manufactory. Here the floor of one of the buildings "had sunk in some degree, probably from the weight of the people who sat round the fire and worked there, and also of the raw material heaped up there for making stone implements."

Another curious confirmation of the trade of these people is found in the weeds of their cornfields. The Cretan catchfly (*Silene cretica*, L.) is not indigenous to Switzerland and Germany, "but, on the contrary, is spread over all the countries of the Mediterranean, and is found in the flax fields of Greece, Italy, the South of France, and the Pyrenees. The presence of the corn blue-bottle (*Centaurea cyanus*, L.) is no less remarkable, for its original home is Sicily. As it has already appeared in cornfields of the lake dwellings, it indicates the way by which corn had come into the hands of the colonists."

The general results, as gathered more particularly from the settlement of Robenhauseu, are thus given by Dr. Keller:—

"1. The founders of the settlement were perfectly acquainted not only with the cultivation of wheat, but also with that of flax; and they knew also how to manufacture this last material—by spinning, platting, and weaving—into thread, string, rope, nets, and clothing of various descriptions. Even at Moosseedorf, where till lately there has been a doubt as to any traces of the cultivation of flax, Dr. Uhlmann has recently met with linseed, and thus proved that the settlers there were acquainted with the cultivation of this plant. In fact, it seems as if the conclusions arrived at respecting Robenhauseu will also apply to all the stations of the stone age.

"2. The nephrite which, according to the latest investigations, is to be considered as a foreign material not found in the district of the Alps, was not brought by the settlers with them from their earlier abodes, but was acquired by barter in later times, after they had lived for centuries in the lake dwellings of our country.

"3. The settlers, as has been supposed before, were in early times acquainted with copper and bronze; for traces of the working of these materials have been met with in the lower beds of the stone age settlements before the appearance of nephrite.

"4. If we compare the implements of the three relic-beds, there is no evidence of any important difference or of any striking improvement, either in material or form. The products of the potter's art remain nearly the same as to the workmanship, the shape, and the ornamentation. The assertion that the perforated celts belong to the end of the stone period has not been proved. It is only in the relic-bed of the third settlement, where the nephrite first appears, that greater dexterity is to be remarked in the mode of working flints. From all this it may be assumed that the civilisation of the colonists underwent no material change during the many centuries of the stone age.

"5. The cattle, their stalls, and winter stores, were not kept on land, as was formerly supposed, but on the lake dwellings themselves. Although this statement is based only on the observations made at Robenhauseu, there cannot be the slightest doubt that the manner of life was the same in the different lake dwellings, and that what is said of these settlements will also apply to all the others; nor can we hesitate to believe that discoveries will shortly be made at Wauwyl, Niederwyl, and other settlements buried in peat, which will confirm this opinion. With respect to those stations the remains of which are found in the lakes themselves, no similar result is to be expected. This fact to a considerable extent confirms and establishes our views as to the mode of life among the inhabitants. We may now consider the lake dwellings as insular settlements, or fortresses, occupied not only by the inhabitants with their household property, but also by their herds, with the stores of fodder, and the sheds required for their accommodation."

If we suppose, with Dr. Keller, that the races in all the three periods were identical, we shall be able to give some little account of their physique. From such few remains of skeletons as have been found we may believe them to have been about the average height: five feet nine inches is the calculation given in one instance. The bronze swords give us a curious fact, which has already been noticed in the Museum at Copenhagen, that their hands were remarkably small. Men of the present day, even with what would be considered small hands, could not use the ancient bronze-hilts at all.

On two points we have but very slender information—their games and their religion. Some singular disk-shaped stones, found very commonly, and usually, though evidently erroneously, termed sling-stones, may prove that the game of stone-hurling was a favourite one amongst them, as it is among the wild tribes of North America. Balls, too, from six to eight-tenths of an inch in diameter, ground away about a quarter on one side, are supposed to have been used in some kind of game.

The only objects connected with religion are some figures of the crescent moon, with ziz-zag and line ornaments on one side. They are not met with in the settlements of the earliest age. Pliny tells us that the Gauls ascribed a mysterious medicinal power to the moon. These figures, then, "were sacred emblems of the '*gens admodum religionibus addita*,'* by means of which, as with the branches of the mistletoe, they imagined that they were able to avert and cure diseases. This panaceum was probably erected in some open space, perhaps over the doors of the dwellings, so that the ornamental side was exposed to view. From the fact that three moon images were found in so small a space as the excavation at Ebersberg, and a considerable number in some of the lake dwellings, it is reasonable to conclude that they were numerous in the Gaulish villages, and probably no house was without so important a palladium."

The relics hitherto found give us still less information about the language of the lake settlers. With the exception of the letters C. S. I. impressed obliquely on a sheath found at Marin, and manufactured almost certainly at Alise—the Alesia of Cæsar—no portion even of their alphabet has been discovered.

The question of the nationality of the lake-dwellers is a very important one. M. Troyon believes that the races of the stone, bronze, and iron ages were quite distinct, the later races having conquered and driven out the earlier ones. The evidence, however, collected by Dr. Keller appears to point to a very different conclusion. Though it is quite true that on a first glance very wide differences exist be-

* Is this a misprint, or is it a German "equivalent" for Cæsar's "*Natio admodum dedita religionibus*?" If so, as a piece of Latinity, we prefer the original.

tween the productions of the various periods, yet when more closely examined the points of agreement are so many and striking that we can only account for them as the products of kindred feelings and tastes. The fact that in all the three periods the same curious manner of habitation was employed—Marin belongs exclusively to the iron age—the gradual intermixture we find in some of the settlements of bronze and iron—the shape of the celts and other implements of stone and bronze, so precisely alike in form—the pottery—all show that “the difference of material used for the various implements marks the epochs which follow each other in the development of one and the same race, not the degree of civilisation of different peoples.” Notwithstanding, then, the translator’s caution in the note on page 2, it seems that Dr. Keller cannot “arrive at any conclusion but this: that the builders of the lake dwellings were a branch of the Celtic population of Switzerland, but that the earlier settlements belong to the pre-historic period, and had already fallen into decay before the Celts took their place in the history of Europe.”

The solution of this question might, perhaps, have been more easy had we possessed what, considering the many centuries the lake-dwellings were occupied, we might reasonably have expected to possess, remains of the inhabitants themselves. But it is a very remarkable circumstance that up to the present time, at least, very few such remains have been discovered; and even these, with one exception to be mentioned presently, not under such conditions apparently as to enable us to assign them to any particular period. No traces of burial-grounds have been met with—none of those confused mixtures of bones that are supposed to be the relics of cannibal feasts in Denmark, Yorkshire, &c., and which we now hear of from British Guiana. Professor Phillips was fortunate enough to disinter with his own hands a portion of a cranium from that part of the mound of La Tiniere, on the Lake of Geneva, which is assigned to the stone period; but it is unfortunately too imperfect to show to what “type” of skull it belonged. Not that we should set much value on the evidence of a single specimen. The fact that we can find without any difficulty in our own country examples of most various “types,” should make us very cautious in generalizing except from very full and ample materials. But the strange fact remains still to be accounted for, why human remains are so rare in the lake dwellings. Were the bodies of the dead burned, as we know was the custom among the Celts in later times, or were they simply thrown into the lake? If so, their disappearance might be more easily accounted for. When the great Lake of Haarlem was drained, though many an engagement had taken place on its waters, the only traces of man were a few Spanish ships, some coins, and arms.

Is it possible to assign any approximate date to these lake dwellings? Perhaps the time has hardly yet arrived when a pre-historical question of this kind can be considered as dispassionately as it ought to be. We have had hitherto far too much, on the one hand, of an unreasoning suspicion of science, as if it were undermining the very foundations of the faith, and perilling all that was most dear and precious; and, on the other hand, an equally unreasoning apotheosis of the uniformity of nature, and the laws by which she is supposed to work. A too eager acceptance of hasty generalizations is quite as fatal to the interests of truth as a narrow-minded continuance in exploded beliefs. It is, of course, simple want of faith to be afraid of the truth. Science and theology will emerge from the mists that have exaggerated their proportions and obscured their positions, only the firmer and truer friends. And perhaps Professor Keller may have understated the arguments in the question we are considering as much as Professor Rüttimeyer may have pushed it beyond its fair limits in the quotation we propose to make from his essay at the end of this paper. Professor Keller alludes to the calculations made by M. Merlot from the mound of the Tiniere, already mentioned, and which were put before the Bath meeting of the British Association by Professor Phillips. M. Morlot thinks that the stone period may be estimated at between 6,000 and 7,000 years old. Professor Keller, however, thinks that this is "going too far." Starting, we presume, from the very sensible position that where there are several lines of argument, it is not safe to follow one—*e.g.*, the theoretical rate of the deposition of strata—to the exclusion of the rest, he inquires whether we have in historical times any evidence of the existence of such "ages" as we are considering. And he concludes that a "bronze age" can be very fairly recognised in the times of Homer and David. The "bronze period," therefore, he would be disposed to place about B.C. 1000. "But the settlements of the stone age must be earlier, and yet they are so closely connected with those of the bronze age by such stations as Robenhausen and Meilen, and even the oldest settlements like Wangen and Moosseedorf, both in cultivated plants and in domestic animals, agree so nearly with the others, that no sharp line can be drawn between them, and they cannot probably be further thrown back many thousand years."

It would hardly be rash to assume that civilization must have been longer in reaching the wild inland tracts of Switzerland than the shores of the Ægean. On the other hand, we must not forget that iron is mentioned in the Book of Job—a work, even according to M. Ernest Rénan, of very high antiquity—and that it was quite well known in the time of Homer. Hesiod tells us expressly that the "bronze period" was over before his time, and the iron one begun.

τοῖς δ' ἦν χαλκοί μιν τιμήεις, χαλκοὶ δὲ τι δακοί
χαλεψὶ δ' ἰργάζοντο, μίλας δ' οὐκ ἔσσε σιδηροί.

Still iron cannot have been a common metal in the time of Homer, when we find that pieces of it were then given as prizes (Il., xxiii. 261, 850).

When Dr. Keller tells us that the settlement of Meilen belongs to about the same period as the barrows of South Dorset, he only means, of course, to say that the remains at these places are to a great extent similar. Stone, bronze, and iron "ages," however useful for the comparative classification of antiquities in any one locality or neighbourhood, are of no absolute value in the determination of time. The Kjökkenmöddinger "period" of the very ancient inhabitants of Denmark is that of the Fuegians of the present day, and the stone period of the lake dwellings still exists with the modern Eskimaux. The inhabitants of these lake dwellings, however, were by no means the oldest inhabitants of that portion of Europe. Traces of a still earlier people are found at Aurignac and other localities, perhaps an Eskimaux or Lapp people, rich in reindeer herds, or hunters of those animals on the Cevennes and Mont Dor. With one more quotation bearing on this subject, from Professor Rüttimeyer's essay, we take our leave of Dr. Keller's most admirable and interesting work.*

"I cannot, in conclusion, refrain from expressing my conviction that even the oldest lake dwellings do not by any means exhibit to us the primitive population of our country. I must, indeed, regard them as 'autochthones,' or at least as very ancient inhabitants of these districts, for they possessed as domestic animals a number of those which undoubtedly were indigenous here—particularly the urus and the marsh swine: but the fact that from the beginning they had the sheep and dog, the indigenous origin of which is, to say the least, highly improbable, indicates their having descended from a still earlier people. For my own part, therefore, I have little doubt of the existence at one time of a genuine primitive population throughout Europe. This appears to have been proved, as far as France is concerned, by the latest discovery in Aurignac.†

"This seems to be the first place where we can no longer strive against the evidence of a European population, who used as food not only the urus and bison, but also the mammoth and the rhinoceros, and who left the remains of their feasts not only to be gnawed by the wolf and the fox, but also by the tiger and the hyæna. It is in truth an old psychological experience, that we always consider that to be really primitive which we see farthest removed

* The two or three slight inaccuracies we have pointed out, will no doubt be corrected in a second edition. We should advise the translator also to omit the note on p. 306, about the translation of χαλκός. He will find that the best lexicons and classical scholars perfectly agree with him in translating it "bronze."

† The caution in Mr. Tristram's essay in the May number of the *Contemporary Review* is perhaps a little too strong. It was true that the cave was pretty well knocked about before scientific men examined it, but it was carefully explored afterwards. In Professor Phillips's judgment—a very safe and conscientious guide—the interments cannot be referred to a comparatively late period.

from us, and this in spite of numerous admonitions which are continually pointing out to us stations lying further and still further behind. The investigation of the commencement of human history will hardly have the prerogative of being liberated from the gradual advance which palæontology has followed up. The discovery at Aurignac places the age of our lake dwellings at a comparatively later period, although almost immediately under our peat beds, with their rich treasures, similar antiquities are found; nay, still older remains are met with, only a little deeper (in the slaty brown coal of Dürnten, perhaps forty feet under the bed of the lake Pfäffikon), than those of Aurignac, which have there been gnawed by hyænas, after having been despoiled of their marrow (like the bones of Robenhausen) by human hands. The last fact would also point out to us the place where we are to look for the remains of the ancestors of the lake settlers, namely, *under* the glacier moraines; for it is manifest that the people who inhabited the grotto of Aurignac were older than the extension of the glaciers, and consequently also witnesses of this mighty phenomenon. But this fact, on the other hand, takes away from us every hope of still finding traces of human existence on places over which the ancient glaciers have passed. Examples showing this in later times are by no means wanting in our country. At all events, the last gap between geology and historical time is now filled up by the discovery at Aurignac."

H. H. Wood.



PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

*Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the
Revenues and Management of certain Colleges and Schools, and the
Studies pursued therein. 1864.*

The Public Schools Calendar. 1866.

II.

WE approach now a disheartening part of our investigation. We refer to the cultivation of English literature. The Commissioners do not appear to have got a single encouraging reply to their inquiries on this head. One of the Rugby witnesses thought a few boys might read Shakespeare, Pope, or Dryden ; but he spoke with no great confidence. At Eton a witness says the school library is very little used ; the collegers, he thought, used it, but the oppidans very little. His evidence is rather too long to quote, but it may be found, vol. iii. p. 249. The most surprising part of it is the following question and answer :—

(*Mr. Thompson.*) “ Beyond reading over the passages set for Greek iambs and hexameters, you do not think Milton and Shakspeare much read ? ”

“ No, I do not.”

If the witness's impression be correct, it is scarcely too much to call this the most discouraging answer in the whole Report. Taste for reading must be at a low point indeed if a boy capable of doing Greek iambs can set to work at translating a passage from the *Tempest*, or *As You Like It*, and not be tempted to read the play. It cuts away what we have always been in the habit of considering one of the strongest arguments for continuing the practice of Latin or Greek composition—that it introduced boys to the study of most of the great English writers. For ourselves, we know of no early

recollections more grateful than the hours so spent. We fear, however, that what the witness says is too true, not only of Eton, but of all schools. We have for the last five or six years taken some pains, as far as moderate opportunities permitted, to find out what English writers the most promising freshmen of a college in Cambridge had read before coming up. The result was very meagre indeed. In particular, lecturing one term on some Satires of Juvenal—than whom no writer is more readily illustrated from English poetry—frequent attempts to wring an illustration from some one or other of the audience proved an utter failure. There appear to be libraries at all the schools, and in some of these a good proportion of English books. We are of opinion that the usefulness of a library to boys depends very much on its being readily accessible, and the books not being shut up in cases, but standing on open shelves. At Bury, in our own boyhood, there was an excellent general library in the sixth form room. Any one wanting a book had only to take it down and show it to the monitor of the week, who entered it in a book kept for the purpose. He was recompensed for his trouble by being excused some small part of his school work. The books were before our eyes all school hours, so we knew perfectly well what we could find there, and the use made of them was very great. They suffered no harm beyond fair wear and tear, and we never remember a book being lost. We doubt very much whether schoolmasters can do much in the matter, beyond thus putting books before the boys, and giving them a subject now and then for English verse or prose. Of course the attempts of most boys at either will be very poor, but it does not follow that they are useless. Regular lessons in English would assuredly prove a failure, nor have we much faith in lectures. On looking through the *Kalendar*, there appears one school at which the experiment is under trial, and as the school contains three hundred boys, on a sufficiently large scale. It is stated that at Uppingham “a great characteristic of the school is the great encouragement given to English scholarship in work and prizes.” The boys enjoy the further advantage of hearing a lecturer who, if newspapers can do the business, must, we imagine, by this time have achieved a world-wide reputation. When, however, we turn to the list of honours attained by scholars of the school, we find “first classes” conspicuous by absence. Ten years produced but two wranglers at Cambridge, no first-class men in any other tripos, none in the final schools at Oxford.* There is, therefore, nothing here at present to show that pushing the study of English in schools will be profitable to the cause of letters. For our own part, we have no faith in what is called encouraging English

* On the comparative value of the University honours, which schoolmasters love to parade in the *Kalendar*, see Mr. Johnson's evidence, *Report*, ii, 128.

reading. Unless a boy has, before the years at which he is likely to come to school, imbibed a taste for it which he will strive to gratify at the cost of the morrow's lesson, or even let it "cheat him of his hour of play," he will not read much good English literature, except indeed Latin and Greek be given up altogether for systematic English lessons—a consummation which, *pace* Mr. Lowe, we should be heartily sorry to behold. Our own impression is, that while the shilling novels and circulating libraries have done something towards the neglect in question, constant worrying about lessons has done much more. Although no more is really learnt than formerly, boys are not half so much left to themselves about lessons as they used to be. Formerly the school hours occupied but a small part of the day. Boys had to get their lessons out of school as they best could. If they neglected them, there was the terror of the rod. Thus every tub, to use John Bunyan's homely figure, had to stand on its own bottom. Clever boys soon learnt how to manage their time in such a way as to leave a good portion to spare for their own devices. Now there is always some one to see after their doing this or that work, so that they have no time for the development of their own tastes. The effect on average boys is to leave them stranded just where they were, while on those of more ability it has been disastrous in the extreme.

Of French and German there is little to be said. Dr. Moberly says:—

"Not much is learnt, I fear, in the French classes. In the German classes more is done, because the German pupils are volunteers. I attribute the comparative inefficiency of the French classes to several causes: (1) the fact that all the residue of the school, including those who are more dull and idle, are in the French classes; (2) to the total ignorance of the language with which many boys come to school; (3) to the fact that foreigners can seldom be found to teach effectually classes of English boys who are not anxious to learn; (4) that many of the boys and many of their parents care very little for their progress in French."

This exhaustive statement is probably just as applicable to schools in general as to Winchester. Dr. Arnold, in a letter to Lord Denbigh, quoted by the Commissioners, proposes an arrangement in which he distinctly limits his prospect to the acquisition of foreign languages as dead languages during the stay of boys at school, believing that no method of instruction whatsoever would communicate the power of speaking them fluently or pronouncing them well, and that as a basis on which to raise these accomplishments subsequently, his own plan was the *least bad*. Perhaps he a little overstates the case; yet no doubt what he says is substantially true. The truth is, it is entirely unreasonable to expect more than

this to be done at schools. More could not be achieved without a larger staff of foreign masters, and a much larger share of time being given to the subject. That is quite impossible. Besides, the end may be gained much more easily and cheaply by a little pains in the school-room and drawing-room at home, before the children are of an age to go to school.

The Commissioners say, with this, we apprehend, in view :—

“It is perfectly practicable, we believe, within the time given to modern languages at these schools, to impart a good grammatical knowledge of French; and, in the case of those boys who have learnt the rudiments of French before they come to school, some acquaintance with German also; and practicable also, if not to impart the power of speaking French, to keep it up and improve it where it has been previously acquired.”

Accordingly, in their summary of recommendations we read :—

“Every boy should be required, before admission to the school, to pass an entrance examination, and to show himself well grounded for his age in classics and arithmetic, and in the elements of either French or German.”

Before we leave the subject there is one remark we must make. If foreign languages, French in particular, are to be more successfully taught in schools, they must be got out of the hands of the booksellers. Boys are overwhelmed with manuals under all sorts of ridiculous names, intended to teach them idioms. Often, if a new master comes, he at once changes all the books. As for teaching French idioms, there is nothing like a piece of chalk and a black board, on which to write little sentences of English, for the boys to try their hands on. When they get beyond this, let them try writing a letter, or to translate a penny-a-liner's paragraph in a newspaper about a robbery or a fire—not the leading article—into French. Indeed, we regret very much that the Commissioners did not find themselves able to enter fully into the matter of books in general. We venture to say that there is no grievance more-fraught with expense to parents, and positive injury to the boys, than the inordinate quantity of books—often the most wretched compilations—they are compelled to buy. We have heard of a book bill of a boy entering the sixth at a public school, coming to £19. We know an instance of a young man going to take charge of the class second in rank at a great school, and finding the average cost of the books supplied on entering it between £5 and £6. He at once reduced it to less, and in many cases much less, than £1. Access to a fair library being supposed, all that a boy really wants, as far as classics are concerned, are a Greek lexicon, a Latin dictionary, an atlas, Keightley's histories of Greece and Rome—which are far better, inasmuch as they are more independently written, than any of the numerous manuals of this kind of which the press has been so prolific

of late years—grammars, and the text of the authors he is reading. All the tribe of books of the *excerpta* class, *Arnold's exercises*, *versebooks*, and the like, are a costly nuisance. A portion of the money so saved would be well spent in letting the boy collect a little library for himself, with the single stipulation that the books should be such as he could keep and use when he grew up. We are sorry to say we have known a case where the sale of books to the boys was made a regular source of profit to the institution. We trust, however, this is very rare.

The Commissioners inquired particularly into the cultivation of natural science. Not much appeared to be done in that direction. They invited communications from several scientific men on the subject. All strongly urged that schools should at least attempt to give boys a chance of calling out a taste of this kind. No one can possibly gainsay the importance of doing so. But how is it to be done? Lecturers, it will probably be replied, should be invited to visit the schools and give courses of lectures to the boys. Nothing could be better, if the lecturers were worth hearing. But, as a rule, nothing can be poorer than scientific lectures. They are of about the calibre of ordinary sermons, without the excuse of a bishop on the one hand, and a congregation on the other, forcing the poor sufferer to deliver himself of a dissertation. Men who have a true love for nature, and devote themselves to her study, rarely have leisure to travel over the country delivering lectures. Consequently schools fall into the hands of adventurers, who go about seeking what they may devour. But if a single lecture could now and then be given by men like Professor Owen, Mr. Paget, or the Astronomer Royal, on subjects of their own choosing, or by any of the masters or their friends, who might chance to combine the character of sportsman and ornithologist, somewhat after the fashion of the entertaining "Old Bushman" of the *Field* newspaper, there are perhaps few things that could be more useful. A good lecture on some branch of natural history or science is often a turning-point in a boy's career. But when we are urged to make physical sciences a regular part of school teaching, and to give up, as one of the witnesses would have us, a full fifth of a boy's working hours to it, we demur, and question the use of it. No doubt a little knowledge of that kind makes a boy apparently much more intelligent in the society of his elders. But that is not the object of his going to school; it is rather to train and strengthen his reason. The different effect of classics, and sciences like chemistry, electricity, &c., is well put by Dr. Moberly, addressing himself to the advocates of natural science:—

"What you call 'principles' are but largely-generalised facts, equally sure to fade away, unless pursued in some professional or semi-professional way. . . .

The difference which I see between those things [*sc.* classics and natural science] is, that whilst the one fades absolutely, and leaves nothing behind, the other gives power. All classical learning tells on a man's speech—it tells on a man's writing—it tells on a man's thoughts; and though the particular facts go, they leave behind a certain residuum of power. And precisely the one great problem educationists have to consider is how to constitute a system of education which will impart to the mind that power in the highest degree."

The whole of Dr. Moberly's evidence on the subject is well worth perusal, and to our minds quite convincing. But it is not to be inferred that he undervalues the study of nature. On the contrary, he gives a prize for wild flowers; thus with the excellent good sense which seems to characterise everything at Winchester, choosing exactly the department of science most healthy, in every sense of the word, for boys to follow, and putting them precisely on the right track to make it permanently useful and instructive. For study of their own is worth all the lecturing and teaching in the world.

Drawing and music do not escape the attention of the Commissioners; although, of course, they could not devote much time to their inquiries about these accomplishments. Opportunity of learning both is given at the schools. Not many boys seem to make progress worth speaking of in drawing. Music seems to be popular. One of the witnesses at Eton says,

"There is a musical society lately started among the boys; and I think it would be advisable to have a choral, but short, daily service, not necessarily beginning the day."

No one can have been present at the chapel at Marlborough without being pleased with the psalmody.

On reviewing the results of the inquiries of the Commissioners into the education given at the schools, it is impossible not to conclude that the increased attention apparently paid to the bringing up of boys has not at present raised their average amount of knowledge in the degree that might have been hoped, nor can one resist the inference that there are some general causes at work to neutralise the endeavours of teachers. No doubt there are particular causes at work at particular schools. Thus, at Eton, a servile adherence to customs, merely because they are customs, seems to be fruitful of abuses and waste of time. Great complaints were made to the Commissioners of the time-table. But lions of all sorts and sizes stood in the path of alteration. It is amusing to see how easily the Commissioners bow over all such difficulties. So again the practice of choosing masters exclusively from Eton men, and those almost always collegers, must militate very much against the advancement of the boys. Although the evidence shows that there are some most admirable exceptions among the masters, it is, on the face of the case, impossible that men who have never lived in any world but that of Eton, King's, and

then Eton over again, should, generally speaking, be able to take more than a very narrow view of things. Often they know very little, even of the little world of Eton itself. Mr. Johnson says :—

“Many of those who come as assistant-masters have lived so entirely among the collegers that they know very little indeed of the school generally. Some of the young men who are now masters at Eton were only in the school about four years, during which time they were entirely engaged in their studies, and took little or no part in the games of the school. Being scholars of the college, they knew very little of the social life of the school.”

Mr. Johnson wishes everything at Eton, from the Provostship downwards, to be thrown open. But there must be something much more than this. A chief cause of the ignorance prevalent at Eton and other great schools is to be found, we believe, in the vast numbers of boys they admit. The consequence of this is, that instead of the compact unity of a school of from 100 to 150 boys, they become mere agglomerations of boarding-houses, and the influence of the head master is so little felt throughout the school, that the tutor of the house, in a great measure, takes his place, so that the whole becomes very much like an aggregate of little schools closely resembling each other, and containing 30 or 40 boys each. In these there has grown up such a ruinous system of private tuition, that a boy is constantly being helped or pulled up, or in some way or other looked after by somebody about his lessons. He scarcely knows what it is to meet with a difficulty and be forced to tackle it by himself.* The old county grammar schools have not the staff to do this. Besides, in them the head master is much more *the* teacher of the school, and regards himself as much more, and his assistants as much less, responsible for the progress of each boy. The consequence is that the boys are left much more to find their own way along the road to learning. Another evil inseparable from schools of great numbers is that they are sure to gravitate towards uniformity of type. There is a singular want of individuality in boys from the greatest schools. You can almost tell an Eton man, a Harrow man, a Rugby man, in a chance conversation in a room or a railway carriage. This may not be without its advantages, but we cannot help thinking that as far as the mind is concerned its effect is likely to be dwarfing. If this be true with regard to ordinary boys, far more is it likely to be true with boys of some genius. And, in fact, it is surprising, if one begins to reckon over those who, in any profession or department of knowledge, have stood high above their contemporaries, to find how few have been brought

* The Provost of King's appears to wish "private business" done away with at Eton (iii. p. 290). For the unreasonable amount of help a boy gets, see Mr. Walford's evidence (iii. p. 265). For the good side of private tuition see Sir J. Coleridge's evidence (iii. p. 190).

up at the great public schools. Even of those who may be cited, such as—to take two widely different examples—the Duke of Wellington and Sidney Walker, the history of their school life rather strengthens than weakens the case. Whereas in a man like the Marquis Wellesley may be seen an example full of warning of the kind of injury to which a boy of very decided genius is exposed in a school where fashion, working through great numbers, is almost omnipotent, and leaves its mark deep on an impressible subject. In some points, and those not the best, of his character, he was an Eton boy to the last hour of his long existence.

One witness gives a reason for the low standard of knowledge among ordinary freshmen, which deserves serious consideration. Mr. Eaton says:—

“It has long been held among college tutors that the late age (eighteen to nineteen) up to which young men are retained at our public schools before quitting them for the universities, is counterbalanced by no corresponding increase in the amount of knowledge gained. In this, as in other points, the many are sacrificed to the few. While the really persevering and intelligent youth is gaining fresh stores of information, improving his powers of taste and composition, and grounding himself in his knowledge with a view to competing for scholarships at the university, the bulk of young men at a public school are going back, not progressing. They have reached an age when the stricter discipline fitted to boys is losing its hold—they have no adequate motive to engage their diligence.”

If Mr. Eaton be right, the sooner fathers lay his advice to heart the better. For a year earlier to college means a year more of active life.

Of the decay of genuine love of literature, the advance of which among boys appears to be irresistibly made out on all hands, we acknowledge our belief that a prime cause is the mercenary view of learning perpetually set before their eyes. From their very earliest years there are exhibitions, scholarships, and other things of the kind to try for. In some way or other learning is always made a matter of success or money. Whatever may be the effect of this on a boy's material interests, there is nothing more fatal to all hope of his making good use of his schoolboy days, either as a season for disciplining his mind, or a seed-time of a future harvest of intellectual enjoyment. A father had better make up his mind at once to give his son an education of an inferior stamp than deliberately place before him advantages of this kind as the object and reward of diligence. No doubt, a consciousness of this is one reason of that indifference on the part of fathers to the literary advancement of their sons of which many schoolmasters loudly complain. Fathers know in their own minds that to “get on” at school means to enter prematurely on those contests for gain, of which a man has more

than enough in after life. But, not caring to argue the matter, they let their feeling pass for indifference.

But of all reasons for the prevailing ignorance of young men, we believe none so powerful, except, perhaps, the private tuition system, as that which is assigned by nearly all schoolmasters in defence of themselves, the want of cultivation at home in very early years. Parents, especially mothers, seem to have lost faith in the value of early intellectual training. Medical men, too, have got a way of saying, "Let the boy's brains alone, let him get vigour of body now, and leave his mind till by-and-by." Are a boy's brains then no part of his body? They demand reasonable exercise just as much as his arms and legs, and to begin to learn such things as are within the compass of an infantine understanding is far from unfavourable to a child's physical strength. Fathers, where their avocations permit it, may do much for their children in their earliest years. They, however, seldom have leisure for teaching. A kiss after breakfast, a quarter of an hour in the drawing-room before dinner, are unhappily all that most fathers now-a-days can find for their offspring. We appeal, therefore, chiefly to mothers, with whom teaching is not only more possible, but far more valuable. For although it is not the matter with which we are chiefly concerned at this moment, we cannot leave out of view the moral effect of a mother's discipline on a boy. Her little lessons convey much more than the rudiments of human knowledge. They teach her child patience, gentleness, and respect for her sex. Under her he learns to think a woman's rebuke his surest guide, her praise his purest earthly reward. We do not ask for much, a little reading, writing, and counting, a few words of French, and possibly Latin, Markham's History of England, the Bible, and, notwithstanding the author of "Eothen's" sneer, Watts's Hymns. We do not understand, indeed, why that writer, rightly praising his mother for what she had done well, should not have been content to let alone other people's mothers, who possibly did better. For it may be questioned whether Pope's Homer be so likely to implant a pure taste for poetry in a child's mind as Watts's Hymns. We maintain that of the two the latter is not only better adapted to the understanding of an infant, but simpler and better poetry, and therefore more likely to prepare a boy to understand and love Homer when he can read him in his own tongue. For a child of lively genius a few works of imagination may be added, such as the "Arabian Nights," one or two of Sir Walter Scott's novels, or even a scene or two of Shakspeare. The course, however, of teaching must be suited to each case. We can here only indicate an outline. But with all the earnestness in our power, we implore English mothers to trust to their own good sense,

and neither permit their children's brains to lie fallow, nor, if they can help it, leave it to others to sow in them the seeds of knowledge and observation. They rightly think it unmotherly and mischievous to hand over the bodies of their infants to the nursing of a foster-mother: let them reflect whether it may not be yet more unnatural and more perilous to entrust to others the nobler office of intellectual nurture. But we do not believe they need any assurances of this. Their failure in this department of duty is probably owing, in the main, to distrust of their own abilities. So much is talked about education, so high are demands pitched, that they think the little they can do can be of no importance. Let them then be assured that no teaching of future years will be so powerful to make or mar a boy as the lessons of industry or idleness he gets from his mother in the first eight or nine years of his existence. It is in her power to train him to docile and observant habits, and the most learned and experienced instructor can do no more.

On one point the Commissioners found the witnesses, happily, quite unanimous—the improvement of manners in public schools. College tutors, of all persons most competent to speak to this question, express their satisfaction strongly. Thus Mr. Latham writes:—

“Boys from public schools have decidedly improved in point of moral training and character within the last twenty years. The old grossness and brutality have disappeared, and the use of coarse language is, at the larger schools, confined to a few generally acknowledged to be ‘a bad set.’ The young men from Eton are generally particularly pleasant to deal with as pupils. The relation between master and pupil at school seems to be much closer and more satisfactory than it was formerly.”

We quote this passage the more willingly because having spoken freely of the evil effects of an overgrown system of private tuition in the literary department of education, we are glad to take an opportunity of drawing attention to the excellent moral results of the tutorial system at Eton. We would refer any one desirous of full information on the subject to the evidence of the Rev. S. T. Hawtrey (Report, vol. ii. p. 157), too long to reprint here, which will be found to give substantial reasons for the conviction he expresses,

“That the tutorial relation, as it is understood and carried out at Eton, is the very pivot upon which the whole system turns, and that to break up this relation would be to wound Eton in the most vital point.”

At Winchester there is a curious system of boy tutors, of which Dr. Moberly appears to approve, if restricted to the lower part of the school. He is anxious to introduce private tuition more largely into his system. We cannot find that there is any other school at

which the private tutor holds the same kind of relation to his pupils as exists at Eton. In fact, it appears to be incompatible with the monitorial system, as strongly upheld elsewhere as it is discouraged at Eton.* We do not pretend to give any opinion on the controversy. But whether order be maintained by tutors or monitors, the evidence of moral improvement appears to have satisfied the Commissioners, and they state their satisfaction both in their general report and in that of each school. At Rugby, indeed, the head boys appear to have reached a height of moral excellence unparalleled in history.

"A Rugbeian of a few years' standing at Cambridge told us that he should have been glad in his days to see a more general disinclination to show up stolen passages in the school exercises; but Dr. Temple is of opinion now that deception of a master by the use of a 'key' would be disdained by an 'upper school' boy."—Report, i. p. 259.

So much the better, doubtless. Nevertheless we cannot help thinking that even "upper school" boys might as well have exercises set them that left no chance of using a "key." When again we read that "smoking is generally condemned as affectation; drinking as bravado," we are only withheld from giving loud thanks that Rugby is not as other schools are, and calling upon all fathers to send their sons there, by the remembrance of Dr. Arnold's grief at a time when "the vice of drinking prevailed in the school," and his thinking when he saw "a knot of vicious or careless boys standing round the great school fire, that the devil was among them,"† together with a conviction that boys under Dr. Temple must be of the same passions and failings as boys under Dr. Arnold. Seriously, however true this statement may be, it is pleasanter to read Dr. Temple's own modest account of the results of a Rugby education (see "Report," ii. p. 310). The truth is, it is well made out by the Commission that a great moral improvement has been achieved of late years in both masters and boys of all the schools to which they were sent, and the passage at vol. i. p. 298, which reads somewhat invidious under a particular school, might very well have appeared in the General Report of all. For believing it to be on the whole true of Rugby, we believe it to be true of all the other schools visited by the Commission, and in just about the same measure, neither less nor more.

Our own impression is, that when our times become historical the defect in the moral training of schools of the present day will be found to be that, as an Eton friend put it the other day, "things are made too easy." Although, as we have seen, the masters of the great schools are not disposed to pamper boys, they cannot altogether check,

* See the evidence of the head master of Eton, Report, iii. 108.

† See Stanley's "Life of Arnold," i. 119, 170.

indeed they can do very little towards curbing, the folly of indulgent or ostentatious parents. We have already noticed the style in which things are expected to be done by masters of boarding-houses; such that we verily believe the proportion of profit on the terms charged is not so great as it was half a century ago. But besides this, there are opportunities of boyish extravagance which they have no means whatever of hindering, things which taken one by one are trifling, but taken together make a life of lavish, self-indulgent habits, the worst way of living in which a boy can be brought up. No doubt at schools like Eton or Harrow there have always been a certain number of boys who lived expensively. There are some whose rank in a manner compels them to do so. What we fear now is that, owing to the sudden influx of wealth since about 1848, the proportion of boys spending large sums is larger than it used to be, while, being chiefly sons of uneducated people, their expenditure takes the form of coarse and vulgar ostentation; they don't go to Eton to learn, but to form connections, and they think money will help them. We have been told of an instance of a father setting apart £400 a year for his son's Eton expenses. If we are mistaken in this apprehension, it would be well if some one competent to speak on the subject would set the matter right. For there is certainly a general impression abroad that money *tells* at school more than it used to do. We apprehend too that most college tutors would agree in the remark of Mr. Hammond that

"Of late years the undergraduates, especially those who have been at some of the large public schools, seem to me to have become more expensive in their habits."

Holidays again have become unreasonably long. Fifteen or sixteen weeks in the year is about the average nominal amount. Surely this might well be reduced to twelve. Then there are weeks for royal marriages and their consequences, besides days here and there, of which Mr. Johnson gives a droll account—

"Besides this (conforming to the Church kalendar) we get half-holidays and holidays for such events as the birth of a child in the family of a fellow's son or daughter, the appointment of an Eton man to a judgeship or a colonial bishopric, the visits of distinguished personages, or the presentation of personal ornaments to the head master (!!) by noble representatives of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales."

Half-holidays in moderation are very useful, in fact necessary. But there are few things more pernicious than a whole holiday at school. It is too long, and becomes a day of idleness and mischief. On the other hand, while we by no means wish to see the old roughness of manners restored, we are not at all sure that the daily current of school-boy life may not be, and is not, made too smooth. The grown-

up world is pretty much as it used to be : losses and disappointments still take the place of impositions, some men bully and some get bullied, there are the "swells," the "cautious," and the "duffers," just as there were at school. But we doubt whether school is so true a picture of this chequered career of riper life as it once was. No doubt the hardest problem a schoolmaster has set before him is how to draw the line rightly between license and restraint. Wherever he can root out evil he does well; wherever he only stifles it, or drives it into the system, he does harm. We are disposed to doubt whether cutting down opportunities of getting into mischief may not, in some cases, be confounded with eradicating the passion for it in boys. There is, moreover, a certain optimism in the tone of the replies of some of the masters when questioned about punishment. They are scarcely willing to own that punishment is often deserved : all impress on the Commissioners how seldom they have to flog. It is consoling to find that they do still condescend to flog at all. There is no punishment more valuable for little boys than a sound flogging (we detest the barbarous cane, especially on the hand), publicly and solemnly administered on a muscular and receptive quarter. But making every allowance for improved morals, we cannot help thinking, from what we see of undergraduates, that there must be more frequent occasions than masters seem disposed to allow, when the rod might be profitably used. Let it be remembered that every punishment, earned and not inflicted, falls surely someday or other on the boy's father, or on himself when come to man's estate—often, we fear, on both. We doubt, we say, whether a boy, who is idle, or vicious, or disobliging, or sulky, so surely catches it from masters or schoolfellows now-a-days, as he will do without fail in the world of manly life. Even fagging, one of the most valuable parts of school life, is being so fined down that there will soon be scarcely a trace of it left. The personal services rendered by fags to their elders may sound ludicrous, but they are really a very good lesson in handy and independent habits. One is inclined to smile when we hear our great captain proclaiming how he shaves himself and brushes his own clothes; but the smile passes away when he adds the excellent reason that "he hated having a parcel of idle lacqueys about him." And when we find him throughout his wars, like Hannibal, making no distinction of night and day in toil, taking food and sleep in such measure, and at such hours, as business permitted, seeing with his own eyes, and hearing with his own ears, we recognise the effects of good drilling at school. We should like to know for whom he fagged. We will be bound to say his master contributed a good deal to the march through the Peninsula. There is in the Report of the Commission a perfectly frightful account, given by a boy's father, of

the system of fagging at Westminster. But it dwindles down wonderfully under the evidence of two Westminster boys afterwards, who had themselves passed through the whole ordeal, and not only survived it, but appeared quite lively and vigorous. One understands the whole business when the father tells us of his son,—

"He is not a wonder by any means, but he is the most conscientious worker, the most conscientious fellow that ever lived . . . pretty certain to get a studentship at Christ Church, or a scholarship at Trinity. He could not have failed, he was so high up, and could do so well, and his conduct was so first-rate."

No doubt, and we dare say he will lead the Northern Circuit in five years, and be Lord Chancellor in five more! Hard indeed that such a swan as this should live to be pecked at by a flock of Westminster geese! Another angry sire appeared before the Commission, bringing with him the family doctor to speak to the dilapidated state of his son's health. This was a charge of bullying, rather than excessive fagging. The M.R.C.S.E. tells us he was a "sensitive boy." Mr. Wolley, his Eton tutor, tells us that he knew from what he observed of the boy's character during his first school-time, that "he was a boy likely to meet with annoyance from his schoolfellows at a public school." We know what "sensitive" euphemises in a doctor's mouth. Putting the two statements together, we strongly suspect that a few birchings would have done the boy a great deal of good, and that if he had not been petted and pitied at home there would have been no tale of woe to recount.* No question that bullying and excessive fagging are wrong, but that they are fraught with nothing but mischief to the sufferer is not so clear. At all events, if supervision on the part of masters is made so penetrative and thorough as to make either impossible, public schools will cease to be places where a boy may obtain a kind of anticipated experience of life. There could be few greater misfortunes befall the youth of England. It is a case where the few must give way to the many, and if a boy is really unable to bear the trials of a public school, he must be taught at home. But we undertake to say that unless they are first spoilt at home, there will not be many such.

We have thus laid before our readers, in a very slight and cursory manner, some of the most important questions concerning schools which the "Report" of the Commissioners raises. One, and only one, remains, and we will then conclude this long paper. That is the deeply interesting inquiry—What becomes of the boys afterwards?

* It is sad to hear, certainly, that six months after he had left school he became sick at dinner, and was obliged to go to bed. How it came to pass is a "very difficult question," such as the witness thinks "no medical man would take on himself to answer." May a simple layman suggest he had eaten too much?

The Commissioners have printed a table which shows that of the total number of boys who leave the nine schools, visited by them, in the course of a year, about one-third may be estimated to go to Oxford or Cambridge. Of the rest, a very few—not more than about forty a year—enter the army. Of this small number, more than half spend some time with a private tutor between leaving school and going up for the first military examination. There is no one who will not read this statement with regret—regret both that so small a proportion of military men should have had the advantage of school training, for it is more than probable that schools other than the nine here dealt with send still fewer of their boys into the army, and that of those few so large a part should have thrown away the advantages of the very best part of their school-days. For it is just in the last year or two at school that a boy learns to exchange obedience for command. In a school where a good tone prevails he gets roughly helped through this hard trial of good temper and forbearance. At school, too, a boy best learns that serenity under emergencies, that readiness of resource and quickness of device how to extricate himself and those about him from danger or difficulty, which are of all qualities most valuable on the march or in the field. No wonder that one reads in the story of the Crimean war of troops left all night without food or covering, when they were commanded chiefly by men brought up at home and in forcing-houses for passing examinations, where they could never have been taught to use either head or hand on their own account. Mr. Hawtrey speaks of the great credit a boy got, six weeks after leaving Eton, for despatching 600 men from Malta to the seat of war.

“The wisdom and good sense of his management, evidenced in the comfort and good temper of the men, as the vessels got under weigh. But he had been captain of the boats at Eton.”

This sort of power is not learnt of “crammers,” and it is precisely for want of this sort of power that armies pine away and die not by the enemy’s sword.* It does not seem impossible that an order might be framed, without injustice, enforcing a certain period of school training as a preliminary to admission for examination for commissions. Only Heaven defend us from military schools!†

Nearly two-thirds, then, of the boys go into the ordinary occupations of active life, and, making all allowance for the defects and shortcomings the Report brings out, an impartial reader of it will

* It is well known that the Duke of Wellington always said his best officers came from Westminster, and every one has heard of his exclaiming one day, in the playing fields of Eton, “Here Waterloo was won.” For a list of distinguished officers from Westminster, see Report, iii. pp. 409, 410.

† For one among many reasons why, see Mr. Hawtrey’s evidence, Report, ii. p. 161.

hardly fail to conclude, that, generally speaking, they will be found in the ranks of such as are the salt of their generation. If parents who cannot afford to send their sons to live away from home inquire how they may obtain some share in these advantages, we do not presume to answer so difficult a question. It must be left for the reply of enlightened public opinion, when, as we hope and trust it soon will be, it is brought to bear on the subject in a reasonable spirit. But we may, without impropriety, contribute our own view, formed at least after much consideration and inquiry. It is this: That in towns where there is no foundation school already, and where there are inhabitants enough within reach to furnish from eighty to one hundred boys, every effort should be used to get good classical day-schools set on foot, as much as possible after the model of the old foundations, only providing that the branches of knowledge especially useful in business life should not be neglected. We would not comply with the modest request of the Shrewsbury town council, who, possessing £875 a year, rather less than the year's profits of a prosperous grocer, to divide among the masters of their school, ask to have an education

"Free of charge, or at a reduced rate of payment, provided for residents within the borough."

And extended so as

"To include not only a classical education, and one suited for scholars intended for the university or one of the learned professions, but also an education of a liberal character, adapted to and suitable to the requirements of the middle class."

Tradesmen are rich enough now-a-days; let them pay. What is given for nothing, is not accounted of. The most that should be done in the direction pointed to by the worthy burgesses, is to form a nucleus of needy and deserving boys in the manner we have already indicated. An education of this kind might be furnished, supposing the numbers to be well maintained, for £14 or £15 a-year. The Report of the Commission for inquiring into the state of the smaller foundations and private schools must soon be before the world. This will probably show how far the wants of persons likely to avail themselves of schools of this kind are at present met. We are inclined to think that the present deficiency will be found to be very great; but with the encouraging qualification that there are a good many existing institutions, particularly among the more obscure foundation schools, which under prudent management are capable of being turned to good account.

THOMAS MARKEY.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

[*L'Eglise et l'Empire Romain au IV. Siecle.* Par M. A. DE BROGLIE.

SECOND NOTICE.

WE have brought our review of this history down to the death of Constantine in 335. The remainder of the century is politically the most singular and critical epoch in the fall of Paganism, and the decline of the Western Empire. The Empire was in full decay, but there were not wanting vigorous hands which attempted to arrest its ruin. Paganism dragged on a sort of life in death, but it was still supported by its old recollections, for the senators of the Capitol were the last to relinquish a system so closely entwined with the glories of Rome; and at last one powerful mind arose "from the ashes," says M. de Broglie, "of the Curii and Camilli," to make a desperate attempt to avenge the old gods upon Christianity. The period embraces the lives of emperors, mostly men of some mark and vigour—the sons of Constantine, Julian, Valens and Valentinian, Gratian, and the able and vigorous, if not actually *great*, Theodosius. We cannot say that M. de Broglie has succeeded in combining the *political* interest of their reigns with the *ecclesiastical*: to do so is an almost insuperable difficulty in a church history. We shall follow his own order in describing, first, the character of church history under the sons of Constantine; secondly, the last attempts to revive Paganism; thirdly, the career of Julian. Valentinian and Theodosius may deserve a separate notice.

1. The three sons of Constantine were the worst and feeblest of any of the princes we have mentioned, and for a period of twenty years (335—355), there was but one human being in the Empire whose history excites the slightest interest—Athanasius. The Empire had been capriciously and accidentally divided, on principles which led to perpetual disputes, or rather on no principles at all; for Constantine, the eldest, had Gaul, Spain, and Britain, with the curious addition of Constantinople. His brother Constantius had the East, with the equally strange addition of Thrace; while Constans, the youngest, abutted on the dominions of his two brothers by holding Italy, Africa, and the Western Illyricum. They were all three mere boys; and it is no matter of wonder that the result of this zigzag and ill-arranged division was the death of Constantine and the murder of Constans, so that the whole Empire, for a few years before the accession of Julian, was in the hands of the worst and weakest of the brothers—

Constantius, who became the warm supporter of Arianism, at that time the favourite religion of the ladies and eunuchs of his court. One very curious result of this strange division is seen in the romantic exile and wanderings of Athanasius, who, like our old friend the Ancient Mariner, might truly be said

"To pass like night, from land to land,
With his strange power of speech."

He had twenty years of wandering, out of which he scarcely spent a single year in his own see. When he was driven out of Egypt by Constantius, he betook himself to his brother Constantine at Treves. When Constantine was killed, we find him in Italy at the court of Constans. Council after council, Antioch, Sardica, Arles, Milan, Rimini, seem to have had for their one object the desire to get rid of this unconquerable man. But it was always *Ὁν πῶ 'δὴ Τιβεριανὸν ἐν ἡμέραις τοῦ ὁσίου Ὀρόρου*. At one moment, when he was believed to be at Tyre, he flung himself in the way of the startled emperor as he passed on horseback to his palace at Constantinople. At Tyre his enemies accused him of the murder of one of their bishops. He let them speak on, and suddenly produced the murdered bishop alive and well. He was driven to Treves, but his very appearance was enough to convert the young Constantine. He took refuge in Rome, then the headquarters of heathenism, and of a mixed Christianity almost as dissolute. He converted some of the most eminent of the Patricians, and founded that great society of the "devout women" of Rome, which afterwards played such a remarkable part in the history of Jerome and early monasticism. He was for a time almost literally an "Athanasius contra mundum," and the greatest bishops, Hosius of Cordova, and Liberius of Rome, deserted him; but he continued throughout as unshaken, as temperate, and as calm as ever, and remained in impenetrable seclusion for six years among his old and almost his only friends, the monks of Egypt.

The life of this truly great man, and his struggles against the miserable factions of the Arians, who appear to deserve as little sympathy on grounds of morality as of theology, is the real history of the sons of Constantine. The following passage of M. de Broglie may give some idea of one period of his exile:—

"Athanasie étoit à Rome. Sa présence dans la capitale de l'Occident excitait un vif mouvement d'attrait et de curiosité. Sa réputation, ses malheurs, son courage, tout le designait à l'attention publique. D'illustres patriciens, de grandes dames se pressaient autour de lui pour l'entendre. Il nomme lui-même, parmi ses hôtes de prédilection, la Princesse Eutrope, sœur de Constantin, les sénateurs Abutère et Spérance. . . . On pressait Athanasie de questions pour apprendre les détails d'une institution si étrange, que celle des moines. Athanasie racontait à ses auditeurs, surpris autant que charmés, les détails de la vie d'Antoine au fond des Montagnes. Séduit par l'attrait de ses récits une dame de qualité, du nom de Marcelle, plus tard l'amie de Saint Jérôme, conçut l'idée de transporter sur le nouveau théâtre les exemples du saint exercice. Athanasie devenait ainsi le lien des deux sociétés chrétiennes; il représentait presque seul en Orient, la saine et simple doctrine de l'église Latine: il apprenait à la piété de l'Europe les saintes pratiques de la dévotion orientale."

In spite, or, perhaps, in consequence, of this great character, Athanasius died, if not in exile, at least in obscurity and neglect. He was at once feared and persecuted both by Julian and by Valens; and the question may occur to many whether his long life of struggle was not a failure. But, in reality, no man of a less vigorous character could have resisted the enormous amount of court influence which was enlisted on the side of Arianism. He seems to have been at once a statesman, a theologian, and to have combined with a lawyer-like clearness of view those high personal qualities which gain an irresistible ascendancy over other men. And thus, having really borne the brunt of the battle, it was he who won the victory over Arianism, which was completed in the next generation by men of scarcely inferior powers—Basil and Hilary, of Poitiers. M. de Broglie has thus described the conclusion of his labours:—

"Ce fut sa dernière épreuve: le temps de l'éternel repos approchait pour lui, et son rôle d'ailleurs étoit fini. D'autres champions étoient prêts à le remplacer, plus jeunes, mieux appropriés peut-être à la face nouvelle des temps. La politique strictement défensive par laquelle Athanasie avait contenu le despotisme encore respecté de Constantin

et de ses fils, son attitude de froide réserve . . . devenaient moins nécessaires et moins utiles en face d'un souverain plus faible, qui conservait les mêmes prétentions sans disposer des mêmes moyens de se faire obéir. Athanase n'avait été qu'Évêque; d'autres, élevés à la même dignité, devaient engager au service de la même cause les ressources plus variées du philosophe, de l'orateur, et même la science politique de l'homme d'état."

2. One of the most interesting subjects of the fourth and fifth centuries is the gradual extinction of Paganism. Rome was naturally the headquarters of the old religion, and the foundation of the rival Constantinople rather strengthened than weakened this feeling. In the days of Constantine the majority of the senate were heathen; and the letters of Jerome and Augustin are full of graphic sketches of houses divided against themselves, such as that of the old Pontifex Albinus, whom Jerome describes with great beauty as playing with his Christian grandchild while it lisps its hymns. The emperors were themselves obliged to yield to the feeling. Constantine remained Pontifex Maximus to the end of his days; and the destruction of the statue of Victory in the temple of the senate by the command of Gratian, was the occasion of a pitched battle between the orator Symmachus and St. Ambrose. Ambrose was victorious; but there is some truth in Gibbon's sarcasm that it was not till "the gods of antiquity had been dragged at the chariot-wheels of Theodosius, that on a regular division of the senate, Jupiter was condemned and degraded by the sense of a very large majority." Augustin's *Civitas Dei*, written thirty years later, may be said to have given the final blow to Paganism, and it certainly implies that the old religion could still make a respectable appearance, both in writers and supporters.

M. de Broglie has discussed this subject somewhat inadequately, and has chiefly confined himself to a single point, although one of undoubted importance—the attempt of the Neo-Platonists to give a moral meaning to the old mythical fables of the gods. After dwelling on the extent to which magic almost universally prevailed, he gives the following account of the curious worship of Mithra, which for a time became the great opponent to Christianity:—

"C'est à cette époque qu'on voit un rameau détaché du culte des Perses prendre un développement considérable; c'est le culte de Mithra, dieu de soleil, le premier des bons génies, le médiateur entre l'homme et le principe suprême de tout bien. Le fait à la fois certain et curieux que tous les monuments démontrent c'est que, presque seule de toutes les religions de l'Empire, l'adoration de Mithra croissait, au milieu de la décadence universelle des dieux, en publicité et en importance. . . . Le temple ou, comme on l'appellait, l'autre de Mithra, subsistait dans les souterrains du Capitole, et ne fut fermé que sous le règne de Gratien. Cette popularité n'était pas due à l'appât du plaisir, ou de la licence. Nulle initiation, au contraire, n'était plus longue et plus laborieuse: douze épreuves tentaient la patience et le courage des novices. Il fallait traverser une rivière à la nage, se précipiter dans le feu, souffrir la faim et la soif, endurer la fatigue et le froid, s'exposer à des coups de fouet répétés. À chacune de ces épreuves correspondait un degré d'initiation figuré par l'image d'un animal symbolique. . . . On y retrouvait une sorte de baptême pour la purification des péchés, une onction d'huile sainte qui rappelait la confirmation; deux ordres de sacrifice, l'un sanglant, consistant dans l'immolation d'un taureau et reproduisant ceux de l'ancienne loi Juive, l'autre se bornant à une oblation de pain et de vin pareille à celle de l'Eucharistie. Et en effet les espérances d'une vie future plus nettement exprimées que dans les religions ordinaires de l'antiquité; des aspirations ardentes vers une régénération morale, les promesses de la remission des péchés et, de la purification de l'âme, faisaient du culte de Mithra comme une contre-épreuve affaiblie du Christianisme. Pour tenter de nouveau les combats contre le Christ, on espérait trouver en Mithra un puissant auxiliaire."

But the desperate attempt to revive heathenism was not the most powerful weapon employed against Christianity. Its greatest opponents were, and had been from the time of Celsus, the philosophers of the school of Alexandria, and above all, Plotinus and Porphyry. It is a school of which the very name is scarcely known, except to the students of church history; but it was a great power in its day, and it had this real merit, that after the fall of Stoicism it was the only school of thought in the Roman Empire, apart from Christianity, which was in earnest. With Plotinus and Porphyry, it was a sort of unity of Platonism and Gnosticism—a Platonic Trinity of *Unity, Intelligence, and Soul*, through the last of which the Deity was supposed to communicate with mankind by a series of emanations. But its peculiar feature was an attempt to

realise the Christian doctrine of inspiration by what Porphyry called the *Ecstasy*. This was expressed almost in the terms of Scripture. It was to be by mortifying the body, by overcoming the senses, that the wise man, according to Plotinus, could alone attain to immortality. In the language of Porphyry, man must purify his body as a temple for the glory of God. So stern was he in his own asceticism, that Plotinus could scarcely prevent him from "doing to death" his body by suicide. "I have never," he said, "attained to a state of Union with God but once, when I was forty-eight years of age."

Practically, of course, the system was a total failure. It was a philosophy, not a religion. Its *ecstasy* was soon corrupted into what was called the art of *Theurgia*, in reality a sort of magic. Its last great disciple, Iamblichus, attempted a still closer union with Paganism, by classifying the heathen deities and their functions under their different heads of gods, demons, and heroes. This is the system which Augustin—who, strangely enough, is not mentioned by M. de Broglie—demolishes with so much zest. But anything like a *rationale* of Paganism possessed an attraction for a man who, like Julian, was a thorough hater of Christianity. Before we notice him, we will quote M. de Broglie's account of Porphyry's acknowledgment that his own system was a failure:—

"Porphyre vecut assez pour voir poindre, et pour déplorer cette métamorphose. Cet art nouveau recut un nom particulier. On l'appela la *theurgie*, l'action de Dieu ou l'art de produire Dieu. Il y eut une science, plus mécanique que morale, ayant pour but avoué d'appeler Dieu sur la terre. Le vieux maître s'en effraya : cette grossière traduction de ses reveries lui causa une indignation qu'il exprima presque sans prudence. Dans une lettre adressée au prêtre Egyptien Anébon il fit assez rudement le procès aux adeptes du nouvel art, et, à leur mythologie toute entière. Les dieux sont impossibles, dit-il ; c'est donc vainement qu'on pense les concilier, les fléchir par des invocations, des expiations, des prières. Je vois des gens qui croient deviner l'avenir par une sorte d'enthousiasme et de transport divin, et bien qu'ils veillent et aient tous leurs sens en action, ils ne semblent pas maîtres d'eux mêmes ; et ils arrivent à cet état pour avoir entendu le son des cymbals ou des tambours, ou quelque chant consacré . . . on pour avoir bu d'une certaine eau, on respiré une certaine vapeur, on s'être servis des certains caractères sacrés. Et je me demande si la Divinité est à ce point aux ordres des hommes, qu'on puisse connaître sa volonté par des moyens si vulgaires."

3. The last great believer in Paganism was the Emperor Julian. His character was so singular, that it is difficult to find epithets in which to describe a combination of such varied kinds of ability with such extravagant superstition, and rash folly in the practical conduct of life. Gibbon, who would gladly have made him a sort of anti-Christian hero if his historical honesty had not deterred him from the attempt, says with truth, that "when we inspect the portrait, something seems wanting to the grace and perfection of the figure." He seems to us to have been a man of immense versatility, but with a want of judgment which almost amounted to madness. His first achievements, happening in the worst days of the Empire, quite astonished us by their genius ; his last are as startling by their extravagance. A puny, sickly young man of twenty-five, who had spent his whole time amongst books and philosophers, takes the command of an army in the ruined province of Gaul, wins campaign after campaign against the bravest of the barbarians ; and alone, in spite of every sort of opposition and jealousy, restores the finances, becomes almost the founder of Paris, and (as Gibbon says) even delays for a considerable period the fall of the Western Empire. The same man, within five years, undertakes a mad and hopeless expedition into a country where the Roman arms had never penetrated without being shamefully repulsed, and after redeeming his folly by many fruitless deeds of valour, perishes, as Crassus had done centuries before, at Carrhæ.

This same ability, superstition, and wildness marked the character in which Julian appears in church history as the last great enemy of Christianity. He was evidently from childhood, even while professing Christianity, an unbeliever ; and had devoted himself especially to the worship of the great "Sun-God," who had been also Constantine's favourite deity in the days of his Paganism. He studied, along with Basil and Gregory, at Athens ; and they easily detected his ill-disguised Polytheism. When he came to the throne the one desire of his heart was to uproot Christianity, and to restore the old religion. But he was so

far a true philosopher that he professed, and probably believed, that he hated persecution; and how was Christianity, now firmly fixed in the affections of his subjects, to be uprooted without persecution? It is impossible now to enumerate the inconsistencies, and indeed cruelties, into which the attempt led him. The Christians assailed him with no measured indignation; and he, in return, shut up their schools, compelled or tricked his soldiers into sacrificing, and honoured Athanasius with his peculiar hatred. But his chief opposition came from his Pagan subjects. The Romans hated him because he was a Greek, and cared for nothing but the Greek philosophers, and, it may be added, the worship of the Grecian deities. When he attempted to restore the worship of Apollo at Daphne, a solitary priest appeared with a single goose as the only offering of Antioch to its favourite deity. His own friends and officers—Ammianus Marcellinus, for example—condemned his violence. In fact, spite of his vast energy and ability, his whole reign was a failure, and only furnished a final demonstration that Paganism had utterly died out from the hearts even of its nominal votaries.

The characteristic faults and merits of M. de Broglie's history come out in his account of Julian. He is lengthy and somewhat tedious; but, on the other hand, he is candid, and appreciates Julian well. The feelings which led him to Paganism are well described in the following letter to his friend Sullust:—

“ Le Soleil est mon roi, je suis son serviteur. Ma confiance en lui repose sur des motifs secrets que je garde en moi même, mais voici ce que je puis dire sans offenser ma religion ni ma conscience. Des mes premiers ans j'ai été saisi d'amour pour l'éclat du soleil On disant même que je portais a ce spectacle trop d'ardeur et d'attention, et quoique encore imberbe, on m'accusait de faire le devin. Et cependant aucun livre de divination n'était encore tombé entre mes mains, et je ne savais même quelle chose c'était. Mais a quoi bon rappeler ces souvenirs? J'aurais bien d'autres choses a dire si je racontais, par exemple, quelle idée je me faisais alors des Dieux. Ce début est suivi d'une exposition toute empreinte de philosophie Alexandrine, et mise explicitement sous la protection de Platon et de Jamblique, sur le rôle du soleil dans l'organisation du monde. Le Soleil est dans le monde visible ce qu'est Dieu dans le monde intelligible le principe immuable de toute perfection, de toute beauté, de toute connaissance. C'est Dieu, le bien suprême, qui l'a constitué Maître du Monde visible, ” &c. &c.

By far the most singular event in the history of Julian is his failure to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. It had every appearance of being miraculous, and the miracle is not essentially altered if we suppose it to have been worked, as in the case of the passage of the Red Sea, by the intervention of natural phenomena. M. de Broglie, agreeing with Döllinger, explains it thus:—

“ Peu de faits de l'histoire sont mieux avérés, quoiqu'il y en ait peu qui aient donné lieu à plus de discussion. Voltaire, il n'y a pas un siècle, déclarait avec hauteur que le récit d'Ammien Marcellin était impossible à admettre, attendu que jamais globe de pierre ne sortait de la terre ni de la pierre, et que ‘ cela suffisait pour démontrer la sottise de ceux qui y avaient cru. ’ Les physiiciens d'aujourd'hui sont moins positifs, et trouvent parfaitement naturel ce que Voltaire supposait absurde. Suivant eux, l'inflammation subite des gaz contenus dans les souterrains longtemps fermés suffit à tout expliquer. Plus d'une difficulté pourroit encore être élevée contre cette interprétation, qui ne concorde point exactement avec les textes; mais l'intérêt de la religion n'exige point que nous intervenions dans de tels débats. Il n'importe pas de savoir si c'étoit un suspendant momentanément le cours de ses lois ordinaires, ou en révélant au dehors par une explosion inattendue quelque une des forces mystérieuses qui résident toujours dans son sein. ”

On the whole, M. de Broglie appears to us to have judged Julian's character rightly. He thinks him greater as a soldier than as a politician. Regarded as the latter, he says with justice that “ he failed in the first requisite for a governor—common sense; ” and he contrasts him in this respect with Constantine, who, with all his faults, had the true instinct of a ruler for discerning the wants of his time. Julian was, in fact, a man of great natural genius, but one who, like many similar characters, was never able to harmonise and concentrate his remarkable gifts. His real work in history was to prove the absurdity of the objects on which he wasted his life.

W. C. LAKE.

The Agamemnon, Choephori, and Eumenides of Æschylus. Translated into English Verse. By A. SWANWICK. London: Bell and Daldy, 1865.

LEAVING untouched the theory that "with equal husbandry, the woman were an equal to the man," we of the stronger sex must admit that here is a woman's work eclipsing, in force, vigour, and nice insight into the meaning of the original, most ventures of her male predecessors in the same field. This translation was undertaken at the instance of the late Baron Bunsen; and if it was a somewhat bold suggestion of the Baron's, to set a lady upon a task that had taxed, without any considerable success, the masculine brains of her fellow-countrymen, it must still be allowed that Miss Swanwick has produced a work which amply justifies his penetration in dictating it. Whether it is that, as female fingers are aptest for the finer work of watchmaking, so, given an equal amount of scholarship and equal mastery of the language, a woman's wits, less gross and of finer texture, pierce deeper into the grand, subtle thoughts of the greatest of ancient dramatists, and sympathise more keenly with his highest flights of inborn eloquence, we cannot tell. But this we know, that in the particular case before us there is no occasion to make any allowance, so far as scholarship is concerned, for the sex of the translator. If ever, in her translation of a passage, she errs from the path of sound interpretation, it will be found to be where, womanlike, and with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause, she has submitted herself to the guidance of a master, and accepted the exceedingly bold and, as we must think, often exceedingly doubtful experiments of Mr. Francis Newman on the text of Æschylus. Yet even in this matter it is common to find her following in her translation her own sound judgment, although she gives space in the notes appended to each play to the emendations of her Mentor. Entering the lists, when acting on her own account, as competently furnished in point of scholarship as if she was an university tutor or professor, she seems to us to have avoided, on the one hand, the un-Æschylean smoothness and polish of Dean Milman's "Agamemnon," and, on the other, the diffuseness and verbiage of Professor Blackie. As for Potter, and translators of his calibre, it would be idle to bring them into a competition where they could not hold their footing for an instant, because of utter inability to hit any of the characteristics of the original. There is in Æschylus a very marked character, a rude grandeur distinguishing him from his smoother compeers, but a grandeur never losing itself in solecisms, never bating a jot of sustained dignity. Our older translators had not discernment to see, or talent to reproduce, this difference. But Miss Swanwick hits off the characteristic lineaments of her chosen dramatist, and throws herself into the representation of his masterful force of language, with an execution which surprises us more and more each time we compare her version with its prototype.

Not but that this might be in some degree expected by those who, before approaching her Trilogy itself, apply themselves to her able introduction, wherein we are led up to a right conception of the place of Æschylus "among those kindlers of the beacon fire, through whose agency the light of ancient wisdom was transmitted from age to age, before the Advent of Christianity." There is power of thought and breadth of view in the higher rank which she assigns to the Æschylean Jove, Athena, Apollo, and other deities, as compared with the Homeric conception of the same divinities. And lucidly does she distinguish between the essence of the Æschylean dramas and that of the plays of Shakspeare. Delineation and development of character are the primary aim of the latter, whereas "the solution of problems, ethical and religious, bearing upon man's nature and destiny, constitutes the essence of the former." The skill with which this view is worked out prepares us for an intelligent exposition of the dramas themselves, as she sets them in order before us; and to any who accept, as they cannot avoid doing, the truthfulness of this account of the poet's end and aim, there must be a considerable attraction in the connected and progressive series of plots which form the Trilogy. To most, however, the "Agamemnon" will appear to have the largest share of dramatic interest and general attraction, while the two later plays contain a highly curious working out of problems of ancient religion, but afford, perhaps, on the whole, a less brilliant and remunerative field, so to speak, for a translator's labour.

Be that as it may, the translation before us proceeds unflinchingly from end to

end; whereas one might have thought that the γυναῖκος αἰχμή would have lingered pleasantly among the choruses of the "Agamemnon." Miss Swanwick throws spirit and life and vehemence into the weird movements of the Eumenid chorus, and adequate dignity and interest into the great trial-scene on the Areopagus. The lines in which the ghost of Clytemnestra, at the beginning of the drama of the "Eumenides," goads the slumbering furies to rouse themselves to the task of hounding the matricide Orestes, read in Miss Swanwick's translation almost as grandly and sternly as in the Greek dramatist's original; and, had we no scruples as to space or readers' patience, quotations might be multiplied to prove the sustained excellence of her execution of the later plays of the Trilogy. But readers will be more generally familiar with the "Agamemnon," and to it, therefore, we shall confine such remarks and cullings as seem needful, in illustration of the success which has been achieved by feminine scholarship in this instance.

A prime excellence of her work lies in the absence of anything florid or ornamental therein. Comparing such a passage as that wherein the watchman, at the close of the opening speech of the play, hints at the dark tale he could unfold, were it not for his obligations to secrecy, with the original, or Paley's prose version of it, one may see how close the English is to the Greek, yet how little withal of the dignity of Æschylus perishes in the transmuting process.

τά δ' ἄλλα πικρῷ βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ μίγας
βίβηκεν· οἶκος δ' αὐτός, εἰ φθογγὴν λάβοι,
σφίσσεται· ἀν' λίζειν ὡς ἐκὼν ἐγὼ
μαθοῦσιν αὐδῶ, κ' οὐ μαθοῦσι λήθομαι.—"Agam.," 36—9.

"The rest I speak not; o'er my tongue hath passed
An ox with heavy tread; the house itself,
Had it a voice, would tell the tale full clear;
And I with those who know am fain to speak,
With others who know nothing, I forget."—P. 4.

And, to cite another three lines from a later portion of the play, the truthful closeness of the following will show how much a translator's real strength lies in not straining his original's sense, so as to make it a figure to be dressed up in foreign and later ornaments. Clytemnestra, in vv. 336-8, says—

θεοὺς δ' ἂν ἀμπλάκητος εἰ μόλοι στρατός,
ἐγρηγορὸς τὸ πῆμα τῶν οὐλομένων
γίνοιτ' ἂν, εἰ πρόσपाia μὴ τύχοι κακά.

or, as we might put it in prosaic words, "if the army should come back involved in sin against the gods, the calamity due to them from those who have perished (i.e., Iphigenia) may not slumber, even should no sudden ills befall them." But it would be hard to clothe it in closer or more fitting garb of verse than this—

"But if in sacrilege the host return,
Wakeful may rise the sorrows of the slain
For vengeance, though no sudden ill befall."—P. 16.

And here and there single lines of question and answer, such as are so frequent in the Greek dramas, are turned by Miss Swanwick, not only with suitable conciseness, but also with internal evidence of the more than common accuracy of her scholarship. We could not have had the heart to be hard upon a female translator of such a line as that of the chorus (Agam. 525), where, in reply to the herald's remark that a return to his beloved fatherland brings tears to his eyes, the leader of the chorus says—

τερπνῆς ἄρ, ἦγε τῆς δ' ἐπήβολοι νόσου,

even if she had failed to discern the predicative force of *τερπνῆς*. More than one male translator has translated, as if ignorant of anything of the kind. But Miss Swanwick expresses it justly in her rendering—

"Sweet the heart-sickness that o'ercame you thus."

And equally true and pointed is her equivalent for Clytemnestra's retort to

Agamemnon's expression of reluctance to act boastfully, and so provoke public criticism :—

ὁ δ' ἀφθόνος γ' οἷς ἐπιζῆλος πῖλα—912.

"Life envy free, is life unenviable."—P. 37.

But these, after all, are small things. The most telling points in a good translation of the Greek dramatists are to be found in the handling of the choral odes. There is no doubt but Dean Milman might bear off the palm here for lyrical sweetness and musical versification, but it may be a question whether these are so essential to the translator of the *Orestean Trilogy*, as to "and Electra's bard," whose choruses the Dean reproduces almost perfectly. We have gone thoroughly into Miss Swanwick's choral odes, and, whilst nowhere espying any grave sacrifice of faithfulness, have been much struck with the way in which throughout them she combines sufficient grace and variety of rhythm and metre with sustained *Æschylean* dignity. Not merely does she satisfy the requirements of sentences needing to be translated closely, yet forcibly, *c.g.*,

οὐδ' ὑπολαίων οὐδ, ὑπολείβων.
οὔτε δακρύων, ἀπύρων ἱερῶν
δργάς ἀνενίς παραθέλλει.—"Ag." 69—71.

"For neither groans, nor lustral rain,
Nor tear-drops, can the wrath appease
Of violated sanctities;"

or again (170-1)—

τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς δόωσαντα, τὸν πάθη μάθος
θίγα κυρίως ἔχειν

"To sober thought Zeus paves the way,
And wisdom links with pain;"

but she throws a clearness and lucidity of sequence into long strophes and antistrophes, which not uncommonly appear in translation as marvels of obscurity and inconsecutiveness. A fair specimen of her powers in this line is the third strophe of the second chorus in the "*Agamemnon*" (426-441 Paley)—

"For Mars, who traffics not in gold,
But flesh of man, the scales doth hold
In battle of the spear.
From Ilion back to sorrowing friends
Rich dust, fire-purified, he sends,
And washed with many a tear.
To their embrace, hearsed in sepulchral urn,
Ashes, not men, return.
Weeping, each hero's praise they tell :
How one excelled in strife,
And how in war one nobly fell
Waged for another's wife.
Breathing such murmurs, jealous hate
Doth on the Atridan champions wait.
Achaians cast in fairest mould,
Entomb'd 'neath Ilion's wall,
The foughten shore now firmly hold,
The hostile sod their pall."—P. 19.

"The sole fault we have discovered in this passage is" the rendering of βαρὺ ψῆγμα in vv. 429-30. βαρὺ seems to mean *heavy* in a double sense, and as a good deal of the point of the sentence depends on this : and it might be better to translate

"Fire-purged, the heavy dust he sends,
Be-washed with many a tear."

The rest of the extract given will bear the utmost examination, and give convincing proof of the remarkable accuracy, as well as poetic genius, of the translator. We could have wished to cite also the famous passage in the first chorus which depicts the sacrifice of Iphigenia (220-229), and which, save and except that at the instance of Mr. F. Newman, she needlessly alters προνοπῇ into

τροπαιεύει, is executed by Miss Swanwick in such a way as to give English readers as good an idea of the sealed beauties of the Greek version as is within the power of translation. But we have only room to suggest to the talented authoress of this remarkable translation a reconsideration of "Agamem." v. 595, where she translates *μᾶλλον ἢ χαλκοῦ δοράς*; as if *dyeing brass* was an art unknown to the ancients, which it certainly was not; and of v. 620, *χαμῆς ἢ τῇ θῶν*, which does not mean "The honour of the gods forbids," but rather "Thanksgivings should be clear of gloom," as a consideration of the context will show.

It is much to be hoped that Miss Swanwick will not withhold her hand from the remaining plays of Æschylus, for they present almost as fine, and certainly a more diversified, field for her genius. If the public do but appreciate her Trilogy in proportion to its deserts, she will find in the sale of her present volume, a strong incentive to finish Æschylus in a second.

Translations from Euripides. By J. CARTWRIGHT, M.A. London: D. Nutt.

ALMOST the sole point upon which we can compliment Mr. Cartwright is his choice of dramas out of the comparatively ample field of Euripides. Saving the "*Bacchus*," there is, perhaps, no one of this poet's plays so calculated to assert for its author an equal rank with his great rivals, as the "*Medea*." The "*Iphigenia at Tauri*," too, is a very fine play. It enjoyed high contemporary repute, and, by its success, was the cause of the production of the "*Iphigenia in Aulis*," which, in spite of its faulty text and its numerous spurious passages, is still among the most admirable of Euripidean plays. There is no reason to doubt that modern taste would endorse ancient criticism as regards the preference of these three dramas, were they but set before the reading public in a translation of commensurate merit. But to compound such a translation there are needed one or two ingredients, the lack of either of which conduces to failure. For instance, it is required in a translation that the author shall have made up his mind as to his manner of treating the original, before he begins to fill his paper. It will never do to make the public privy to his experiments, his foul copies, his daily steps. It is required, too, that he shall have ascertained the sense of words and passages, so as to be able to reproduce, not indeed word for word, but such a concatenation of equivalent English idioms and expressions as shall represent the original approximately, if not photographically. And these requirements we think Mr. Cartwright has so greatly ignored, that, while approving the choice of ground which he has selected to break up, we feel it would be simply misleading him, to speak smooth things of a hasty performance, so little studied, in fact, as to look almost like an unintentional slight to the dramatist he professes to appreciate. Can anything, for example, tell a plainer tale of a tower begun before the cost was counted, than a survey of the choral odes, from one end to the other, of Mr. Cartwright's volume? The characteristic lyrical beauty and brilliancy of the choruses, of which Euripides thought more than of their real and sterling value, ought clearly to have been studied, with a view to the nearest and liveliest equivalent in the way of metre. But what is the case? The grand choruses of the "*Medea*" are turned into that very "blank verse" which has, by common consent, been adopted as the English counterpart of "Iambic Senarii," of the metre, in sooth, which Aristotle ("Rhet.," iii. 1, 9) says is the most like prose of all the Greek metres. The result is, that those grand lyrical efforts which the initial lines "*Ἐρωτες ὄντι μιν ἄγαν ἰαθύντες οὐκ εὐδοξίαν*, and "*Ἐρεῖ θέλει τὸ παλαιόν*" ("Med.," 627-662., *ibid.* 824-866), recall to every classical scholar, are flattened down in this translation into an unrelieved identity with the dialogue portions of the drama, and become a vehicle of yards of truism after this fashion:—

"Impetuous love! where'er it finds access
Yields neither fame nor happiness to men:
Should Venus gently come, no deity
Sheds so benign an influence upon earth."—P. 39.

But it needs consecutive perusal of a dozen or twenty pages to see clearly how fatal this is to the ideal of Greek tragedy, and how indescribably bald a chorus appears, which carries one on, where the relief of variety was intended, in the

precise form and arrangement of words, in which some prosy messenger, nurse, or pedagogue, has just before been maundering. The flatness, indeed, of a Greek lyric passage diluted into blank verse reaches, perhaps, its fullest development in the first chorus of the "Iphigenia in Aulis," which, running originally in a lively Glyconian metre, limps before the reader of Mr. Cartwright's version in this wooden-legged, tramp-like fashion ("Iph. A.," 164-9, *ἱμολον ἀμφὶ παραστρίαν*, κ.τ.λ.)

"I am come hither to the sandy beach
Of Aulis on the ocean, having sailed
Across the Euripus, from my native town
Of Chaleis, where the strait contracts, and where
The far-famed Arcthusa has its source,
That I may view the army of the Greeks."—P. 84.

To do the translator justice, it must be owned that he seems to have been overtaken by a weariness of his own device before the end of his second play. In several of its later choruses semi-lyric lines strive to effect an entrance. In the chorus 752-800, *ἤξει δὲ Σαμόννα καὶ*, κ.τ.λ., Mr. Cartwright's muse begins to change its note, and oscillate in irregular fashion between a rhymed and unrhymed lyric, with not infrequent relapses, however, into the first-chosen blank verse. When we get to the "Iphigenia at Tauri," his mind is more made up. Such a bit of rhyme as this simple one from "Iph. T.," 170-7 (*Ὁ σαρὰ γαλαῖς Ἀγαμέμνονιον*, κ.τ.λ.), though not a very near approach to the versatility of choral lyrics, is a far better sample of what the whole ought to have been than anything else in the way of chorus preceding it:—

"O thou, cut down, the budding flower
Of Agamemnon's home and power,
As to the dead, I offer thee
This gift, refuse it not from me.
I may not place upon thy tomb
One waving tress of auburn hair,
Nor shed one gentle tear-drop there.
I dwell, alas!—it is my doom,—
Far from thy home and mine, the land
Where, as was deem'd, a murd'rous hand
With sword upraised, before all eyes,
Made me a wretched sacrifice."—P. 162.

"O si sic omnia!" It had been better, at any rate, had Mr. Cartwright settled, before beginning his task, some standard of metre for his choral translations, instead of feebly exhibiting his inner misgivings, by ringing the changes on the slowest and least lyrical of all metres, and one or two timid variations of it. No translator is justified in making his pages a trial-ground for a Pegasus which he has not proved, and one of the most marked defects of this volume is its author's uncertainty what best to do with his chorus.

But we are not sure that a worse fault does not remain to be noticed. Among many diverse theories of translation, there is none, that we know of, professing to justify substitution of totally different sentiments, statements, and expressions for those which are found in the original. Where this occurs in practice, a translator's scholarship or his diligence must be in fault. Either, not understanding the Greek, he sets down what he wrongly takes to be its English counterpart; or, disliking the trouble of searching out his author's real meaning, he agrees with his conscience that anything else tending to the same point will do as well. But here is an end to the main object of translation, which is to supply readers of a later age, through the medium of a modern language, with an idea how *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, or *Euripides* wrought and thought. And yet this course, subversive of reverence for antiquity, and fatal to all dependence on translations, is just what is constantly adopted in Mr. Cartwright's version of three plays of *Euripides*. Sometimes we find a class of inaccuracies seemingly referable to indifference—e.g., when in "Iphigenia in Aulis" (802-3)—

*τίς ἄν φράσει ποσπόλων τὸν Πηλῖος
ζητοῦντά νιν παῖδ' ἐν πύλαις Ἀχίλλεα;*

which simply means that "Achilles asks a servant to tell Agamemnon that he is at his gates," is transformed into a totally different question—*e.g.*,

"From which of his attendants here can I,
Achilles, son of Peleus, get to know
Where I may find him at these entrances?"—P. 112.

In an earlier scene, when Agamemnon has been owning his pain at the prospect of losing his daughter, Clytemnestra replies in vv. 691-4,—

οὐχ ὧδ' ἀσύνετός εἰμι, πείσθαι δὲ με
καὶ τὴν δοκεῖ τάδ' ὥστε μὴ σε νοουθετεῖν,
ὅταν ξὺν ἱμεναίοι σιν ἰξάω κόρην·
ἀλλ' ὁ νόμος αὐτὰ τῷ χρόνῳ συσχερανῆι.

It is hard to say whether misapprehension or neglect has caused the purport of these lines to be lost in the translation. They mean that Clytemnestra deprecates being thought "insensible to the feelings which agitate her spouse: she cannot blame him; she will presently be found doing the same thing. Time, however, and custom will bring alleviation." Potter, in his ordinary translation, steers pretty straight:

"Nor is my heart insensible: I feel,
He thou assured, an equal grief, nor want
From thee monitions, when I lead the virgin
With hymeneal rites: but custom joined
With time will check it." Potter.

The sense of *ὥστε μὴ σε νοουθετεῖν* seems to us to be "so that I cannot school," or "chide" "thee." But Mr. Cartwright, in the first three lines, contrives to blend error with indistinctness, and in the last to ignore the most important word.

"I feel no weakness of this kind, but think
That we shall bear our lot most patiently,
When I bring up the girl to be a bride.
The time—the law itself—demands all this."—P. 106.

Who would call this translation, or say that it has warranty in the Greek? or who would aver that the line in which Agamemnon replies to Iphigenia's explanation, "Perish spears and wrongs of Menelaus,"

ἀλλους δλεῖ πρόσθ' ἀμὲ διολίσσαντ' ἔχει (659),

is translated at all, much less adequately, in the verse?—

"Ah! let us first put down our enemies!"

Mistakes more palpably ascribable to weak scholarship are even more common than errors of carelessness. When Mr. Cartwright translates in "Iph. A.," 534-5,

ἐλθόντες αὐτοῖς τεύχεσιν ἐκλωπίουσιν
ξυνοπάσουσι καὶ κατασκάψουσι γῆν,

"They will come before its walls,
And lay my country waste,"

he shows ignorance of such common usages as the dative agreeing with αὐτοῖς, and having σὺν understood, of which αὐτῷ πῆληκε, "helm and all," αὐτοῖσι συμμάχοισι "allies and all," are examples (See Wordsworth's "Gr. Gr.," § 137). When he renders "Iph. A.," 541,

ὥς ἐπ' ἐλαχίστοις δακρύοις πρᾶσσω κακῶς,

"That I may execute
This awful duty with the fewest tears,"

one sees that he is unfamiliar with the use of πρᾶσσω, joined with an adverb, to denote good or evil plight. With a similar innocence of Greek constructions we find him, in "Medea," 173, translating πῶς ἂν ἐν ὄψιν τὴν ἀμετρῆαν εἴδῃ, "How soon would she come out to welcome us," and showing thereby that he has never

heard of the optative force of *ὥς ἂν*; and in "Iph. Aul." 1223 (cf. 1226), turning the familiar use of *δοα* in such phrases as *δοα σε — δέχομαι*, into such a blunder as "May I behold thee." The merest tyro would tell him that the particle *δοα* here imports wonder, and is equivalent to the Latin "*en ar quam*." What to say of such bits of mistranslation as, "Iph. T.," 54. *ὡς θανάτῳ σε*, "as for one deceased;" "Iph. Aul." 1218, *μὴ μ' ἀπολίσσης ἄωρον*, "Slay me not in my prime;" and *καίτοι τι πάσχω*, "Yet what have I endured," one really hardly knows. To prescribe a course of grammar and syntax to one who confesses to a time of life

"When yellow leaves,
Or few, or none, do hang upon the tree,"

might appear brutal and unfeeling. But we are not the less bound to tell Mr. Cartwright that when he takes upon himself to clothe "certain interesting plays in a popular English dress," it is in vain to plead that they are garbed "without much reference to scholarship alone." If they are designated translations, they must walk in the ways of such, and expect to be picked up and perhaps scolded, when they stumble over a construction, which any reference to scholarship would have rendered smooth. If, however, they prefer to be regarded as quasi-originals based on classical plots, then the Greek plays should be religiously shut up, and not murdered by a touch, which mars their beauty and superadds deformity—"ab extra." The "*Medea*" and the two "*Iphigenias*" are quite as far from the honour of an adequate English translation as they were in the days of Potter and of Woodhull.

Land at Last. A Novel in Three Books. By EDMUND YATES.
London: Chapman & Hall.

A NOVEL called "*Land at Last*," which professes to give some account of the manners and doings of artists, has lately been published. Of the conduct and probability of the story it is not our purpose to speak; but a few words may perhaps with advantage be written by an artist, about the exaggerated and often false descriptions of the social peculiarities which certain writers are pleased to attribute to the general body of artists. The author of this story has evidently a genial and kindly sympathy with the profession, from which he has drawn some of the most prominent characters of his story; but this has not saved him, any more than it saved a greater writer—Thackeray—from a general misrepresentation in the guise of a half-told truth.

The description of the Artists' Society near All Souls Church, with which the book opens, is a good illustration of the kind of misrepresentation which we think so objectionable. As the locality of the society's rooms is here so clearly marked out, the veil of an incorrect description of the character and inmates of the building itself can hardly have been used to guard this privacy. In the first place, the house itself is reported to have been originally—

"Designed for stables, and indeed there was a certain mewish appearance about its architectural elevation. It had the squat, squabby, square look of those buildings from whose upper floors clothes-lines stretch diagonally across stable-yards; and you were at first surprised at finding an imposing portico, with an imposing bell, in a position where you looked for the folding-doors of a coach-house. Whether there had been any truth in the report or not, it is certain that the owner of the property speedily saw his way to more money than he could have gained by the ignoble pursuit of stabling horses, and made alterations in his building which converted it into several sets of spacious rooms, and comfortable if not elegant chambers. The upper rooms were duly let, and speedily became famous."

And then we have a description of a certain painter who—

"Had mortgaged himself, body and soul, for three years to a Gascon picture dealer, exhibiting his works to the private inspection of newspaper writer and cognoscenti previous to their going into the Academy exhibition, in one of the rooms of the building occupied by a certain Jimmy Dab. Invitation cards, wonderfully illuminated in old English characters, and utterly illegible, were sent forth to rank, fashion, and talent, who duly attended. Crowds of gay carriages choked up the little street. Dab, in his Sunday clothes, did the
": the picture dealer, bland, smiling, and polyglot, fitted here and there; his clerk

took down orders for proof copies, and the fortune of the chambers was made. Smudge, R.A., who painted portraits of the aristocracy, who wore a velvet coat, and whose name was seen in the tail-end of the list of fashionables at coming parties, took a vacant set at once; and Clement Walkinshaw, of the Foreign Office, who passed such spare time as his country could afford him in illuminating missals, in preparing designs for stained glass, and in hanging about art circles generally, secured the remainder of the upper floor, and converted it into a Wardour Street Paradise with hanging velvet portieres, old oak cabinets, Venetian glass, marqueterie tables, Sevres china, escutcheons of armour, and Viennese porcelain pipes."

We are next introduced to the members of the Artists' Sketching Society, who hold their meetings in the lower story of the building. They are described as "the well-known Titian Sketching Club;" and we are introduced to one of the three hospitable meetings which are held on the Saturday evenings that precede the opening of the three principal London Exhibitions, when invitations are issued to as many friends as their rooms will hold. The description of the party is by no means unkindly, but the inference likely to be drawn from it by readers whose notions of artists are derived from writing of this kind, must be as false as though it were expressly designed to mislead. The company, in the midst of which you find yourself on entering the rooms of the "Titian," is described as—

"A crowd of the most extraordinary-looking beings you ever encountered. Little men with big heads and long beards, big men with bald heads and shaved cheeks and enormous moustaches and glowering spectacles; tall, thin straggling men, who seemed all profile, and whose full face you could never catch; dirty shaggy little men, with heads of hair like red mops, and no apparent faces underneath, whose eyes flashed through their elf-locks, and who were explaining their pictures with singular pantomimic power of their sinewy hands, and notably of their ever-flashing thumbs, moon-faced, solemn, didactic men, prosing away on their views of art to dreary discontented listeners; and foppish smart little fellows, standing a-tiptoe to get particular lights, shading their eyes with their hands, and backing against the company generally."

The conversation reported as current among this motley crew is made up of that exaggerated cant about art which is the worst form of "talking shop," and it is further enlivened by the entrance of two vulgar picture dealers, with whom those artists who have pictures for sale interchange the coarsest kind of chaff:—

"But of course, everybody had something new to show to the great Stompff [one of the picture-dealers], the enterprising Stompff, the liberal Stompff, whose cheques were as good as notes of the Bank of England. How they watched his progress, and how their hearts beat as he loitered before their works! . . . How they all glared with expectation as he passed their pictures in review!"

That worthy took matters very easily, strolling along with his hands in his pockets, glancing at the easels and along the walls, occasionally nodding his head in approval, or shrugging his shoulders in depreciation, but never saying a word, until he stopped opposite a well-placed figure subject painted by Geoffrey Ludlow,—a young painter who becomes the hero of the novel,—which he purchases, after a few minutes' close scrutiny, saying, "That 'll hit 'em up; that 'll open their eyelids, by Jove! Whose is it?" The great man takes his leave of the artist and the meeting at once, in the following choice language:—

"'Look here,' said he, 'a bargain's a bargain, ain't it? People say, "Your word's as good as your bond," and all that. Pickles! You drop down to my office to-morrow, Ludlow, and there'll be an agreement for you to sign—all straight and reg'lar, you know. And come and cut your mutton with me and Mrs. S. at Velasquez Villa, Nottin' 'ill, on Sunday at six. No sayin' No, because I won't hear it. We'll wet our connection in a glass of Sham. And bring Charley with you, if his dress-coat ain't up! You know Charley! Tar, tar.' And highly delighted with himself, and with the full conviction that he had rendered himself thoroughly delightful to his hearers, the great man waddled off to his brougham."

The extracts we have given are not calculated to elevate the social position of artists in the estimation of a general public already too much disposed to look upon the profession of art as being closely allied to starvation and Bohemianism. In the midst of much misrepresentation there are, however, some grains of truth,

and if we pluck these from the description given above of the building and its occupants, it is not that we think the public are really concerned with the studios or dwelling-rooms of private gentlemen, or with the hospitality of an artistic club, thus paraded before the world, but because it is important to artists themselves that they should not be represented as either unwashed and uncombed in appearance, and slangy in their conversation, or as tuft-hunting snobs and impostors, without some protest on their part against being dragged in the mud for the amusement of others, and meanwhile patted on the back as very good fellows at bottom, by writers who profess to know and understand them.

It may be as well, then, to state at once, that the building here described as having been originally designed for stables, was really planned by two well-known architects for the very purpose for which it is so well adapted. The basement story was designed for an established society or school of artists, who removed from less convenient quarters in the neighbourhood as soon as it was ready for their reception. The chambers above were built expressly for the tenants who first occupied them, and it is unnecessary to say that the fortune of the chambers was not made by any such ridiculous exhibition as that described in the passage quoted above. What the author means by the "fortune of the chambers" we do not precisely know; but he may rest assured that their value is derived from their convenience and fitness for the needs of those who inhabit them, certainly not from any notoriety attaching to them from the performances of mythical "Jimmy Dabs," nor from the patronage of vulgar picture dealers. The description of the society's meeting contains probably a few grains of truth, amid a mountain of misrepresentation. The Sketching Society is mainly recruited from the ranks of the Artists' Society, to whom the school appertains. They issue, on certain occasions, invitations to their friends, and not to the public, to meet together when they have anything to show them that will enhance the pleasure of their entertainment. Picture dealers are not excluded, but they are not the dread lions of the party. The whole description of the *dramatis personæ* is entirely exaggerated, and not particularly funny. If it were true, indeed, a menagerie would be the most fitting quarters for such a motley crew.

The same kind of misrepresentation is chargeable against the author's description of the habits and manners of artists throughout the book; it is not, indeed, the inner life that is travestied, for, as we have said, he appears to have a genial sympathy with the nature of the men whose general habits he caricatures. He leaves an impression on the minds of his readers that an artist never ceases to be a student and a Bohemian. It is as if the medical profession were gravely portrayed as an assemblage of medical students. Geoffrey Ludlow, the hero of the story, is the only tolerably well-bred man among the artists who figure in the story. William Bowker acts the part of a true friend who has known trouble himself, and has had large and varied experience of life; but, although in his younger days he had mixed with the rank and fashion of his day, he subsides in middle life into "a fat bald-headed man, with a grizzled beard, a large paunch, and flat splay feet, badly dressed, and not too clean," continually drinking beer out of a pewter pot, smoking tobacco, and talking shop. In the company of Charley Potts, an artist of great abilities, he pays a visit to his bosom friend Ludlow, who has married, and lives in a pretty villa in the neighbourhood of London, and the dress and bearing of the two gentlemen are thus described:—

"It is undeniable that the appearance of Mr. Potts and Mr. Bowker was not calculated to impress the beholder with a feeling of respect, or a sense of their position in society. Holding this to be a gala-day, Mr. Potts had extracted a bank-note from the stomach of the china sailor and expended it at the 'emporium' of an outfitter in Oxford Street, in the purchase of a striking but particularly ill-fitting suit of checked clothes—coat, waistcoat, and trousers to match. His boots, of an unyielding leather, had very thick clump soles, which emitted curious wheezings and groanings as he walked; his puce-coloured gloves were baggy at all the fingers' ends, and utterly impenetrable as regarded the thumbs. His white hat was a little on one side, and his moustaches were twisted with a ferocity which, however fascinating to the maidservants at the kitchen windows, failed to please the ruralizing cits and citizenesses, who were accustomed to regard a white hat as the distinctive badge of card-sharppers, and a moustache as the outward and visible sign of

swindling. Mr. Bowker had made little difference in his ordinary attire. He wore a loose shapeless brown garment, which was more like a cloth dressing-gown than a paletot; a black waistcoat frayed at the pockets from constant contact with his pipe-stem, and so much too short that the ends of his white cotton braces were in full view; also a pair of grey trousers of the cut which had been in fashion when their owner had been in fashion, made very full over the boot, and having broad leather straps. Mr. Bowker also wore a soft black wide-awake hat, and perfumed the fragrant air with strong Cavendish tobacco, fragments of which decorated his beard. The two created a sensation as they strode up the quiet High Street; and when they rang at Eton Lodge, Geoffrey's pretty servant-maid was ready to drop between admiration at Mr. Potts's appearance, and a sudden apprehension that Mr. Bowker had come after the plate."

This description may be amusing, but by a large majority of readers it will probably be received as a true statement of fact by an author who knows the habits of the men he is writing about, and who will readily believe that two distinguished artists could present themselves in this ridiculous fashion, utterly unconscious of its impropriety, at the dinner table of their more polished friend, and in the drawing-room of his newly-married wife.

If this book had stood alone as a travesty of the profession, it might have been passed over, or received as an entertaining, though highly exaggerated description of certain phases of artist life. The youth of every profession is unlike its middle life, and this, again, differs from its age. Art students are apt to be picturesque in their costume, and fond of beer and tobacco, and to indulge in a great deal of professional slang. Medical students are still more distinguished by their proneness to the two latter accomplishments, while it is possible that they lead less pure lives; but, after all, they grow into gentlemen of good repute, having cast off the slough of their youthful follies, and fitted themselves to mix upon even terms with the best of their contemporaries of both sexes. Those authors who have introduced into their novels the character of an artist, invariably, so far as we can remember, represent him as being either very simple or very underbred, and we do not blame the author of the present book so much for following the fashion that has hitherto prevailed, as for having introduced into his novel a thinly veiled description of a private society, which, if literally true, would justify that false estimate of the profession which too generally prevails. This estimate is derived, not from the biographies of men like Reynolds, Lawrence, Constable, Leslie, Lyce, Eastlake, and others, who are truly representative men, but from the writings of popular novelists. Thackeray's caricatures of Andrea Fitch, and of Mr. Gandish, of Clive Newcome, a gentleman and a bad artist, and J. J. Ridley, the son of a domestic servant and a good one, very inadequately represent the profession from which they are drawn. No great influence, probably, has been more ill-used than that of Thackeray in this special instance of his literary depreciation of a whole profession; and yet no man had greater sympathy with their work, or better opportunities of informing himself of their habits and acquirements. "It is more easy to be deep than to be fair," and he has preferred to describe bad painters, or weak and vain men, and in so doing he has cast discredit upon the whole profession, hardly even noting by the way all that he knew to be noble and gracious in its ranks.

The greater part of all that has been written about artists is indeed wonderfully unlike them. Like the youth of other professions, they are, in their student days, unsettled in their views, enthusiastic, intolerant, and clannish. As students they are also, for the most part, somewhat careless of appearances, and, generally speaking, poor. In time they become as orderly, methodical, and continuously industrious as other men. They are as fond of making money, and as capable of managing their affairs, as ordinary mortals usually are. If the dealer comes between the artist and his clients he can make but little, at all events on the side of the artist, who knows the market value of his work to a shilling, and is seldom inclined to budge from his price. It is the purchaser, not the artist, who has made the dealer. He might buy his pictures from the painter's easel for less money than he will have to give to the dealer; but in his transaction with the latter he is bound by no law of etiquette or feeling of delicacy, and if he does not like the picture he has ordered, he can decline it, and have another in its stead. The artist, on his side, prefers to transact his business through the dealer, because his picture is at once and forever taken off

his hands, and no suggestions or requests are made for alterations which involve the expenditure of further time upon the work. The influence of dealers is, however, too great, and in some respects demoralizing to the interests both of artist and the public. The trade of art is in their hands, and if fairly transacted it is as well that it should be so. At present their influence is, as we have said, too great to be a wholesome one: but to represent a society of artists as trembling with expectation and anxiety before a rich and vulgar dealer, is simply to offer an insult to the profession, and a gross caricature to the public.

In conclusion, we have only to say that artists being accustomed to express their thoughts in language of their own, the recognised language of painting, they are often less able to express their ideas in ordinary conversation than other men. With a very large acquaintance among the profession, however, the present writer has never met the prototypes of Mr. Gandish or of Mr. Fitch, the historical painters who drop their h's, or of Geoffrey Ludlow, who first marries a woman off a doorstep, and subsequently an aristocratic heiress, or even of Mr. William Bowker, with the feelings of a gentleman and the taste for pot-houses; nor can he remember to have been in the company of such an array of distinguished artists as are described in the opening chapter of "*Land at Last*," even on one of the noisiest evenings of the so-called "Titians."

The Return of the Guards, and other Poems. By SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE.
London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE has told us in a very simple, manly, and well-written preface, the motives which induced him to venture upon what he calls "the rash act on the part of a gentleman of fifty-six" of publishing, or rather republishing, a volume of poems chiefly juvenile. He is a candidate for the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, on the approaching vacancy which will be caused by Mr. Arnold's resignation. This fact has been certainly so far useful to him, that it has at once secured a good deal of attention to his Poems; and as they are, to say the very least, the productions of a thoughtful and highly-cultivated mind, written with simplicity and grace, without a particle of affectation, and often with force and spirit, the criticism which they have called forth has been always of a kindly and friendly character, such as may remind him that Cicero's words, "*nec languescens succumbebat senectuti*," were applied to Cato, when he had passed by some twenty years or more "the fatal age of fifty." Or, if Cato is not the most encouraging example to a poet, he may remember that Cowper hardly wrote a verse till he was fifty-three or fifty-four, that Dryden's last poem is perhaps his most famous, that Goethe was still a great poet at seventy, and that our best living poets have certainly not lost their fire when they are no longer young.

At the same time, while it is impossible not to like these poems, and to derive from them a friendly feeling for their writer, they are hardly so great as the marks of power which they exhibit might have justified us in expecting. We have been rather puzzled where to place them. They are too sincere and thoughtful to be called mere *vers de société*, and without possessing either the exuberant flow of fancy, or the fatal facility of diction, which was the gift and snare of Præd, they mark a man of far stronger metal, both of thought and language. They remind us, perhaps, more of Mr. Henry Taylor's occasional pieces, than of any other writings; and we catch ourselves often asking the question—which we should ask far more reproachfully of Mr. Taylor—why has a man, who was capable of so much, cared to write so little? Sir Francis Doyle can perhaps answer the question better than we can. It seems to us, speaking as mere outsiders, that he has had ample opportunities. He is not one of the poets, as Wordsworth calls them, "by nature born, but lacking the accomplishment of verse;" he had, no doubt, the encouragement of one whom he addresses as "dear Gladstone," and who is quite as capable of appreciating poetical as any other kind of excellence; and he had, lastly, the large leisure of an All Souls' Fellowship, the very object of which was to give the final grace of high cultivation to the "*benè nati, benè vestiti*," and (Sir Francis was certainly more) "*mediocriter docti*." But we remember some expression of Burke's, that "he was not dandled into greatness," which is even more applicable to poetry than it is

to politics; a certain amount of struggle is wanted to create the very temperament of the "genus irritabile;" and though, by some odd perversity, poets have been too often hankering after patrons, Schiller was quite right when he congratulated himself that "by no kind Mæcæus reared, to no Medici endeared, German Art arose." We hope Sir Francis will pardon us for thinking that if he had been a Bible clerk at Pembroke instead of a Fellow of All Souls', a touch or two of the spur of necessity, to take one of his favourite images, would not only have made the Yorkshire horse a more sure winner of the Oxford St. Leger, but would have given him a more "terrible pace" and "a broader stride" in the field of poetry. As it is, he speaks very modestly of his own fugitive pieces, and, regarded as such, they deserve a high place for their promise, and we hope will be an earnest of still greater performances.

The subject of the principal poem of the volume is taken from the remarkable myth with which Plato finishes the "Republic," the "Vision of Er the Pamphylian." The idea is a good and original one, for several of Plato's myths are susceptible of a poetical treatment, at once from their intrinsic beauty, and from the anticipations which lie hid in them of far higher Christian truths. As Keble expresses it, they were the thoughts which, "through many a dreary age, upbore whate'er of good or wise still lived in bard and sage." The myth, in this instance, is a double one, and deals with two distinct subjects, which throws an indistinctness over it, from which the poem has not entirely escaped. The first part is neither more nor less than a description of purgatory, almost such as Dante himself might have written. Er, the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian hero, killed in battle, is taken down to the abode of the departed. He sees spirits coming into a beautiful meadow (here again Plato curiously resembles Dante) from all directions, some from heaven, some "with a travel-worn look" from earth. The earthly spirits are fresh from "their subterranean journey, which they said had lasted 1,000 years." In Sir Francis's paraphrase:—

"But the forgiven ones, with shuddering awe,
Recount their travels through hell's angry deep;
A hundred dreary years, for such the law,
Through trackless thorns and seething fire they creep;
Then that each crime may tenfold penance meet,
Ten times that dismal circuit they repeat."

Such is the Platonic "Purgatorio" of the soul passing from the earth. But the most curious part of the myth is that which formed indeed a greater feature in the teaching of the later Platonists than in Plato himself (it is one of the points for which St. Jerome attacks Origen)—the idea that souls once in heaven choose again an earthly destiny for themselves, and are happy or miserable according as they have chosen "through true philosophy" or not. This thought is worked out, not only with great beauty, but with great humour, by Plato, and Sir Francis Doyle would have done wisely, we think, to have imparted some of the true Socratic touches, such as where Orpheus chooses the life of a swan, because, having been slain by women, he detested them too much to be born of a woman—or where Atalanta becomes an athlete—or, again, the fine poetical description of Ulysses "going about for a long time looking for some quiet nook in life, remembering his long sufferings." The following verses, however, describe the general scene extremely well. The "maiden Lachesis" addresses the spirits:—

"Ye short-lived souls, once more the years return,
Once more for you the dreams of earth begin,
And a new race beneath the sun shall learn
How man is born to sorrow and to sin;
And yet this hour is yours; if used aright,
Your joys may yet be pure, your burdens light.
On rush the spirits, in their ranks to share
Those myriad fortunes, hiding all the plain,
Princedom or serfship, happy love, despair,
With easy form of glory or of gain;
Tempted by power, the first in stooping down,
Forget the ills that wait upon a crown."

"Those who had died in youth, an eager throng,
Snatched at tumultuous pleasure, mixed with pain ;
The old made wise thro' suffering, pondered long,
And paused, and feared to be deceived again ;
Whilst some, of wild excitement weary, chose
Inglorious ease at once, and long repose."

Much of this is expressed in pure and powerful language, a good deal in the tone, and perhaps from the inspiration, of the first poem in our language on anything like a similar subject, Wordsworth's "Laodamia." The subject, in fact, of the immediate state of the soul after death is one which, if treated by a Protestant, is perhaps most easily treated under a veil of Pagan associations. "In that dread circle" Roman Catholics can walk more familiarly, whether wisely or not, than we can. Its visions inspired the incomparable beauties of the "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso," but to us the whole subject is rather one where, to use Johnson's well-known saying, "man trembling in the presence of his Judge does not think of metaphors." "No torch is kindled at that flame—a funeral pile." But, as we have touched on this subject, we may add that few will not be struck with the vividness and depth of the last great English poem on Purgatory, Dr. Newman's "Dream of Gerontius."

Some of the other classical poems deserve a respectful notice, such as that on the old age of Sophocles, the paraphrase of the Second Olympiad of Pindar, and the two entitled the Epicurean and the Platonist. The idea of the first is again taken from the well-known passage in the "Republic," and though it hardly equals a striking sonnet of Mr. Arnold's on Sophocles, it is a good expression of the calm and thoughtful wisdom which has made Sophocles one of the most truly philosophical of poets :—

"Upon the setting sun he gazed, whose light,
An emblem of himself, before him lay,
Poised in mild beauty on the edge of night :
The dreams that dazzled morning with delight,
The splendours of hot noon had passed away,
And Repose came before the tomb, a sight
Serenely sacred in its calm decay ;
For as life faded underneath the sway
Of an immortal Spirit, evermore
Brighter and keener, like a kindling star
Dilating inwardly, the frantic jar
Of struggling lusts, and passions deemed before
Resistless, now become submiss and still,
No more enchaining the distorted will."

"The Platonist" and "The Epicurean" have also both of them well expressed the spirit of their respective teaching, in a tone which again reminds us of Wordsworth. We can only extract some graceful lines of the latter :—

"Oh ! that mankind, alive to truth,
Would cease a hopeless war to wage ;
Would reap in youth the joys of youth,
In age the peacefulness of age.
"Pluck then the flowers which line the stream,
Instead of fighting with its power ;
But pluck as flowers, not gems, nor deem
That they will bloom beyond their hour.
"Whate'er betides, from day to day,
An even pulse and spirit keep ;
And, like a child worn out with play,
When wearied with existence, sleep."

Last, and certainly not least, we have reserved for quotation the most spirited and characteristic poem in the volume, the "Doncaster St. Leger." It is a thoroughly good Pindaric, describing to the life, as the author observes, "the acquaintance of every peasant on the ground with the pedigrees, performances, and characters of the horses engaged, his genuine interest in the result, and the

mixture of hatred and contempt which he used to feel for the Newmarket favourites, who came down to carry off the great national prize." If Sir Francis is elected to the Oxford Chair, he would certainly become the favourite professor of the undergraduates if he would describe the Putney boat-race in the same style. We wish we could give the whole poem—the muster of the "hardy yeomen from the Craven Hills,"—the legends of the old men "recalling Beveler in his pride, or Blacklock of the mighty stride"—the peal of the bell,—the gathering of the horses,—the start,—"they're off, by heaven, like a single horse, though twenty-seven." The Yorkshire jacket on the black mare is in the van—but the Newmarket horse is steadily biding his time. The conclusion is first-rate:—

"Care sits on every lip and brow.
Who leads? who fails? how goes it now?
Look to yon town! already there
Gleams the pink and white of the fiery mare;
And thro' that which was but now a gap,
Creeps on the terrible white cap . . .
. . . Then momentarily, like gusts, you heard,
He's sixth! he's fifth! he's fourth! he's third!
And on like some glancing meteor-flame,
The stride of the Derby winner came.
Thus through the reeling field he flew,
And near, and yet more near, he drew.
Each leap seems nearer than the last,
Now, now the *second* horse is past;
And the keen rider of the mare,
With haggard looks and feverish care,
Hangs forward on the speechless air,
By steady stillness nursing in
The remnant of her speed to win.
One other bound—one more—'tis done!
Right up to her the horse has run,
And head to head, and stride for stride,
Newmarket's hope and Yorkshire's pride,
Like horses harnessed side by side,
Are struggling to the goal.
Ride! gallant son of Ebor, ride!
For the dear honours of the North
Stretch every bursting sinew forth,
Put out thy inmost soul,—
And with knee and thigh, and lightened rein,
Lift in the mare by might and main;
The feelings of the people reach
What lies beyond the springs of speech;
So that there rises up no sound
From the wide human lip around;
One spirit flashes from each eye,
One impulse lifts each heart throat-high,
One short and panting silence broods
O'er the worldly working multitudes. . . .
. . . But mark what an arrowy rush is there,
'He's beat! he's beat, by heaven!' The mare,
Just on the post, her spirit rare,
When hope herself might well despair,
When time had not a breath to spare,
With bird-like dash shoots clean away,
And by half a length has gained the day.
Then, how to life that silence wakes!
Ten thousand hats thrown up on high,
Send darkness to the echoing sky;
And like the crash of hell-pent lakes,
Outbursting from the deepest fountains
Among the rent and reeling mountains,
At once from thirty thousand throats
Rushes the Yorkshire roar;
And the name of their northern winner floats
A league from the course, and more."

“In the midst of all the fun there is true poetry here—like some burst of a Chorus in a comedy of Aristophanes; and though there are many other poems of great merit, none in the volume has the thorough and sustained “go” of the *St. Leger*. “The Spanish Mother,” “Lady Agnes,” “The Private of the Buffs,” “The Loss of the Birkenhead,” all, however, preserve the character of simple and often nervous language, with an entire want of either effort or affectation, which we have already assigned to the volume: and there is often a great felicity in single phrases or stanzas, such, for instance, as that which describes the French soldiers’ feeling for Napoleon:—

“ ‘Twas then a splendid sight to see, though terrible, I ween,
How his vast spirit filled and moved the wheels of the machine.
Wide sounding leagues of sentient steel, and fire that lived to kill,
Were but the echo of his voice, the body of his will.”

We have said, however, enough to show that many of these poems deserve far more than a cursory perusal, and perhaps to indicate that Oxford will certainly do herself no discredit if she chooses this author for her Professor of Poetry. We have frankly acknowledged, at the outset of these remarks, that we feel the want of a little more back-bone—of one or two great poems which might give strength and substance to a very diversified collection of minor ones. Without some production which demands a real effort, and gives evidence of sustained ability, small collections of poems, such as some of Mr. H. Taylor’s volumes, will always smack of *dilettanteism*. Let Sir Francis Doyle gather up his strength, and resolve, if he becomes Professor of Poetry, to do something worthy of his ability, either as a poet or a critic. The field of criticism upon great modern poetry—for example, either upon Dante or upon our own poets of the seventeenth century—is almost utterly untrodden in England. In this, as in almost all literary matters, the present English generation is infinitely behind both France and Germany. We have had next to nothing since Hazlitt and Coleridge; for though Mr. Arnold has done his work as Professor admirably well, he has not given us much of poetic criticism; and Sir Francis’s really capital style will be as valuable in criticism as in poetry. It is, indeed, a fact not enough noticed, that a good poetical style almost always implies a good prose style. So it was with Dryden, Milton, Byron, Cowper, Walter Scott, Coleridge. In this respect, to have written a volume of really good poems is no slight evidence that a man will make a powerful critic. And if Sir Francis Doyle is elected, we shall be disappointed if he does not worthily answer to the new call upon his powers, and show us that he is able not merely to create expectations, but to satisfy them.

The Masque at Ludlow, and other Romanesques. By the Author of “Mary Powell.” London: Sampson Low & Co.

WE have no right to pronounce a vein exhausted, when it still turns out such ore as this; for the present little work is one of the most delightful which the authoress of “Mary Powell” has produced. Her power of realising and living in the past is indeed enviable. We have here the preparations and arrangements of the Masque of “Comus;” the sojourn of Edmund Spenser in the “salvage” north, with various tender incidents suggestive of, and reappearing in, the “Faerie Queene;” and the sad experience and history of the fair daughter of the great astronomer—Maria Galileo.

It is not too much to say that each of these is made real to the reader with exquisite pathos and life. It is hard to decide, supposing the three had been sent in for a prize, to which it ought to have been adjudged. We think the tenderness and beauty shown in the idea of Galileo’s daughter struck to the heart with the disgrace of her father’s recantation, would plead hard for the last “romanesque” in the book being preferred. But then the woodland sportiveness of the Spenserian fiction would disturb the bias; and by the time the question between these two was settled, the “many-minded” insight into characters shown in the “Comus” correspondence would bespeak for its writer the highest place among the three.

... Such works of imagination may rank as trifles in literature; but after all,

what is history itself but a more elaborate attempt in the same direction? and to whom do we adjudge the prize in history, but to him who enters most completely into the spirit of the thought and action of the time? Every descriptive sentence in Gibbon, or in Froude, is but an act of the imagination, clothing the bare ribs of fact with the flesh and blood of skilful fiction. We are just as much in the hands of a professed historian in the matter of details, as we are in the hands of the authoress of "Mary Powell."

And, besides the several contributions which these works make to the study of contemporary history, there is a special and by no means contemptible service, which they may render under circumstances frequently occurring. The cultivated historical mind may be disabled from work and laid aside by bodily sickness, or by age, and then the delight found in such works as this is truly refreshing. And it is a touching feature in this case that such minds are ministered to by one of themselves: "*haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*"

An English Primer. Compiled under the Superintendence of EDWARD C. LOWE, D.D., Head Master of St. John's School, Hurstpierpoint. Brighton: Wake-ling; London: Parker. 1866.

THIS is an exceedingly well arranged and executed little manual of English school-work, under the various heads of Religious Instruction, Arithmetic, History and Geography, the Mother Tongue. Its explanations are sensible and intelligible, and given with a vigour and life which is likely to make them liked and remembered by boys. In the last portion of the book, Dr. Lowe has availed himself of the most recent contributions to the subject, and acknowledges his obligations to Archbishop Trench's "English Past and Present," Dean Alford's "Queen's English," and Higginson's "English Grammar." It is quite refreshing to meet with such a sentence as this in a manual for school use:—"A boy should not write a holiday letter and say that he 'experiences extreme gratification in informing his mamma, by his preceptor's desire, that the vacation at his seminary will commence,' &c. &c.; but 'he will let his mother know that he is very glad to say that his master begs him to tell her that the holidays at his school begin,' &c." (p. 138). What will the "flunkey's English" school say to such a violation of good manners as this?

There is one point in this little book to which we are sorry to have to take exception. The chapter on Religious Instruction, while it contains all that is indispensable, and adds to it much that is really good, also includes some things that would much better have been pretermitted. The formal arrangement of the Lord's Prayer, into *a.* The Petition, *b.* The Gift of the Spirit prayed for, *c.* The Virtue needed, *d.* The Deadly Sin prayed against, seems to us artificial, and therefore worse than useless. For the sake of introducing the seven so-called deadly sins, the most forced and unnatural assertions are made. Who, *e.g.*, would suspect that in the petition "Thy kingdom come," the deadly sin prayed against is "*Covetousness*," or that in "Thy will be done," it is "*Lust or Luxury*?" All such unrealities (and they extend through the whole classification) tend to bring about that morbid devotion to formalism which is the very canker of our religious youth of both sexes. Again, we have much that is fanciful in the matter taught: *e.g.*, on p. 21:—"The Four Evangelists, and their Symbols or Signs; S. Matthew, a winged man; S. Mark, a winged lion; S. Luke, a winged ox; S. John, an eagle." What is this, conventional as it all is, but mere imagination? It has not even the consent of the ancient Church, who interpreted these cherubic symbols very variously, even when they applied them to the Evangelists. And now we come to even worse, when we find among the "*Principal Church seasons*," "S. David's Day, Patron of Wales," "S. Patrick's Day, Patron of Ireland," "S. George's Day, Patron of England" (by-the-by, why is St. Andrew, "Patron" of Scotland, omitted?).

We meet with, as was to be expected, fanciful and fictitious rules of duty stated (than which few things are more pernicious) in the most peremptory manner—*e.g.*, in treating of *Tithes*:—"This payment, charged by law upon landed property has nothing to do with the claim upon every Christian's conscience to give one-tenth of his income to the direct glory of God." Where, we may ask, is this claim asserted in Holy Scripture? Is it possible that this wild and rash binding of the consciences of the young occurs in a manual of that Church

which announces that "whatever is not read in Holy Scripture, or may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be thought requisite or necessary to salvation?"

Then we have enumerated "The seven corporal works of mercy," "The seven spiritual works of mercy," &c. &c., catalogues unknown to God's word and to the Reformed Churches, and tending surely to no good end but to disturb the conscience with vain classifications, while the one prompting spirit of love should reign and act supreme.

We are grieved that this "dead fly" of Romanizing nonsense should taint a book otherwise so very good, and should constrain us to warn schoolmasters who would keep their pupils sound in faith and practice from admitting it among their class-books. We live in a time when any, even the least, tendency to the wide-spreading defection into formalism ought to be instantly and firmly resisted.

Letters from Florence on the Religious Reform Movements in Italy. By WILLIAM TALMADGE, B.A. Oxon. London: Rivingtons. 1866.

THE readers of the *Guardian* newspaper are already in possession of the greater part of the contents of these letters. But we have every reason to be thankful to Mr. Talmadge for having reprinted them in one volume. We need hardly inform our readers that the author's views on the important subject of which he treats are adverse to the introduction into Italy of any foreign Church, either as such, or as adapted more or less to the wants and habits of the Italian mind. He believes, and in this we thoroughly agree with him, that all hope of healthy and lasting reform is bound up with the amelioration of the existing national Church; and that any individual, or congregation, or set of congregations, at present compelled to separate from that Church, ought to hold aloof, with an organisation purely provisional, waiting for the day when a reformed national Church shall be possible. That this is the only path to safe amendment, must be plain to all who are sound in the faith, and sober in judgment; avoiding, as it does, the immense peril of relapse into infidelity after the forced credences of Romanism. The whole of Mr. Talmadge's book is full of interest, and needs only to be read in order to furnish quite sufficient reason why the Anglo-Continental Society, and its judicious proceedings in helping forward Catholic reform, are objects of such unconcealed detestation to the organs of the Ritualistic party in our own country.

Geschichte der protestantischen Theologie, besonders in Deutschland, u.s.w. Von Dr. J. A. DORNER. Herausgegeben durch die historische Commission bei der knigl. Academie der Wissenschaften. Mnchen: J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung.

[*History of Protestant Theology, especially in Germany, &c., &c.* By Dr. J. A. DORNER. Published by the Historical Commission of the Royal (Bavarian) Academy of Sciences. Munich: J. G. Cotta.]

THIS valuable work of Professor Dorner's forms one of a series, to be called "The History of the Sciences in Germany," and embracing among its authors some of the first men in all portions of the country. Our readers are already familiar with one chapter of this volume,* furnished to us previous to its publication by the author. Referring them to that as a specimen of the entire work, we may say that its scope extends from the mediæval dawnings of the Reformation in Europe to the very latest notices of the present condition of the Protestant Churches. A better service to Church History amongst ourselves could hardly be imagined than the working up of such a book into an English form. We use this expression advisedly, because the mere translation of German works into English seems to us in general unsuccessful and unprofitable. The whole construction and phases of thought want translating, not the words only. The able translator of the chapter on Luther's theology, in our number of December, 1866, has given us an example of what a mere version can do; but even then we seem to need, for the book to lay hold on English readers, a more complete "upsetting" into our vernacular arrangements of words and habits of thought.

* See vol. iii. page 571.

Micah the Priest-maker. A Handbook on Ritualism. By T. BINNEY. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

MR. BINNEY has in this work taken occasion by the history of Micah, in Judges xviii, xviii, to set forth his views on the ritualistic movement in the English Church. We are bound to acknowledge that very much in his little volume has our cordial assent. When he attacks the ritualists in detail, he has truth, justice, and fair-dealing on his side. A set of men who in the main defend their practices by contemptible quibbles and unfair interpretations, lie open to attack from every honest man, of whatever creed or opinion. But when Mr. Binney advances his attack, and argues for the legitimate deduction of some ultra-ritualistic tendency from the existing formularies of the Prayer-book, we are compelled to differ from him *in toto*. A short notice of this kind is not the place in which to justify our divergence from his conclusion; and it may be well believed that our readers have for the present been somewhat overdosed with longer articles on Ritualism.

Still, in the present altered aspect of the position of parties—altered, we mean, since the apparent unanimity of the Bishops in their resolutions against ultra-ritualism, and the virtual rejection of those resolutions by the Clergy—we may, ere long, feel it requisite to point out the character, and anticipate the tendency, of the late proceedings in Convocation. We quote the concluding paragraph of Mr. Binney's book, both that he may stand fairly before our readers, and because we think it, even while we differ from it, a valuable testimony to that side whose views it expresses:—

"In expressing my own opinion as to whether the baptismal formularies of the Church afford any basis for the Ritualistic doctrine, it is natural, from the peculiarity of the case, to feel some embarrassment. On the one side, there is a shrinking from the apparent presumption of differing in opinion from eminent lawyers; and, on the other, a reluctance to express what may seem to involve a charge against the judgment or the integrity of many good men. Referring, however, to the principles laid down at the commencement of this inquiry, and resolutely and conscientiously adhering to them, I think I am warranted, without offence, to give my personal verdict in this way:—I may not be able to attach that meaning to the Prayer-book which the Low Churchman does; but God forbid that I should therefore charge him with moral dishonesty, or even with obtuseness of intellect. The fault may be on my side. Educational prejudice, or narrow denominational habits of thought, may incapacitate me for seeing what would stand out in bold outline, if my inward eye were purged and cleared. Speaking, however, according to my light, and with every wish to be at once charitable and impartial, I must confess that my conviction is, that the Ritualistic, or High Church, doctrine, in respect to baptism, is that which is contained in the first formularies of the Church. Influencing and modifying all that follow, it pervades and colours the whole superstructure that rests upon it. The Ritualists may be 'exceedingly mad,' as I think they are, in their zeal for 'vestments and lights, banners and incense;' next to idolatrous, as I think they are, in their adorations at 'the Holy Sacrifice;' a peril and a pest, as I think they are, by their use of 'the confessional;'—but, that they have the Prayer-book on their side as to their doctrine of baptism, is, I think, true—the Court of Appeal, with its Gorham judgment, notwithstanding. The consequence is, that they will always have a valid justification for that which initiates their sacramental system, and for much that grows out of it, though, in their hands, it may be often, and in many ways, abused and exaggerated."

A Charge delivered on the Banks of the River Niger in West Africa, 1866. By the Right Rev. SAMUEL ADJAI CROWTHER, D.D. Oxon, Native Missionary Bishop. London: Seeleys, 1867.

THIS Charge comes to us under other circumstances, and with fresher interest, than most of its fellows. And we are not disappointed, on the whole, with its contents. Bishop Crowther recounts, in a simple and earnest manner, and with considerable acuteness and good sense, the hopes and disappointments of African mission work; dwelling among the latter chiefly on the hindrance offered to conversion by polygamy in the case of the males, and by addiction to superstitious observances and charms among the females.

It were, of course, a matter not to be by itself mentioned as a blemish in this Charge, that the English is not without fault: rather should we look on it as an interesting token that the "Native Missionary Bishop" remains loyal to the

modes of thought and idioms of his fathers. But we cannot view with the same forbearance the patent examples, which are to be found in the Charge, of imperfect acquaintance with those Scriptures of which Bishop Crowther's Oxford degree, however honorary, yet presumes him to be a teacher. Thus we have, in p. 23, "So *St. Peter* took advantage [*Anglicô*, took occasion] to refer the Cretans to the saying of one of them, who said, 'The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies.'"

A History of Ancient Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy. By CHARLES J. HEMANS. London: Williams and Norgate; Florence: Goodbau; Rome: Piale.

THE readers of this Journal have already had a specimen of Mr. Hemans's work, in the article on the Church in the Catacombs, inserted in our October number of last year. And they will not be surprised at our cordially recommending the volume as an interesting manual of the whole class of subjects indicated. The other chapters are—The Primitive Pontiffs,—The First Christian Emperor,—Christian Rome in the Fourth Century,—The Fall of the Empire,—The Church in the Fifth Century,—Epoch of the Gothic and Greek Wars,—Origin of the Monastic Orders,—St. Gregory the Great,—The Monuments of Ravenna,—The Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Centuries,—Retrospect of the Roman Catacombs. It may be judged from this enumeration how varied, and complete in its kind, is the information which Mr. Hemans accumulates. His stand-point is peculiar, as might be expected from the circumstances of his personal history; but this only fits him the better for the office which he here discharges. His loving veneration for Catholic symbols and usages enables him to enter *con amore* into the elucidation of early Christian art: while his return to the pure faith of the Reformation secures for him a position of wider view, and a power of broader criticism, than are the lot of those whose hands, while they write of these matters, are fettered by the bondage of modern Romanistic doctrine.

To English travellers in Italy we can safely recommend this portable volume as one of the very best of companions, both in and beyond the Eternal City.

A Woman Sold, and Other Poems. By AUGUSTA WEBSTER. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co., 1867.

AN able writer's second book is rarely as good as the first. But the third is generally better than either; and the reason of this is not far to seek. The second book follows on the success of the first: the third, on the failure of the second. Thus the former is the fruit of self-satisfaction: the latter, of mortification. The effort which produced the first work was lulled into indolence, and laboured but slackly at the second: whereas the genuine power within was stung into life by the reproach thus earned, and the third work reaped the benefit of the renewed vigour and the wholesome chastening. The two former members of this sequence have found their example in Mrs. Webster; and we hope the third will also be exemplified in due season. There can be no doubt that this volume is inferior to the former one, noticed in our December number for 1866. Nearly half the book is occupied by shorter poems, in which we confess ourselves unable to take much interest. They seem to us to exemplify another common fault of a writer who has been once praised—that of publishing, under the idea of "the dust of his writings being gold," pieces rejected before, when he was on his trial and all was uncertain. Many of these smaller poems are simply mawkish repetitions, over and over again, of the complaints of thwarted lovers.

The opening poem, as usual, is that which gives name to the volume. Its story is not an uncommon one. The *poor* man's betrothed sold to the *rich* man; too weak to stand by her own promise of faithfulness, and even by its renewal after the bargain; the wedded life of faithful duty in cold esteem; the awakening, after the husband's death, of the old love, but only to find its object betrothed to her dearest friend:—we suppose these are things often described, and not seldom actually occurring. Mrs. Webster has worked up the incidents, as she could hardly help doing, in vigorous and introspective verse. Perhaps,

from our former experience, we had unreasonably expected more epigrammatic power; more lines which pass in through the eye and leave an indelible mark on the memory. Some such, indeed, are not wanting: e.g.—

“ Ah me! wrong never dies.
You lay it underground, you tread your path
Smoothly above it, then you build new hopes,
New duties, new delights, upon its grave—
It stirs and breaks up all.”

And this:—

“ Ah! now I understand
That you are sad beyond the help of tears.
Poor heart, how shall I soothe you? Ah! you tore
The blossom of its hope with your own hand, —
And then you hunger in a barren day
Because it bears no fruit. Dear sorrower,
What can I say? Take courage. Not a life
So lonely in this world but somewhere grows
A blessing for it out of other lives,
And warmth out of their fire-light. Not a soul
So lonely under heaven but it may reach
The hand of God, and lift itself from pain.
Take courage, dear.”

The other longer poems are—1. A series, headed “A.D. 33,” and comprising, “Bartimæus,” “Judas,” “Pilate,” “The Walk to Emmaus.” Of these, unquestionably the best are “Judas” and “Pilate;” and of these two, the latter. We give an extract from each, that our readers may judge of Mrs. Webster’s idea of the remorse of Judas, and the after-thought of Pilate:—

“ And then His grave sad look!
He saw too far into men’s hearts. What man
Can live with one who knows him at his worst?
It makes him have no rest. I could not bear
Their scorn, His knowing. I would show them all
I had some power—aye and I had a purse
Besides their bag to draw from. In my haste
I went—and afterwards it seemed too late.
I know not how, the priests can argue well,
If they pay small. And the time was short;
I never seemed to have the space to think,
Till I awoke, and *knew*.
The time was short.
He saw too far into men’s hearts: he knew
The purpose dizzying mine. Aye, there was need
To hasten its fulfilment. Could I wait
And nurse it while he watched me? ‘What thou doest
Do quickly.’ And I did not dare to ask
A meaning for it. He knew me. And I fled
Out from his presence. What had it served then
To lag and waver, and perchance repent?
He knew me.

Jesus is dead, is dead! Go to,
The very devils, sure, must mourn for that;
For I mourn. Jesus is dead, who looked on me
As if he loved me though he knew me. ‘Dead!’
I never thought they’d kill him. Dead, I say.”

“ *Pilate*. Foolishness! foolishness! Fye, you weary me.
You are so small, you women, cannot peep
Over the fence next to you; so self-willed,
You’ll not trust other’s eyes who see a world
Stretched out beyond it. ‘Dearest,’ says the man,
‘I see some certain hills and valleys there;
I’ll draw them in my picture of the world.’
‘Not so,’ the woman says, ‘there’s nothing more
Than this green yard we stand in. Map it out
And that’s the world.’ And so she’ll make her rounds
Run straight to little points within the hedge,

And never thinks there may be curves to take
To reach great points outside.

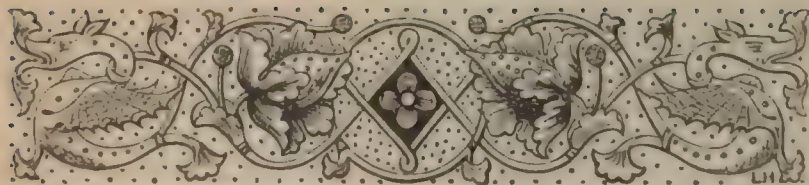
Procla. And does that mean
A woman thinks a judge is to be just,
And a man thinks a judge is to resolve
What policy were spoiled if he were just?

Pilate. It means a man, a ruler as I am,
Must look beyond the moment, must allay
Justice with prudence. Innocence is much
To save a man, but is not everything
Where a whole province is at stake for Rome.
How many lives think you had cost this life
Refused to these hot zealots? In one word
Sum up the answer—war. You tender soul
Who weep so for this one man dead, what tears,
What cataracts of tears would wear the sight
Out of your frightened eyes if I had been,
What by the Gods I longed to be, mere just,
Had, starving them of their sweet blood-draught, roused
The wild dog lurking in each several man
Of your dear Jews, these stubborn sullen Jews
Who are ready any moment to spring up
And flesh their teeth in Roman throats? Aye, think—
Bloody rebellion loosed; the ready cry
'Insult to Moses' law' howled through the land,
Maddening these tiger tribes; the Roman away
Tottering and rent as by an earthquake's throes;
Our Romans hacked and maimed and trampled, snared
In ambushes and onslaughts in the dark.
And then the vengeance! these your hero Jews,
Whose myths and hymns so take you, trodden out
Like reptiles underneath the heel; not one,
But hundreds, crucified; rapine and fire
And slaying everywhere. Then, bye and bye,
The province settled in an angry peace,
Half our Jews dead, the other half grown dumb
For utter fear, and Rome supreme again,
Cæsar bethinks him whence the mischief came:
'Our procurator—What! to save one man
Who preached, he thought, a fine philosophy
He put a slight upon the famous law
He was bidden touch so gingerly, and set
The land in that fierce uproar! Call him home
And let him answer it.' You'd blame me then
In sadder fashion, Procla."

2. In the long poem entitled "The Fairies' Chatter" there is much that is very beautiful. The fairies, neglected in these latter days, move about through the old hall at night, visiting the various sleepers, and end with a weird story of how a former lord of the house wooed and won a fairy for his bride, who changed her elfish life for human love and human sorrow. Even as the tale comes to its crisis, the sleepers stir, and the fairies are gone.

3. But the poem of the book is yet to come. "Lota" is a tale full of sorrow, but ending in joy; and also ends with Mrs. Webster's very best matter. It almost redeems the patchwork which bridges over the middle space of the volume.

We shall look earnestly for Mrs. Webster's third book. Might it not be some longer and more elaborated poem, varying the depth and pathos of "Lota" with the play and airiness of "The Fairies' Chatter"? She has planted her foot on a round of one ladder of fame where it may remain, or it may be shaken off again. It is for herself to say which of these two shall happen. Need we exhort her, by more concentrated and patient effort, to make her footing permanent? Is not the excellence of her work, when at its best, a warranty that she will produce something that shall last? She has heard of "notes, whose very sweetness giveth proof that they were born for immortality." But the sweetness must be unquestioned, and, as far as may be, unalloyed.



FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.
By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. Vols. IX. and X. 8vo. London: Longmans. 1866.

ALTHOUGH we have placed Mr. Froude's last volumes at the head of our paper, we must at the outset inform our readers that it is not our intention to review these volumes in detail. This would be a task of great magnitude, requiring greater knowledge and greater ability than we can lay any claim to. We propose, therefore, in this paper, to confine our attention to Mr. Froude's narration of Irish History; more particularly to his account of the reformation in the Church of Ireland.

Before, however, we enter upon our immediate subject, we desire to make some preliminary observations on the general subject of Irish History. And, first, we would observe—That the wars waged against English rule in Ireland were *not* wars of religion. They were sometimes wars of races—the Celt against the Saxon; sometimes political wars, with Celts and Anglo-Normans on both sides. This is a fact which lies at the very foundation of Irish History. It is its peculiar and special characteristic. From the invasion of Ireland by Henry II.—an invasion undertaken under the sanction and with the express approval of Popes Adrian IV. and Alexander III.—these wars never ceased. They were continued with marvellous perseverance. When the Irish were for a moment apparently crushed under the weight and vigour of the Saxon onslaught, they retired to their mountain fastnesses and recruited their strength. When others would have relinquished the desperate struggle in despair, they persevered. They cherished the violent antipathies of their race. As any student of

history knows, so late as the reign of Henry VII., Ireland was almost wholly lost to the crown of England. Its power was confined within the narrowest limits of the pale, and was there only maintained by the presence of overwhelming force. On ascending the throne, Henry VIII. found the kingdom in almost successful rebellion. The Lords and Council informed the king* that they needed the help of the Earl of Kildare to maintain themselves against the Irish men, and they accordingly elected him Lord Justice. This state of things lasted for many years. The pale itself was in imminent peril.† The king was at length aroused to a sense of the danger which threatened English rule in Ireland. In 1520 he sent over the Earl of Surrey as Lord-Lieutenant. That nobleman reported to his royal master the rebellious state in which he found the kingdom, and how he had endeavoured himself, after his power, "as well by policie, as by exploite of warre, to repress the temerity of our Irish rebelles there."‡ But the task of the English Government was no easy one. The enemy had become bold and daring. In 1528 the King's Vice Deputy (Lord Delvin) was holding a parley, under a flag of truce, with O'Connor, one of the Irish chieftains. By this sturdy enemy the Deputy was carried away as a captive, and detained as a hostage. The Church was called in to lend her aid to recover the captive Deputy. The Prior of Conall was sent by the Council as ambassador to the rebellious vassal.§ But he was not to be trifled with. He declared he would make neither peace nor truce without the consent of his brother chieftains. He would not give up his captive, unless all his demands were complied with and a ransom paid. The ambassador returned unsuccessful, and such was the pride and the resolve of the chieftain, that the defeated prior expressed his alarm lest he should invade the English pale, and attack, capture, and burn three of its principal towns.|| Again, six years after, the Vice Deputy (Lord Thomas Fitzgerald) surrendered the sword of state, broke out into rebellion, murdered the Archbishop of Dublin, and committed divers other murders, robberies, and burnings within the pale, and up to the very gates of Dublin.¶

The Pope, whose supremacy had been then formally abjured, now

* The Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Council of Ireland to the King (June 8, 1509). MSS. Ireland, Public Record Office.

† John, Archbishop of Armagh, to Thomas (Wolsey), Bishop of Lincoln (May 14, 1514). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

‡ The King to the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Chancellor, and Council (July, 1520). State Papers, Henry VIII., vol. ii. p. 31.

§ The Council of Ireland to Wolsey (May 15, 1528). State Papers, Henry VIII., vol. ii. p. 127.

|| Walter Wellesley, Prior of Conall, to the Archbishop of Dublin, and Lord Chancellor (May 15, 1528). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

¶ Robert Cowley to Secretary Cromwell (June, 1534). State Papers, Henry VIII., vol. ii. p. 197.

appears on the stage, not as a mediator, but as a partisan. He issued "a great thundering Bull" against the king. He interdicted all places which adhered to him. He deprived his adherents of all the rights of the Church. He absolved his subjects from their oath of allegiance. He declared all treaties, &c., made between him and other sovereigns *ipso facto* null and void; and, finally, he directed all ecclesiastics to declare, by "bell, book, and candle," the king and all his adherents excommunicated and accursed.* But Henry was not a man to be thus defied with impunity. He would by no means allow himself to be worsted by foreign enemies any more than by domestic traitors.

The king took the government of Ireland into his own hands. He planned his own measures, and issued his own orders. Men and money were poured without stint into the rebellious kingdom. "Hostings" against the "Irish enemies and English rebels" were proclaimed. The royal armies and the native levies soon marched and overran the country. Victory at length crowned their efforts. One by one the proud and rebellious chieftains laid down their arms, and submitted to the conqueror. They relinquished their long-cherished privileges. They received their pardons, and accepted their lands as grants from the king. Some, even though so illiterate as to be unable to write their own names,† were raised to high rank in peerages created by the crown, and all acknowledged for themselves and their followers the royal supremacy, and renounced the usurped authority of the Bishop of Rome.‡ Con. O'Neill held out longest. He declared himself the champion of the Papacy. He was incited thereto by the personal appeal of the Bishop of Metz, who, writing to him in the name of the Council of Cardinals, conjured him to be faithful to the Romish Church. But this was not enough. The Pope (Paul III.) also addressed him (April 24, 1541), and encouraged him in his rebellion,—he assured him that his paternal heart was grievously afflicted by the tidings that Ireland had been "drawn astray by that modern king into such awful impiety."§ O'Neill was at length overcome. In his submission he formally renounced the authority of the Pope, and accepted that of the king;|| and from the same "modern heretic king" he was content to receive money, plate, and his robes, as well as the earldom of Tyrone.¶

* Foulis's "History of Romish Treasons," London, 1681, p. 315; and King's "Primer of Irish Church History," vol. iii. p. 1201.

† Submission of O'Neill (Sept. 24, 1542). State Papers, Henry VIII., vol. iii. pp. 421-22.

‡ Submissions of Lord Barry and other Irish, Cork (September, 26, 1542). State Papers, Henry VIII., vol. iii. p. 422.

§ "Hibernia Dominicana" (Supplementum), by T. De Burgho (Romish Bishop of Ossory), Cologne, 1762, p. 873.

|| O'Neill to King Henry VIII. (Dec., 1541). State Papers, Henry VIII., vol. iii. p. 353.

¶ Henry VIII. to Lord Deputy and Council (October 8, 1542). State Papers, Henry VIII., vol. iii. pp. 428-9.

Ireland was now at peace. The Irish Council informed the Privy Council "that this, the king's majesties realme, for this presente, is in suche peax and quietness, as the like hathe not been seen theise many yeres."* Four years afterwards the Council and Peers of Ireland informed the king "that the Englishe pale of this your realme, is in suche peace as it was not in any tyme of our remembrance. And as for the Yrisherye, albeit that your majesties lawes be not current emonge them, but there is many contencions and stryffes emonge them selves, yet thei more recognize and knowledge your majestie to be king of this realme, and to be more conformable to your majestie, your grace's deputie his commaundement, then ever we knewe them in our tymes."† The great Irish annalists (the Four Masters) confirm this account. They say: "At this time the power of the English was great and immense in Ireland, so that the bondage in which the people of Leagh M'Hagha (i.e. the southern half of Ireland) were, had scarcely been ever equalled before that time."‡

At the beginning of the reign of Edward VI., the Mores and O'Connors rose in revolt. They were soon subdued, and peace once more reigned throughout the land. The only trouble which seems to have weighed upon the Government and people of Ireland, is one which has always existed, and for which we fear a remedy has not yet been found. It was the lack of money.

There was, however, one memorable attempt at a stir during the reign of Edward VI., which it is important to note. Its facts are interesting, its lessons are instructive.

On the death of George Cromer in 1542, Henry VIII. appointed George Dowdall Archbishop of Armagh. The Pope appointed Robert Wauchop. Wauchop sat in the Council of Trent as Papal Archbishop. About the beginning of Edward's reign, he and two other bishops were at Rome. On pretence of religion, they were intriguing with the enemies of their king: they were endeavouring to procure aid to foment a rebellion in Ireland. Wauchop wandered about from place to place—from Rome to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and from thence to Scotland. He was, as Archbishop Dowdall informed the Lord Chancellor and Council of Ireland, "a very skowth (i.e. shrewd) spy, as I havye sayd, and a grevth browth of warr and sedition."§ He was so

* Council of Ireland to the Council in England, Jan. 6, 1542. *State Papers, Henry VIII.*, vol. ii. p. 358.

† Council and Peers of Ireland to King Henry VIII. *State Papers, Henry VIII.*, vol. iii. pp. 566-7.

‡ "Annals of Ireland," by the Four Masters, edited by J. O'Donovan. Dublin, 4to, vol. ii. p. 1496.

§ Archbishop of Armagh to the Lord Chancellor and Council of Ireland, March 22, 1546-47. "Original Letters and Papers on the History of the Church in Ireland," edited with notes by F. T. Shirley, Esq., 8vo, London, 1851, p. 26.

far successful in his mission that he procured the promise of aid from both France and Scotland, and no doubt the blessing of the Pope. He came to Derry with "two great lords, Frenchmen, out of Scotland."* They endeavoured to come to terms, and to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the two great northern chieftains, O'Neill and O'Donnell. They, however, rejected all their proposals, and gave speedy information of their designs to the Government. The ambassadors were able to make great promises—they had everything prepared for a formidable invasion. A French army was ready to land in Ireland. They had also a powerful fleet of thirty-six French, with as many Scots and Scottish ships. No wonder "the wyld Yrishe begynne to be haulte and strange," expecting that the French and Scotch would invade the realm.† But they were mistaken. The enemies of England were powerless in Ireland. They could find no support there, though they were blessed by the Pope, favoured with the presence of a Papal emissary, and backed by material aid—by a large army and a considerable fleet. Reluctantly they retraced their steps, without being able to strike a blow. The ambassadors had to bear back to their respective masters the tidings of their ignoble attempt, and of their miserable failure. The sceptre was held with gentle though firm hand by the boy king. He honoured God; and God, true to His own promise, honoured him. The wild Irish were awed into submission, and Edward VI. exercised all the prerogatives of his crown without let or hindrance on the part of the people, and without leave or license on the part of the Pope.

Edward VI. died. His sister Mary ascended the throne. She was earnest in her religion. She did not show any hesitation in her resolve to maintain, or manifest any scruple in her measures to promote, her faith. The first act of her reign was to restore "the old religion."‡ Her next was to restore Primate Dowdall to the see of Armagh, and to the primatial dignity.§ But these acts were not sufficient to allay discontent, or prevent rebellion. Those caterers of news from all countries and all climes, the Council of Venice, early informed the English Ambassador, to his extreme surprise, that war was brewing in Ireland, and that there would soon be

* Manus O'Donnell to the Lord Deputy and Council (March 4, 1559-60). Cal. State Papers, Ireland, vol. i. p. 107.

† Lord Justice Sir W. Brabazon and Council to the Privy Council (March 26, 1560). Cal. State Papers, Ireland, vol. i. p. 106.

‡ Instructions to Sir Anthony St. Leger, Lord Deputy (October, 1553). Shirley's "Original Letters," p. 75.

§ The Queen to the Lord Deputy (October 23, 1st). Cal. Pat., &c., Rolls, Ireland, by J. Morrin, vol. i. p. 302.

a rebellion of "the savage Irishry."* Their information proved correct. Wars, and risings, and rebellions, and murders, and burnings were rife throughout this unhappy land during the whole of this disastrous reign. Surely, Mr. Froude must admit the Irish people had nothing to complain of in Mary or her Government on the score of religion. She was a "Catholic amongst Catholics,"—a very devotee amongst worshippers, "being more exceedingly zealous of the traditions of her fathers." She gave many practical and convincing proofs that her zeal was not greater than her will. In the Parliament of Ireland she caused an Act (3 & 4 Philip and Mary, c. 9.) to be passed "for revivinge of thre Statutes made for the punishment of Heresies," which the preamble states "have risen, growen, and much increased within this realme"† (*i.e.* of Ireland). And yet when this "Catholic sovereign" had been four years on the throne, when her Government at home, the cells of the prisons, the dungeons of the Tower, the rack and the torture, "the trials of cruel mockings and scourgings," the fires of Smithfield, of Oxford, of Gloucester, and elsewhere, reflected a vivid though lurid light upon the intensity of her devotion to the religion of Rome, and must have proved to the most sceptical Irish (if they were really attached to the Roman faith) that they had a friend on the throne, who in respect of religion, at least, was one with themselves, still they were not satisfied, they continued in a state of chronic rebellion. And in this year (1557), Archbishop Dowdall was compelled to report to the Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor, and the Privy Council of England the lamentable state of Ireland. "As I wrytt to my L. Cardynall," says the Primate, "this poore realme was never in my remembrance in worse case then it is now, except the time onely that O'Neyll and O'Donyll cnwaded the english pale, and burned a gret pece of it. The Northe is as farr owt of frame as ewer it was before, fore the Scotts berrithe as great rule as they dothe wysshe, not onely in suche lands as they did lately usurpe, but also in Claneboy. The O'Connors and O'Mores hathe destroit and burned Lexe and Afalye sauring certain forts," and he complains that the Lord Deputy and army "have lately burned and spoiled my poor See of Ardmachen wth three chirches and certain Imags in the same, besides boks and westm^{ts}. that they fonde in my Cathedrale Churche."‡ In the following February, the Lord Justice, Sir Henry Sydney, and the Council reported to the Privy Council the rebellious state of Ireland.

* Sir Peter Vannes to the Privy Council (Venice, November 3, 1553). MSS. Foreign, P.R.O.

† "Statutes of Ireland," published by authority, fol. Dublin, vol. i.

‡ Archbishop of Armagh to Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor, and the Privy Council (November 16, 1557). Cal. State Papers, Ireland, vol. i. p. 140.

"Concerning the state of the Irishe sort we have no hope, but contrary wise, fear that if the Frenche and Scotts come in they will take part with them openly." Even the inhabitants of the pale, they add, "be wery and yrke of us."* Next month they had no more favourable report to make to the Queen herself. They informed her of "the want of many things in Ireland to withstand the evil designs of the Irishry, and the attempts of the French and Scotts." They assured her Majesty "that the country was in a wretched state, and had neither money, munition, nor credit."† In June, the Lord Deputy (Sussex) informed Secretary Boxoll that the Mores and Connors had come to the Fort of Leix, with such a force as they never had before, and intended to take the Castle belonging to the Fort."‡ In fine, all Ireland was in open insurrection, north, south, east, and west. The very pale was invaded, wasted, and decayed. In these extremities the Queen summoned the Primate over to her presence. He was examined before the Privy Council. He related to them more fully the lamentable state of the kingdom. He stated "that a man may ryde South, West, and North, xx or xi. myles, and see neither house, corne, ne cattell." "Many hundreth of men, wymen, and children are dedde of famyne."§ The Archbishop considered what course should be pursued, and what remedy used to serve his sovereign, and put an end to this miserable rebellion. He bethought him of ecclesiastical censures. He says, "where there is no remedy or Redresse had againis th'yryshrie that doth not awnswere w'itt or byll for eny hurts that they do eyther to Bysshope or eny other Inferyoe place, but onely by the censurs of the Chirche as hathe eue contynued there." He consulted his lawyers. Unfortunately they were of opinion "that it should be a cause of p'munyre to curse eny of them in eny temp'all cause, as well as to curse a subjecte, of whom Remedy may be dayly had by the course of the K's lawes." And he appeals to her Majesty, notwithstanding this slight difficulty, "to graunte me to have at all tymes, lib'tie, and licens to ex'cise and mynist' all Kynde of Ecclesiasticall Sensurs agains the said wyld Irish, that do not awnswere w'itt or byll, neither Redmedy otherwise cā be had agains them but onely by the same."||

* Lord Justice Sir H. Sydney and Council to the Privy Council (Feb. 8, 1557-8). Cal. State Papers, Ireland, vol. i. p. 141.

† Lord Justice Sir H. Sydney and Council to the Queen (March 1, 1557-8). Cal. State Papers, Ireland, vol. i. p. 142.

‡ Lord Deputy Sussex to Secretary Boxoll (June 8, 1558). Cal. State Papers, Ireland, vol. i. p. 146.

§ "The Effecte of the Booke exhibited by the Archbishop of Armagh." (May, 1558). Cal. State Papers, Ireland, vol. i. p. 145.

|| Private suits of Archbishop of Armagh (August, 1558). Shirley's "Original Letters," p. 82.

The bewildered Queen, seeing the dreadful pass to which her affairs had come in Ireland, and finding that the civil power was utterly powerless to extinguish the rebellion or to curb and restrain "the wild Irish," was nothing loath to call in the aid of the spiritual sword. She consented to draw out once more the weapons which ever lay ready in the ecclesiastical armoury. In spite, therefore, of the statutes of the realm, in spite of the dread penalties denounced by these statutes against their infringers, she directed the Lord Deputy "to suffer the Primate of Armagh, without peril of the Laws, to exercise and use all manner of Ecclesiastical censures against the disordered Irishry."* In fact, she dispensed with the law.

But this ecclesiastical remedy for a State rebellion could not be put in execution. The Archbishop first, and the Queen soon after, were removed by death, and Elizabeth ascended the throne. After her accession there was a lull in the storm. The land had a short rest. Shane O'Neill—"who overran and wasted all before him like a raging tempest"†—made peace with the Lord-Lieutenant. He wrote to the Queen "that the rude, uncivil, and disobedient people where he now dwells would fall to civility, and hereafter be faythfull, obedyent, and trewe subjectes unto God, and unto your Highnes. And allso hawinge my requestes, I shal be able to exile your Grace's enymyes, subdue traytours, ouercom rebells, and such as will disobeye."‡ He was faithless to his engagements. He robbed, plundered, and murdered his fellow-chieftains. He was proclaimed a traitor and a rebel.§ Again peace was made,|| and Shane proceeded to England and made his submission on his knees before the Queen, two foreign ambassadors, and many of the great officers of State.¶ After this submission he remained for some time in England. Cecil employed every means to bring him "into civility." Amongst other things, he endeavoured to induce him to change his garments and go like an Englishman.** The Council were no less anxious about his government in the North. They placed before him "two choyses." He complained of these. He addressed himself immediately to the Queen, "and craved her advice as to which he should choose: he prayed her Majesty to choose him a gentlewoman for his wife, and that in the meantime she should appoint him to attend on Lord Robert Dudley, that he may learn to ride after the English fashion, to run at the tilt, to hawk, and to shoot, or use such other

* The Queen to the Lord Deputy Sussex (August 4, 1558). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

† "Analecta Sacra," &c. by D. Rooth, Romish Bishop of Ossory. 8vo, Cologne, 1617, p. 447.

‡ Shane O'Neill to the Queen (about Dec. 1559). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

§ June 8, 1561. MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

¶ Oct. 19, 1561.

¶ Jan. 6, 1561-2.

** Private Mem., by Cecil (March, 1562.). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

good exercises as he may perceive the said Lord to be apt unto." * Finally, he replied to the articles sent to him by the Council, and entered into formal indentures with the Queen. † Her Majesty issued a proclamation in his favour. ‡ Thus pardoned by his sovereign, he returned to Ireland. But he was an unquiet spirit, he could not be at rest. He would not perform his part of the agreement made between him and the Queen. The Lord-Lieutenant summoned him to Dundalk, under protection, to see execution of the indentures. He was refractory, and yet he appeared anxious to obtain Sussex's sister (Lady Frances Ratcliffe) in marriage. She came to her brother's house at Ardbraccan, where Sussex promised him, "he shuld see and speke with her, and if he liked her, and shee him, they shuld boothe have his good will, but he cold not promyse to gyve her agains her will." § Notwithstanding this promise and invitation to visit and woo the fair maiden, Shane would not come to Ardbraccan. "Woorde," says Sussex to the Queen, "was sent to Shane oute of the Englishe pale that my sister was brought over only to trappe him." || It was said he had received a letter from Mary, Queen of Scots, and that he was in daily practice with King Philip's ambassador whilst he was in England. ¶ Shane complained that great spoils had been done upon his people whilst he was in England. ** He wrote to Lord Robert Dudley and Sir William Cecil, demanding reparation, and sending them presents of horses, hawks, and greyhounds. †† He assembled his whole force the better to enforce his demands. The Lord-Lieutenant once more took the field against him. Again peace was made. The Queen permitted Shane to use the state and name of O'Neill. ‡‡ But neither promises nor bonds, neither the frowns nor the favours of his sovereign, could bind or allure him. He again took up arms, not, it is true, against his sovereign, but against her loyal subject, his fellow-chieftain and father-in-law, the Calough O'Donnell. He attacked, defeated, and took him prisoner; he threw him into a loathsome dungeon, bound him hand and foot, placed a "grethe coler of yron sethe aboutt my neke and a grethe chayen of yron faste to the same coler, and to a pere of boltyes that was upon my legeys, so shorthe that I could nott stretche my legeys nother ryesse oupe ryght by no menes nyght

* Shane O'Neill to the Queen (March 13, 1561-2). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

† April 30, 1562.

‡ May 5, 1562.

§ Lord-Lieutenant and Council to the Queen (Sept. 20, 1562). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

|| Lord-Lieutenant to the Queen (Sept. 29, 1562). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

¶ Sir N. Arnold to Sir W. Cecil (Sept. 23, 1562). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

** Shane O'Neill to the Queen (Nov. 2, 1562). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

†† Shane O'Neill to Lord Robert Dudley and Sir W. Cecil (Nov. 2, 1562). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

‡‡ Mem. for Sir Thomas Cusack (Oct. 20, 1563). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

nother daye." Finding he could not be undone in this manner "he endeavoured to torment him more, that he might have all his jewels," and so, Callough piteously complains of his cruel son-in-law, "he cawssyed the yrons to by strayned upon my legeys and upon my handys, so sore that the very bloud dyde ryne down on everye syde of myne yrons, insomoutche that I dyd wyshe after dethe a towsanthe tyemes."* Shane, however, endeavoured to deceive the Queen and the Government; he acknowledged the Queen's great favour to him, he wished to do some notable service on her behalf. He saw no greater rebels and traitors than the Scots; he had a mind to do them some mischief.† He craved permission of the Lord Justice and Council to go against them, and, without waiting for that permission, he attacked them, and obtained a signal victory. He captured their leaders, James McDonnell and his brother Sorley Boy.‡ In his letter to the Privy Council, who desired to be informed of the manner of his service against the Scots, of his victory and of his captives, he reported that all the towns and castles of the Scots were now in the Queen's possession, and all the Scots expelled the kingdom.§ The Council in reply, rejoiced in the fortunate success that crowned his honourable intention in attacking the Scots, recommended him to adhere faithfully to his sovereign, and to repair to the Lord Deputy in order that he might confer with him on the government of Ulster.|| But at length troubles were stirred from afar. Papal agents and foreign emissaries arrived in Ireland, and were engaged in wicked intrigues against the English Government. These sowed the seeds of disaffection, treason, and rebellion. The Pope himself wrote to Shane O'Neill; Philip II. did the same. These letters were not without effect. Strange rumours soon reached the Government. These rumours were not groundless. Shane assumed a defiant tone. He declared "that he had won all by the sword, and by the sword he would keep it;"¶ "that he never made peace with the Queen but by her own seeking; that his ancestors were kings of Ulster, Ulster was theirs, and Ulster is his, and shall be his."** He accordingly wrote to Charles IX. (of France), the hero of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and requested aid to expel the English. For this service he promised for himself and his successors to be humble subjects of the Crown of France.†† On the same day he wrote to the Cardinal of

* The Calough O'Donnell to the Queen (Oct. 29, 1564). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

† Shane O'Neill to Sir Thomas Cusack (April 2, 1565). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

‡ Shane O'Neill to the Lord Justice Arnold (May 2, 1565). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

§ Shane O'Neill to the Privy Council (Aug. 25, 1565). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

|| The Privy Council to Shane O'Neill (Nov. 10, 1565). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

¶ Sir N. Bagenall to the Earl of Leicester (Feb., 1565-6). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

** Lord Deputy Sydney to the Earl of Leicester (March 1, 1565-6.) MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

†† Shane O'Neill to Charles IX. (April 25, 1566). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

Lorraine, requesting him to use his persuasion with Charles to procure the aid he needed, in consideration of his defence of the Romish faith.* Within a year after, he wrote again to the same Cardinal and to the Cardinal of Guise, and earnestly sought their influence with the French King to send an army to assist him to restore and defend the Roman Catholic faith.† We are not aware that these letters were ever answered. We are perfectly sure Shane's requests were not complied with. No French army was either sent or promised to aid him in his rebellion, even though it were to assist him "to restore the Romish faith." Once more, and for the last time, he broke out into open rebellion. He invaded Fermanagh, the country of the Maguires; he burned the Metropolitan Church and Cathedral of Armagh—such was his zeal for religion; he besieged Dundalk; he laid waste the English pale, and depopulated it with sword, with fire, and with rapine.‡ The Lord Deputy organized a powerful expedition against the rebel. He omitted nothing to humble his pride, and destroy his power. His chief house was utterly burned.§ His army was encountered and driven back; hundreds were slain, and Shane himself driven into the woods, so that it was hardly known where he was.|| The Lord Deputy returned to Dublin. On the 20th of May he took another journey into Tyrone. There he was joined by the President of Shane's council and many of his chief followers. Sir Hugh O'Donnell attacked Shane with a small band, and slew most of his men.¶ Shane was now reduced to great extremities; he endeavoured to join himself with his mortal enemy, Alexander Oge, brother of James O'Donnell, whom, as we have already seen, he had attacked, defeated, and captured. He entered into parley with him and his Scots, and on the third day, when he hoped to have made a full conclusion with them, he was murdered. "They cutt and hewed him, as is sayd, extreamplye."** Thus died the rebel Shane O'Neill.

This rebellion, it is clear, had other objects in view besides religion. The religious war-cry was not raised. The present attempt was for a more material cause, one which had been of long standing.

* Shane O'Neill to the Cardinal of Lorraine (April 26, 1566). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

† Same to same and Guise (Feb. 1, 1566-7). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

‡ "Lyra sive Anacephaleosis Hibernia," by Thomas Carve, Priest and Apostolic Notary, 4to., second edition. Salzburg, 1666, p. 119; and Thomas Lancaster to Sir W. Cecil (Aug. 16, 1566), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

§ Lord Deputy Sydney, Lord Kildare, and others, to the Queen (Nov. 12, 1566). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

|| Lord Deputy Sydney to the Queen (April 20, 1567). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

¶ Thomas Lancaster to Sir W. Cecil (May 31, 1567). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

** Sir W. Fitzwilliams to Sir W. Cecil (June 10, 1567). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

One which unhappily still exists. It was the great national question, "Who shall govern Ireland? Who shall possess the land?" It was for a cause of ever-recurring interest. It is one which still lies at the root of all Irish disaffection. In our own day, it has been again revived and is re-embodied in Fenianism. The Fenian leaders, like their predecessors in Elizabeth's time, make no pretence of religion. With them the grand and vital question is, "The land, and who are, and who ought to be, its lawful possessors?"

But to recur to our history. Soon after this, James Fitzmaurice* broke out into rebellion; but it was soon extinguished by the vigour and energy of the President of Munster (Sir John Perrot). He "made a journey" upon the rebel, accompanied by many of the southern chieftains, who stood loyally by the Government. After a long march, they came up with the rebel army, attacked and defeated it.† Fitzmaurice, and the remnant of his followers, cowed and utterly disheartened, fled into one of his fastnesses, or took refuge in the great wood of Aharlow.‡ Thither the president pursued, and would have attacked them but for a mutiny amongst his soldiers, and that the disheartened rebels made earnest means to submit.§ Their prayer was heard, they were allowed to come in to the Lord President, and, in the church of Killmalloch, on the 23rd of February, 1572-3, Fitzmaurice and his associates made a most humble, if not humiliating, submission, which was pronounced by him both in English and Irish. In this singular and striking document—which, by the way, Mr. Froude, with a want of candour which we cannot admire, entirely ignores, whilst he quotes at length his previous letter to the Mayor and Corporation of Cork (July, 12, 1569)—Fitzmaurice says (*inter alia*), "And now, with the eyes of my heart sore weeping and bewailing my most devilish life past, I acknowledge myself to have most wickedly rebelled against God, and most undutifully against my Prince."|| Soon after this (*viz.*, in 1576) "the Catholic League" was formed. This was the grand opportunity for the Irish to get rid of the English yoke. The Irish ecclesiastical and political leaders, advised by their foreign allies, were not slow to avail themselves of this new and favourable opening. They raised the war-cry of religion. They encouraged the Irish people to stand forth as the champions of the

* Cousin-german, not "brother" of the Earl of Desmond.

† Near Aharlow, not "at Ardagh."

‡ Sir John Perrot to the Lord Deputy (Sept. 12 and 16, 1572).

§ Sir John Perrot to the Lord Deputy (Nov. 2, 1572), and to Secretary Sir Thomas Smith (Jan. 28, 1572-3).

|| Submission of James Fitzmaurice and others, his associates, before Sir John Perrot, (Feb. 23, 1572-3). We regret that our space will not permit us to give this striking paper *in extenso*.

Romish faith. They promised them aid both of men and money from France, Spain, and the Pope.* Unhappily their machinations were successful. Now began that fearful war of religion, added to that of race, which has since continued, and will continue to the end. Mr. Moore's testimony on this all important question is clear. He says, "It was not till the period we have now reached that the leading Catholic powers became alive to the obvious importance of enlisting Irish alliance in the formidable league which had been long gathering against the power and creed of England."† And again, "On the part of the chiefs (Hugh O'Neill and his associates, 1596) several demands, or rather stipulations, were likewise made" (i.e. with the Government on their submission), and among them was an important proviso 'for the free exercise of religion.'

"In reference to this latter point, a writer of that period remarks that 'never before had this free exercise of religion been either punished or inquired after.'‡ That such was the case with regard to Ireland, there can be no doubt; although by most Catholic historians, the wars of Ireland, during this reign have been represented as having originated almost solely in religious differences. But so far was religion from holding as yet this ascendant place in their views, that at the time when Tyrone commenced his public career, some of the most powerful of the old Catholic nobility (without taking into account the declared apostates from the faith) were found arrayed on the side of loyalty and the Queen. The facility indeed with which some of the great Irish lords, O'Neill, O'Brien, and others, acquiesced in the first steps of the Reformation, had set an example which, though not very orthodox or dignified, continued for a long time its calming influence; nor was it till the period we have now reached, that religious strife began to extend its rage to Ireland, or first kindled up that war of creeds between the two races, by which both have been almost equally disgraced and demoralized.'§

Thus far on the great question of the wars of Ireland: whence they came—what was their origin—when and how "the war of religion" arose. And whilst we assert that the war of religion did not begin until this period, we must in all candour admit that it was no fault of the Popes, or of the Roman Propaganda, or of the Jesuits or of their agents, that it had not begun in 1541, when the Pope launched his great thunderbolt against Henry VIII. The

* The Pope's (Pius V.) Bull of Excommunication and Deposition of Elizabeth was issued from Rome "5th of the Calends of March," 1569. Gregory XIII.'s Brief in favour of the Rebellion under James Geraldine (i.e. Fitzmaurice) is dated at Rome, Feb. 25, 1577.

† "History of Ireland," by Thomas Moore. 12mo. Vol. iv. p. 66. London, 1846.

‡ Fynes Moryson, "Itinerary." Folio, London, 1617.

§ "History of Ireland," by Thomas Moore. Vol. iv. pp. 107, 108.

Irish could not understand how a war of religion would advance what they conceived to be their national aspirations, or promote their material interests. And to say truth, they mistrusted the Pope. They feared Danaus even when he brought gifts. And good reason they had. In days gone by, the Irish prelates and clergy had enacted in synod a decree that no Englishman born should be admitted a canon in any of their churches. The king—Henry III.—appealed to the Pope. He took the king's part. He issued a bull, commanding them to rescind the obnoxious decree within a month, and in case of their disobedience, he ordered that it should be declared void by his authority. On a later and still more memorable occasion, when Edward Bruce invaded Ireland, the Irish nobles appealed to the Pope (John XXII.) to assist them against the English.* The Pope took the side of the English Government, and fulminated bulls against all the enemies of Edward II., and more particularly against the Irish prelates and clergy who had joined in the rebellion.† But besides this, as the Roman Catholic historian, Mr. Moore, admits, and the great (Irish) "Statute 3 and 4, Philip and Mary, c. 8" asserts, so "mouch false and erronious doctryne haithe bene taught, preached, and written," that by reason thereof, "as well the spiritualtie as the temporaltie of your Highness realmes and dominions have swarved from the obedience from the See-Apostolique, and declined from unities of Christe's Church, and so have contynewed untill souche tyme as your Majestie, being first reised up by God, and set in the seate royall over us." The Pope sent "Cardinall Poole, Legate *de Latere*, to call us home againe unto the right waye from whence we have all this longe while wandered and straied abroad."‡ In the mean time, the papal agents and foreign emissaries were most assiduous and untiring. They sowed broadcast the seeds of disaffection, treason, and rebellion. From the landing of Wolf, the papal Nuncio, in August, 1560, down to the outbreak of the war of religion, they never ceased their propagandism, or relaxed their exertions. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was no sooner committed than it was known to all the priests and friars in Connaught and openly spread through Ireland. A general council of friars was held in Galway. The friars of Ulster ranged through the country by twenty in a company. Their devices and their determination was to subvert the

* "Bishops of Ireland," by Sir James Ware; edited by W. Harris, Dublin. Folio. 1745. Vol. i. p. 321. And "Primer of Church History of Ireland," by the Rev. Robert King. Third edition. Dublin. Vol. ii. p. 624 (an admirable and accurate work).

† "Scotchichronicon," by John Fordun. Edinburgh, 1757. Vol. ii. pp. 259-66; and King's "Church History," vol. ii. pp. 632-41; and vol. iii. pp. 1119-1136, for the translation *in extenso*, of "The Complaint of the Nobles of Ireland to Pope John XXII. (1318).

‡ "Statutes of Ireland," published by authority. Fol. Dublin, 1787. Vol. i. p. 252.

English Government, and, the better to aid them in their rebellious enterprise, "Cormac, the Provincial of the Black Friars, brought indulgences from the Pope, and published them in Sligo."* Their perseverance was rewarded with fatal success. The fatal crop of religious rancour which they sowed is being still reaped. Their guilty efforts are still felt in all their intensity and in all their bitterness. It is not too much to say that their teachings have banished peace from that unhappy land, stained its green valleys with an ineradicable crimson dye, and watered its fair and fertile soil with the bitter tears of many "Rachels weeping for her children, who would not be comforted, because they are not." Verily, they have sown the wind, and reaped the whirlwind.

We shall now proceed to notice in detail Mr. Froude's contributions to the Church History of Ireland. But before proceeding we would take the liberty of asking Mr. Froude one question. We observe that he calls Maurice Fitzgibbon,† the papal nominee, "Archbishop of Cashel."‡ Another of these pretended bishops, Richard Creagh, he says, "was regarded in Ireland, even by the correspondents of the English Government, as the lawful possessor of the See"§ (i.e. of Armagh). Contrariwise, he says, "When Adam Loftus was made Archbishop of Armagh, the primacy became titularly Protestant." The bishops appointed by the Pope were thus, according to Mr. Froude, "the lawful possessors" of their respective sees, whilst the bishops appointed by the Crown were unlawful, titular bishops! This being Mr. Froude's view, we would respectfully ask him to enlighten our ignorance, and inform us by what canon of the universal Church, by what decree of any œcumenical council (received and acknowledged by all Churches), or by what statute of the realm, or common law, was, or is, the Pope authorized and empowered, *ex mero motu*, to present to, or confer bishoprics or other ecclesiastical jurisdictions, within the dominions, without the licence and consent of the civil sovereign? This question lies at the root of the whole matter. And let it not be said that this is a mere theory involving nothing. It is a great practical question. It involves the liberty of the state; it involves the prerogatives of the sovereign; it involves the supremacy of the law.||

* Edward White, the Earl of Clanricarde's Clerk, to the Lord Deputy (Nov., 1572), MSS. Ireland, P. R. O.

† This is his proper name, not "Macginn," as Mr. Froude calls him. Vol. x. p. 405.

‡ "History of England," by J. A. Froude. Vol. x. ch. *passim*. § Vol. x. p. 481 n.

|| We have rather an amusing instance of the jealousy with which even Queen Mary maintained and guarded the prerogatives of her crown against any attempt at Papal aggression. It appears that Con. O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, wrote to the Queen (in June, 1558), and informed her that his chaplain, Sir Edmund O'Coyné, had obtained Papal bulls for the priory of the Cathedral Church of Down, and requested her to establish

But let us consider Mr. Froude's statements.

"Of the Prelates (says Mr. Froude, vol. x. p. 481) who were in possession of their sees at Elizabeth's accession, the Archbishop of Dublin, who had changed with every change, undoubtedly gave his countenance to the Revolution. The Bishops of Meath and Kildare refused, and were deprived, and there is no evidence that any other Bishop in all Ireland, who was in office at Queen Mary's death, either accepted the Reformed Prayer-Book, or abjured the authority of the Pope."

These are plain allegations, and as such we shall deal with them, setting aside the sneer at the Archbishop of Dublin, which we think entirely undeserved.

I. We have Thomas O'Fihil (or Field), who was unquestionably Bishop of Leighlin at the time of Queen Mary's death. We learn from the State Papers, that the Bishop came to London in 1559. He appeared before the Council on the 28th of May, and again on the 23rd of June, 1559 (*before*, therefore, the passing of the Irish Act of Supremacy). He renounced by formal instruments (the originals of which are still preserved amongst the State Papers) the temporalities of the see to his sovereign, abjured the Papal authority, and took an oath of the royal supremacy.* This one fact at once negatives Mr. Froude's sweeping allegation, that "there is no evidence that any other bishop (than the Archbishop of Dublin) in all Ireland, who was in office at Queen Mary's death, either accepted the Reformed Prayer-Book, or abjured the authority of the Pope."

But we proceed.

II. On the 12th of January, 1559-60, a Parliament was assembled in Dublin,† before Thomas, Earl of Sussex, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. It continued its sittings until the 1st of February following. To this Parliament were summoned three Archbishops (Armagh being then vacant) and seventeen Bishops.‡ According to the Record preserved

him in this room. The Queen addressed her answer to the Earl of Sussex (July 6, 1558) as follows:—"And thirdlie, where his (*i.e.* the Earl of Tyrone's) request is that his chaplain (Edmund O'Coyne) having already obtained the Pope's Holyneess bulls for the pryorie of the Cathedrales Church of Downe, might be established in the said pryorie; ye shall declare unto the said Erle that wee intende to mayntayne our prerogative left unto vs by our Progenitours in that behallf."—MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

* Articles of Thomas Fyllie (*alias* Field or O'Fihil), Bishop of Leighlin (May 28, and June 23, 1559). MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

† Unfortunately the Irish State Papers and Correspondence for the first two months of 1560, are not in the Public Record Office. Where they are, or whether they exist at all or not, we have been unable to ascertain. Possibly they may be amongst the Burghley Papers at Hatfield, but the noble owner reserves access to them to Mr. Froude.

‡ On comparing the lists of the Bishops present in the Parliaments of 1541 (State Papers, Henry VIII., vol. iii. p. 206 *note*) and 1559-60, we find that only twenty out of the twenty-four bishops of Irish Sees were summoned, or were entitled to seats in Parliament. In the former Parliament there were twenty-three Archbishops and Bishops present. In the latter there were only twenty. The Bishops present in both cases

in the Rolls Office (Dublin), these archbishops and bishops were not only summoned (or "were answerable," as another Record has it), but they were actually present. The language of the Records running thus:—"Nomina Dominorum spiritualium, &c., in quodam parlamento domine Regine," &c.

The first Act passed by this Parliament was "An Act for restoring to the Crown the auntient Jurisdiction over the State Ecclesiasticall and Spirituall, and abolishing all foreigne Power repugnant to the same." It is needless to say that this great Act remains on the Statute Book to this day as an Act, "enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, with the assent of the Lords Spirituall and Temporall and the Commons in this present Parliament assembled."

(2.) This same Parliament passed the "Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer,* and Service in the Church, and the Administration of the Sacraments."

represented the same sees. The discrepancy in the respective numbers is accounted for by the fact, that in 1559-60, Armagh was vacant, Kilmacduagh was held *in commendam* by the Archbishop of Tuam, and Elphin by the Bishop of Clonfert. The remaining Bishops (*i.e.* of Kilmore, Clogher, Dromore, Derry, and Raphoe) appear never to have received summons to Parliament. The reason was that they did not receive their appointments from the Crown. The bishoprics were in the patronage of the great northern chieftains. This appears clear by the treaty entered into between the Lord Deputy and Calvert O'Donnell in 1565, by which the latter agrees, and binds himself and his successors to allow "Her Majesty to have the donation of all Bishops and other ecclesiastical persons in Connalia." (Calendar of Patent Rolls, Ireland, vol. i. pp. 495-6). Sir John Davies, in his great speech on Parliaments in Ireland (May 21, 1613), thus refers to this subject: "Such Archbishops and Bishops as were resident in the meer Irish countries, and did not acknowledge the King to be their patron, were never summoned to any Parliament." ("Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica," Dublin, 1772. Vol. i. p. 186). Of the general character of these bishops we are informed in a paper written by Lord Fitzwauter, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and enclosed by him to the Queen (Mary) (Jan. 2, 1556-7): "I would also wyshe that a discrete man to be sent out of England, who shoulde be Byashopp of those prts., as well to see the premysses observed yn his dyoces, as also to gyve exmpell to other Byashoppes to do the lyk yn refermyng of ther dyoces, and the mynisters under them, who (it is as pytefull as trewe), be nowe the comon spyes and messengers of myscheff, and make ther churches not only in the northe, but also thorough the moste of Irlond, like stabells for horses, and herd-houses for cattell, then holly places to mynyst' with due reverence the moste blyssed sacraments yn, and use them, as apperethe by the fylthe yn them, more to that perpose then to the other; whiche ungodlynes amongst crysten'men, it maye please yor Matie wi' the advyse and auctoryte of my L. Cardynalls grace, to see abolyshed and the disorder reformed."—Shirley's "Original Letters," p. 77.

* It is remarkable that whilst there was no Irish Act similar to the English Act (1 Ed. VI. c. 1), the Irish bishops consulted together very early in King Edward's reign (*i.e.* before Oct., 1548). At that date W. Palatyné informed Sir Edward Bellingham "As to oure consultacon with the Byashopp of Dublyn, youre Lordshypp will see our dyligens by the Boke of Reformacon whych ys made, and the suffrecans hathe recevyd yt" (Shirley's "Original Letters," p. 21.) On the 8th of February, 1551, an injunction was sent by the King to the Lord Deputy to have the Book of Common Prayer read in the Irish Churches. Sir Anthony St. Leger summoned the whole clergy, but not as a Con-

(3.) It also passed an Act for the "Restitution of the first-fruits and xx Part, and rents reserved nomine x or xx, and of Parsonages impropriate to the Imperiall Crowne of this Realme." This statute particularly affected the pecuniary interests of the bishops and clergy, and restored to the Crown that which it enjoyed by the Statutes 28 Henry VIII., chs. 8, 14, and 26, from which they were relieved by the statute 3 and 4 Philip and Mary, c. 10.

(4.) It passed the "Act for the conferring and consecrating of Archbishops and Bishops within this Realme."

(5.) And, to mention no more, it also passed the "Act of Recognition of the Queene's Highnesse Title to the Imperial Crowne of this Realme."*

These great statutes thus passed not only absolutely abjured the authority of the Pope, and maintained the ancient supremacy of the Crown, but they enforced their enactments under the severest penalties. History is silent as to the bishops opposing or even refusing their assent to these great statutes. Had they done so, history—and more especially Irish history—would not have failed to have recorded the fact. Had they resisted, we believe their resistance would have retarded, if not have effectually barred, their enactment. The bishops were a powerful body in their own House. They were almost a moiety of its members, numbering twenty to twenty-three lay lords. O'Sullivan Bear (the Romish historian), writing in the reign of James I., does not allege that the bishops opposed or refused their assent to these measures, or that they were absent from the House whilst they were in progress. A new edition of his work has been recently edited (with notes) by a late learned Roman Catholic priest and professor in Maynooth (Rev. M. Kelly). He also is silent on this point. O'Sullivan does not, however, leave us without some important testimony. He says:—"In Ibernia Archiepiscopatus quatuor, et Episcopatus complures esse, omnes que hodie ab. heresiarchis possideri; ob idque titulis eorum Catholicos presules non nisi raro creari, quod sine vectigalibus ecclesiasticis tanta Episcoporum turba dignitatem, et honorem tueri non posse videatur."†

David Rooth, titular Bishop of Ossory, in his "*Analecta Sacra*,"

vocation, for the 1st of March, to acquaint them with the King's commands. After some opposition from the Archbishop of Armagh and several bishops, a proclamation was issued for carrying the order into effect, and the English Prayer-Book began to be publicly used on Easter Sunday, in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin.—"*The Book of Common Prayer*" (Ireland), Edited by A. J. Stephens, Q.C.; London, 8vo. 1849, vol. i. p. iv.

* "*The Statutes at Large, passed in the Parliament held in Ireland*," published by authority. Dublin, folio, 1786, pp. 275—302.

† "*Historiæ Catholicæ Ibernix Compendium*." By D. Philip O'Sullivan Bear. (Ed. M. Kelly, 8vo. Dublin, 1860). Tom. iv. lib. i. ch. xvii. p. 297.

though he gives the two principal Acts *in extenso*, is equally silent as to the bishops opposing them; but he says that when Elizabeth succeeded her sister, "Pro regi suo comiti Sussexio dedit in mandatis, ut iuramentum de primatu Reginae Ecclesiastico Episcopis per Hiberniam offeret: quisquis autem refugeret illud suscipere, ex toto cuneo Prælatorum statim excideret a sua dignitate et Prælaturâ."^{*}

Thomas Carve, in the "Lyra," under "Annales Hibernicæ, 1559," says that Elizabeth, daughter of Anna Boleyn, and sister of the late Queen, having succeeded to the throne, called Parliament together—"quæ confestim Regni Proceres ad Parliamentum citavit, ubi suprematis titulis restitutus fuit. Omnia Catholicæ fidei in Angliam et Hiberniam profanare et evertere studint."[†]

These ancient and almost contemporary writers, and the modern Editor and Annotator, are equally silent on what would be to them a momentous incident and a "great fact." But more. In our own day a history of Ireland has been published by one who was certainly no friend of the Church of Ireland—one who, like Mr. Froude, had access to the State Papers—and who, as a Roman Catholic, with strong political and religious prejudices, would have been only too happy to have discovered and blazoned to the world this "missing link" in the perfect pedigree and pure descent of the Irish Church from St. Patrick, St. Columba, and that noble band of illustrious Irish Saints who preached the pure doctrines and blessed truths of the Gospel, and taught its holy precepts to those who, from all countries and all climes, sat at their feet and heard their word. But Moore is not silent. He does not attempt to evade the question. He has the candour to admit and state the facts as they stand recorded upon the page of history:—

"During the course of the three reigns immediately preceding that of Elizabeth, the people of England had seen the religion of the country three times altered; and they were now about to witness a fourth change of the national creed. The same pliancy, too, of principle which had been exhibited throughout these successive apostacies was shown, in an equally shameless degree, at the important juncture we have now reached; when the same Governor, the Earl of Sussex, who had but two years before assembled a Parliament in Dublin to establish by law the Catholic faith, now summoned another to condemn and abolish all that had then been so solemnly enacted.

"That ambitious and worldly laymen should be found thus pliant in their religious policy is not, perhaps, remarkable; but, in the present instance, it was among the spiritual lords of Parliament that this ready compliance with the new change of creed was most glaringly shown. For out of the nineteen prelates who sat in the Irish House of Peers, there were only two, Welsh of

* "*Analecta Sacra et Mira rebus Catholicorum in Hibernia.*" By J. R. Philadelpho. 8vo, Cologne, 1617. pt. ii. p. 91.

† "*Lyra sive Anacephalaësis Hibernica.*" By Thomas Carve, Priest and Apostolic Notary. Second edition, Sulzbach, 1666, p. 303.

Meath, and Levrous of Kildare, who so far consulted the dictates of conscience and consistency, as to refuse the Oath of Supremacy and thereby forfeit their respective sees."*

III. On the 6th of October, 1564, the Queen addressed a letter to the Lord Deputy nominating the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, the Bishops of Meath, Kildare, and Leighlin, with others, as her Commissioners for inquiring into and punishing heretical opinions, &c.; for ordering and reforming all such persons as should obstinately absent themselves from church and Divine service as by law established, authorizing them to visit, reform, and redress, in all places, all errors, heresies, schisms, spiritual or ecclesiastical; and to cause all archbishops, bishops, and other ecclesiastical officers or ministers to subscribe the oath contained in the statute, "for restoring to the Crown the antient jurisdiction over the state ecclesiastical and spiritual, and abolishing of all foreign power repugnant to the same."†

This Commission endeavoured to perform the task assigned to it. We have its progress reported from time to time. In the year 1566-7, the archbishops and bishops drew up and published a "Book of Articles," with the following title: "A Breve Declaration of certain Principall Articles of Religion, set out by order and auctoritie as well of the Right Honorable Sir Henry Sidney, Knight of the Most Noble Order, Lord President of the Concel in the Principalltie of Wales, and Marches of the same, and General Deputie of this Realme of Irelande, as by th'Archebysshops, and Byshopes, and other her Majestie's Hygh Commissioners for causes Ecclesiasticall in the same Realme. Imprynted at Dublyn by Humprey Powel, the 20 of January, 1566." The preface to these Articles says that they are "for the unitie of doctrine to be holden and taught of all Persons, Vicars, and Curates, as well in testification of their comon consente and full agrement in the said doctryne." The fifth Article acknowledges and asserts the Queen's supremacy, whilst the sixth abjures and repudiates the "usurped power" of the Bishop of Rome. These Articles were ordered to be read by every clergyman on his taking possession or first entry into his cure, and twice a year, on two fixed Sundays, afterwards."‡

IV. In 1569 and 1570 there were several sessions of Parliament held in Ireland. There was a strong opposition to the Government in both Houses. They attempted to suspend "Poyning's Act," which hung like a millstone round the neck of the Irish Legislature,

* "History of Ireland." By Thomas Moore. Vol. iv. pp. 21 and 22.

† Oct. 6, 6th, Calendar of Patent, &c., Rolls in Ireland, by James Morrin, vol. i. p. 489.

‡ These Articles are give *in extenso* in Dr. Stephens's "Book of Common Prayer," Ireland, vol. i. pp. xix. to xxv.; and in the "Life, &c. of Archbishop Ussher," edited by the Rev. C. Llirington, D.D., App. xxiii.—xxix.

but such was the violence of party that it was "wth great earnestnes and stomake overthrowen and dassed" in the House of Commons. "In the higher House the consultation and treaty was more calme and quyett." But there was no lack of debate.* In the third Session of Parliament held in February and March, several valuable Acts were passed. Amongst others, "An Act for the Attuinder of Shane O'Niell, &c.," "An Act for vniting the Bishoprick of Clonmaenise to the Diocese of Meath;" another "for vniting the Bishoprick of Imolie with the Archbishoprick of Cashell," &c.

"All the Bills passed with the whole assent of the Lōds Spiritual and Temporal in the higher House, saving the Bill of the Captenryes, which . . . was mysliked by the Lords Temporal, and some Spiritual, as too extreme, in appoynting death wthout benefyte of Clergie to the offender therof."

"There were besydes those other good Bills, . . . that yet found no fawoure with vs, as namelye the Bill for repaireinge of Churches and Chauncells, w^{ch} passed the Higher House, but it was dassed in the Lower House. The Bill for erecting of Schooles, w^{ch} came first to the Higher House, and there at the second reading was mysliked of the Lds Spiritual, partly because they thought hit both law and reason, that they should haue the allowinge and (vpon cawse) the removing of the scholemaster, w^{ch} in the Bill was appointed to the L. Deputy and Counsaill, partely because the stypend of the Scholern^r was to be leyed vpon them, and vpon the p^rsonages, vicarags, and prebends of theire dyoceses only, being not many in number, and the greatest parte of them very pore, and no parte thereof charged vpon any impropriation, though they be many and of good yerely profit."†

In another Session a Bill "for sp^uall p^rsons to be resydinge vpon theire spirituall p^rmotions and lyvings," passed the Upper House, but was "dassed" in the Lower.‡ When all these sessions and debates were ended, the Queen addressed the following letter of thanks to the Irish Prelates, the original Minute of which now exists in the P.R.O., wholly in the handwriting of Sir W. Cecil:—

"We greet you well. Understanding by o^r R^r and wel-beloved Sir H. Sydney, Knight of o^r Order, and Depute of y^e our Realme of Irland,§ how faythfully and dutyfully you did in o^r last cessiō of Parlement serve us, to y^e honor and benefitt of o^r Crowne, in promotyng and funderyng of sondry resonable Acts in that o^r P^rlemēt, we cannot but by these our l^res gyve you vnderstād^yng as well of y^e good report of o^r sayd Depute, as of our favorable acceptatiō of this your s^rvice; and do herby gyve you all that have in this sort shewed yourselves so dutyfull to vs, wher sōe others wer remiss, our most hartly thanks; not dovbt^yng but in all other causes tendyng to the

* Lord Chancellor Weston to Sir William Cecil (Feb. 17, 1568-9), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

† Lord Chancellor Weston to Sir William Cecil (March 18, 1568-9), MSS. Ireland P.R.O.

‡ Lord Chancellor Weston to Sir William Cocil (June 28, 1570), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

§ Sir H. Sydney's Dispatch is not preserved in the P.R.O.

honor of God, y^e maȳtenaȳe of o^r estat, and y^e weale of y^e Realme, you will cōtȳnē this your natural devotiō and service.”*

V. To recur to Mr. Froude's History. In vol. x. p. 481 (*note*),

“Dr. Mant” (*i.e.* the Bishop of Down) discovers that the Bishop of Kildare and the Bishop of Meath were deprived for refusing the Oath of Supremacy.”

No doubt they were deprived for refusing to obey the law, but Mr. Froude has forgotten to notice that these two prelates were only dealt the same measure they themselves meted to others. They were parties to the deprivation of their predecessors,—the lawful and canonical bishops of their respective sees, and many other bishops besides. These deprivations were not for treason against the State, nor for rebellion against the sovereign, nor for disobedience to the law. Let Walsh himself tell the reason why. He states in his Petition to the King (Philip) and Queen (Mary) that he was sent into Ireland at his own cost, by commission, “to deprive certain *married* bishops and priests, and was so occupied in execution of this office, that he could not attend to his own consecration.” He therefore prays them for “the grant of the temporalities of the see (of Meath) from the date of the deprivation of the late Incumbent.” His petition was granted by King's and Queen's letter to the Lord Deputy (dated Oct. 18, 1^o and 2^o). Both petition and grant are enrolled in the Patent and Close Rolls, Chancery, Ireland (Roll. 1^o and 2^o Philip and Mary, D. Mem. 4, Arts. 58 and 59, Cal. of Pat., &c., Rolls, Ireland, by J. Morrin, vol. i. p. 337).†

“The rest,” Mr. Froude continues, “he (Bishop Mant) infers, must have

* MSS. Ireland, P.R.O. Endorsed January, 1570, Minut. from the Queen's Ma^{ty} to the Bishops of Irelande.

Note. The Lord Chancellor, writing to Cecil (March 12, 1569-70) of the ignorance of the people, says, “The consideration of the premiss hath moved me to ioynē wth some of the Byshopps of this lande, how by Parliament here, somethings must be established for the furtheraunce and increase of learninge, and the Knowledge of God, as in drawinge of bylls for buyldinge of Schooles, for reparinge of Churches and Chappells, w^{ch} are so vniversallye downe or decayed as though there were no God nor religion; to call Churchmen to their cures, whose non-residence is a great cause of this great desolaciō and wast.” (MSS. Ireland, Public Record Office.) So these Bishops were not only “Protestantes,” but were earnest in endeavouring, as far as in them lay, to promote the interests of true religion. A little later (*i.e.* January 4, 1571-2) we have Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam writing to Lord Burghley: “To the laste parte of your L. lre, wherein it pleased youre L. to remember me for the favoringe of trewe religione, God graunte me no longer to lyve then it shall please hym to give me his spirit so to do; and for the Byshoppes and others I fynde no other by them but thorowly disposed bothe wth godly teachings and longe tyme of enstructyngs and wth other good and godly, gentle, discreete consyderaciōes, to wyn the rude and weke sorte.”

† No less than six bishops were deprived, during her short reign, by Queen Mary—G. Browne, of Dublin; E. Staples, of Meath; Tho. Lancaster, of Kildare; W. Casoy, of Limerick; R. Travers, of Leighlin; and J. Bale, of Ossory.

taken the oath, because they remained in their places. The English Government, unfortunately for themselves, had no such opportunity as Dr. Mant's argument supposes, for the exercise of their authority. The Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Meath and Kildare, were alone under English jurisdiction."

Shades of Elizabeth, Sussex, Sydney, and Fitzwilliam, what can the historian mean? Whence has he derived his information? What is his authority for such a statement? Most assuredly not the State Papers. For the real fact is that for the first years of Elizabeth's reign, the land enjoyed unwonted peace. The North, it is true, was disturbed by that marauder, Shane O'Neill;* but, as we have already seen, his career was brought to a tragic end in 1567. Sussex assured his sovereign of the quietness of the land.† Certain Irish Lords, writing in October, 1565, to the Queen, declared the quiet and profitable state of Ireland.‡ The Dean of Armagh, after the death of Shane O'Neill, bears the same testimony.§ A witness whose testimony Mr. Froude will not question, Dr. Rooth, in his "Analecta Sacra" (part iii. sheet oiiij), says of Thomas Strong, Romish Bishop of Ossory, "Hæreticorum infestatione coactus è sua Diœcesi et natali solo recedere, voluntarium subivit exilium." But besides this, so to speak, individual testimony, we have (1) The evidence embodied in a solemn Act of Parliament—"Act for the attainder of Shane O'Neill," 11^o Eliz. (Ses. 3) c. 1;|| and (2) The Official Report of the Lord Chancellor and Council on the state of Ireland to the Queen (March 23, 1570-1, MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.). Our space will not permit us to give these important papers *in extenso*. It was the calm which preceded the storm. It effectually deceived the English Government, and threw them off their guard. It induced them, in an evil hour, to draw up "the Book of Articles" (March 3, 1571-2) "for the reforminge of the excessive and importable charges growen there of late yeres, and now thought unnecessary to continue." The Council, by command of the Queen, directed the Lord Deputy to disband a great many of the soldiers then serving in Ire-

* Creagh, in his answers to the interrogations ministered to him (Feb. 22, 1564-5), says that he "intended onely to go streight to y^e place that was by obedience appoynted toe, knowyng not whether Shane Oneil should repute me for his foe or for his friend, for other frenship or cōversation w^t them, I intended doubtles to shun it, while they should lyve that ar broght up in such all kynds of iniquities, mordreures, adoultrys, drokenes, robyng, stellyng, forswhering, and otherlyke, without anny punishment to be spoken of."—Shirley's "Orig. Letters," pp. 168-70.

† Memorial by the Earl of Sussex on the past and present state of Ireland (April, 1562), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

‡ Lords Baltinglas, Shane, Trimleston, Howth, and others to the Queen (Oct. 18, 1565), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

§ Terence Daniell, Dean of Armagh, to Sir W. Cecil (Oct. 5, 1567), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

|| "Statutes of Ireland," vol. i. pp. 322-328.

land. This was a fatal mistake, it was the beginning of the great Irish difficulty. The friars and foreign leaders of the Irish people, with an ability and an astuteness worthy of a better cause, saw at once their opportunity, and with great quickness seized it. The Irish Government were greatly alarmed. The Lord Deputy (Fitzwilliam) writing to the Privy Council (April 15, 1572) somewhat quaintly informs their Lordships, "But the country is in such a jollity by hearing that so many soldiers should be discharged, as almost they begin to ring us away, as it were, with bassoons, not letting generally to say, I am to tarry but for a while, and then to deliver up the sword to some nobleman of the country birth."*

VI. But to revert once more to Mr. Froude. "Loftus resided in Dublin." No doubt Loftus lived sometimes in Dublin. It is little wonder that he did not reside in Armagh, when Shane O'Neill burned his residence and ruled supreme there. But Loftus did not abandon his "few sheep in the wilderness" to the devouring lion. He resided at Termonfechin, which perhaps Mr. Froude does not know, was the "cheffe dwelling place"† of the Archbishops of Armagh in those days. Mr. Froude goes on:—"The see was governed by a bishop in communion with the Pope." This is a marvellous statement, following so quickly after the preceding one. For it will be, we think, readily admitted that if Archbishop Loftus from Dublin, or from his episcopal palace at Termonfechin, could not govern the see of Armagh, *a fortiori*, it could not be governed by the "Bishop in communion with the Pope," from "behind the prison bars of his principal dwelling-place," the Tower of London. We shall have occasion to refer again to Creagh's "residence" there, so we shall not further refer to him here.‡

VII. To recur to Mr. Froude's history (vol. x. p. 481, *note*):—

"In a survey of the country supplied to Cecil in 1571, after death and deprivation had enabled the Government to fill several sees with English nominees, the Archbishops of Armagh, Tuam, and Cashel, with almost every one of the bishops of the respective provinces, are described as *Catholici et Confederati*."

"The Archbishop of Dublin, with the Bishops of Kildare, Ossory, and Ferns, are alone reckoned as 'Protestantes,'"

* Many bishops, as we have seen, attended Parliament in 1569 and 1570, and were at least then "under English jurisdiction." If they had not taken the prescribed oath, or, in other words, if they had not conformed, how could they have attended Parliament at all? and what was to prevent the Lord Deputy from arresting them then, and committing them to the Castle?

† As to the extraordinary statement that Creagh "was regarded in Ireland, even by the correspondents of the English Government, as the 'lawful possessor of the see,' we cannot discover one tittle of evidence throughout the voluminous State Papers now in the Public Record Office to sustain such an allegation.

‡ Private Suits of George Dowdall, Archbishop of Armagh (Aug. 3, 1558). Shirley's "Original Letters," p. 83.

How Mr. Froude could have accepted such evidence, entirely surpasses our comprehension. It, at all events, serves to prove the length to which men—honourable men—will go in order to prop up a foregone conclusion. For the better understanding of our readers we must unveil the history and reveal the facts connected with this "survey supplied to Cecil." It was sent to him by a man named William Herle, who was then (1571) a prisoner in the Marshalsea. How did he come by this important information? How did he procure it? And what is its value as historic evidence of the statements made in it? These are the questions we shall endeavour to answer as best we can for the edification, perhaps also for the amusement, of our readers.

Herle was then in the Marshalsea, and appears to have employed himself, whether in or out of prison, in acquiring political news, and forwarding them to the Minister, Lord Burleigh. He was a needy adventurer, a shameless begging-letter writer. He was always pleading his poverty and praying for place or pension. To procure either he resolved to spare no effort, and to leave no means—fair or foul—untried. Like the importunate widow, his importunity was eventually rewarded, and he obtained a minor official appointment, and thenceforward he sank into his native obscurity. To revert to his present residence in the Marshalsea. With Herle were confined one "Malachias," named in this survey, "Bishop of Ardagh," and one "Charles," a Brabanter, servant of the Bishop of Ross, then Mary Stuart's agent, or ambassador, at the Court of Elizabeth. Charles had just come from abroad in the service of his master. On landing at Dover, he was arrested by Lord Cobham, sent to London, and thrown into prison.* He had some "books" with him, which were supposed to contain important information on the intrigues of the domestic traitors with the Queen's foreign enemies. These were also seized, and the Bishop of Ross was so alarmed lest he or his mistress should be compromised by them, that he hastened to assure Lord Burleigh of his entire ignorance of their character and contents, whilst he earnestly implored him to have them restored to him.† Herle made friends with Charles; he hoped to have made a good thing out of him, and to worm out the secrets with which he was entrusted. He offered to procure permission to leave the prison and to act as confidential messenger between the Bishop and him. They fell into the snare, and gladly accepted his offer. All the letters thus entrusted to his good faith, Herle took off straight to Burleigh. Burleigh opened them, noted their contents, carefully rescaled them,

* W. Herle to Lord Burleigh (about April, 1571), MSS. Mary Queen of Scots, P.R.O.

† The Bishop of Ross to Lord Burleigh (April 16, 1571), MSS. Mary Queen of Scots, P.R.O.

and forwarded them to their destinations. But whilst Herle was thus making friends with "Charles," he was by no means unmindful of his Irish fellow-prisoner. He soon gained his confidence. This *soi-disant* Irish Bishop had great knowledge of the intrigues which were going on abroad against Elizabeth. He pretended to know who were the domestic traitors in Ireland; he assured Herle that the whole land was ripe for rebellion, that all its nobles and all its people were only waiting for the signal to rise. Charles handed to Herle "the Note of the Confederates." This was a god-send to him. He carefully transcribed this "note," and transmitted it to Burleigh.* And this paper, so procured and so authenticated, is the authority, the sole authority, which Mr. Froude quotes as evidence that in 1571 "the Archbishops of Armagh, Tuam, Cashel, with almost every one of the bishops of the respective provinces, were 'Catholici et Confœderati,' whilst "the Archbishop of Dublin, with the Bishops of Kildare, Ossory, and Ferns, are alone regarded as 'Protestantes.'"[†] Verily, if the facts of history rest upon no better evidence than this "Note," they rest upon a very baseless foundation. But let us examine the statements made in this "Note," irrespective of the authority on which they rest. We repeat Mr. Froude's words: "In a survey of the country supplied to Cecil in 1571, after death and deprivation had enabled the Government to fill several sees with English nominees," the Archbishop of Armagh, &c., as before.

Let us deal first with the "deprivation." Two bishops—Meath and Kildare—had been deprived. Why other Bishops were not deprived, Mr. Froude informs us two sentences before, viz., "because the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of Meath and Kildare, were alone under English jurisdiction."

* Herle was eventually found out. This appears by a letter from Charles to Despee (May 10, 1571), transcribed by Mr. Froude, and placed by him amongst the Simancas transcripts in the British Museum. After giving an account of the questions which had been put to him by Lord Burleigh and the Council, and the answers he had given, he says, "I have confessed as much only as 'milord' Burleigh gave me to understand that he knows more about the journey of Ridolphi. Indeed, there is some traitor or spy amongst you or in Flanders, who gives notice of everything. They have brought here this traitor Herle." We are indebted to a gentleman in the Museum for this translation of the letter which was written in Spanish. For the intercepted letters and further particulars relative to the proceedings and conduct of the Bishop of Ross, Charles (Bully), and Herle, we refer our readers to "A Collection of State Papers" from 1571 to 1596, preserved at Hatfield. Edited by William Murchin, B.D., folio, London, 1769, pp. 1—70.

† On examining the original paper in the Public Record Office we find that Mr. Froude does not quote it accurately. The exact words contained in "The Note" are as follows: "Hii Protestantes,—Archieps Dublinien, qui habet sub eo Eps Daren, Eps Lelinen, Eps Ossuren, Eps Fernen, et Eps Coutheriewagh." Thus Mr. Froude omits two Bishops named in the "Note" as Protestants, viz., Leighlin and "Coutheriewagh." Who this last was we are at a loss to discover. We must leave Mr. Froude and his informant to instruct us.

(1.) Kildare: Thomas Leveroux was deprived in 1559-60. He was succeeded by Alexander Craik. On his death in 1564 Robert Daly was appointed to the see. He was now (1571) the Bishop. According to this survey he was a Protestant. But by-and-bye we shall find him returned as devoted to the Pope and to King Philip.

(2.) Meath: William Walsh was deprived in 1560. He was succeeded by Hugh Brady. He was now (1571) the Bishop. According to this veritable authority, and notwithstanding that he was one of the only three "Bishops in all Ireland under English jurisdiction," he was a "Catholic and a Confederate," in other words, a rebel.

Now let us deal with the death vacancies:—

(1.) Armagh: Adam Loftus succeeded George Dowdall in this see. On his translation to Dublin in 1567 (on Curwin's resignation), he was succeeded by Thomas Lancaster, who was now (1571) the Archbishop.

(2.) Cashel: On the vacancy caused by the death of Roland Baron (or Fitzgerald), James M'Caghwell was appointed by the Queen. He was carried off, by the Pope's and Mr. Froude's Archbishop, into Spain in 1568. He died in 1570, and Miler Magrath was appointed, and was now (1571) the Archbishop.

(3.) Down and Connor: The date of Eugene Magennis's death is not known. He was succeeded by James M'Caghwell. On his translation Miler Magrath was appointed by the Queen. On his succeeding M'Caghwell in Cashel, John Merriman was appointed, and was now (April, 1571) the Bishop. He died in the June or July of this year.

(4.) Ossory: John Thonory died in 1565. He was succeeded by Sir Christopher Gaffney, who was now (1571) the Bishop, and allowed to have been a Protestant.

(5.) Ferns: Alexander Devereux died in 1566. To him succeeded John Devereux, who was now (1571) the Bishop, and the last admitted to have been a Protestant.

(6.) Leighlin: Thomas Field (or O'Fihil) died in 1567. He was succeeded by Daniel Kavanagh, who was now (1571) the Bishop. "The Note" reckons him as Protestant; Mr. Froude does not, he pretends to know him better.

(7.) Killaloe: Terence O'Brien died in 1569. Maurice O'Brien was first appointed, and was now (1571) *custodius* of the temporalities,* eventually he was appointed and duly consecrated the Bishop.

* Queen Mary on, at least, two occasions thus acted. She granted writs of restitution of the temporalities of the sees of Meath, and of Cork and Cloyne, to William Walsh and Roger Skiddy, pending the arrival of the Bulls from the Pope for their respective consecrations (October 18, 1^o and 2^o September 18, 4^o and 5^o, Philip and Mary).—"Calendar Patent Rolls of Chancery in Ireland," by James Morrin, vol. i. pp. 337, 377.

Besides these vacancies by "death and deprivation," two were caused by resignations:—

(1.) Dublin: On Hugh Curwin's resignation in 1567, he was succeeded by Adam Loftus, who was now (1571) Archbishop. According to "The Note" he was a Protestant. By-and-bye we shall find it represented that this was all a mistake, that he was a rebel, and "bore good will and was devoted to the Pope and the Catholic King."

(2.) Cork and Cloyne: Roger Skiddy resigned these sees on the 18th of March, 1566. To him succeeded Richard Dixon, who was a most unworthy character, which Mr. Froude, in his zeal for the purity of the Irish Church, does not fail to bring out into bold relief. He was now (1571) the Bishop, but was shortly after deprived by the Queen.

Thus, up to April, 1571, seven vacancies had been caused by "death and deprivation," and two by resignation. Of the nine appointments made to the vacant sees by the Crown, four only, according to Mr. Froude, were Protestants. The remaining five were regarded as "Catholics and Confederates."

We request our readers will bear this list in mind, and compare it with one appended to another paper, to which we shall have occasion hereafter to refer.

VIII. Once more Mr. Froude (vol. x. pp. 482-3):—

"The Papal Primate Creagh, who had been with Shan (*sic*) before his defeat, was betrayed to the deputy by one of the O'Shaughnessies. As he had escaped once before, Cecil thought it would be better to make an end of him, and unless Sidney saw objections, he recommended that the Archbishop should be indicted and ordered 'to receive that which in justice he had deserved, for example's sake, to restrain the traitoring to Rome.'* The poor wretch was spared the fate which was intended for him. The deputy, for some reason, suggested a doubt 'of the indifferency of his trial' in Dublin. Before he could be sent to London, he escaped out of prison once more, made his way to Scotland and thence to the Continent, to disappear from history."

This is a very pretty story, very prettily told, and beyond all doubt a very affecting one. It would serve admirably "to point a moral or adorn a tale" in a romance, or in a modern sensation novel. Unfortunately Mr. Froude is not supposed to be writing a romance or composing a novel. He is presumed to be writing history, and facts, not fictions, form history. But this tale of Creagh's last escape is simple fiction, not fact; romance, not history. We shall relate the facts and give the dates as they appear on the face of the papers from which Mr. Froude is supposed to quote. Creagh left Ireland in August, 1562, he arrived in Rome on the following January, was consecrated by Lomelinus and another bishop in the Pope's chapel

* Mr. Froude's note (p. 482) refers to "Cecil to Sidney, July 5." There does not appear to be any such letter amongst the "MSS. Ireland," Public Record Office. There is a minute of a letter from the Queen to Sidney of July 6 as well as of July 22, 1567. The words within brackets are not in the letter of July 6.

there, about Easter, 1564. He left Rome the following July. He arrived in London in October, remained there three days, and then continued his journey to Ireland.* There he was arrested towards the end of 1564. From his prison in Dublin† he escaped, but was soon after again arrested, and sent over to London. On arriving, he was committed to the Tower "for attempting to disturb the Realme of Ireland by practises from Rome,"‡ which was evidenced, amongst other ways, by his conveying "some kind of letter from the Pope to Shane O'Neill."§ He was committed "to close Pryson of the Tower," by order of the Council, and examined on the 22nd of February, 1564-5.|| He was examined again on the 17th of March.¶ Soon after he once more escaped and went to Louvain,** from thence he went to Spain, and eventually returned to Ireland some time in 1566. In the December of that year he was with Shane O'Neill in the North.†† On the 30th of April he was arrested by Sir Roger O'Shaughnessy,‡‡ a "meer Irishman" no doubt, but a loyal subject of his sovereign. On the 22nd of July the Queen gave orders to Sir Henry Sidney, if he "mistrusted the indifferency in Irland of the tryall of one Creagh, the counterfeated Primæ of Armaugh," to have him sent into England, "where it is mete to have him tryed, and to receave that he hath deserved, although y^e exūple wer much better ther, to restray the *com-trav-ly-g* [*sic*] to Roome."§§ In pursuance of these instructions, *non obstante* Mr. Froude, he was sent over to London and re-committed to the Tower. There he was examined on the 22nd of December, 1567, and again on the 8th of January, 1567-8.|||| He was there in July, 1569.||||| In 1574, when, as he says, he had been eight years a captive there, he addressed an earnest appeal to the Lords of the Council entreating to be set at liberty, and promising to be a loyal subject.¶¶ His request was not granted, but he was removed to the prison of the "Gatchouse of

* • Examination of Richard Creagh (March 17, 1564-5), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O. Shirley's "Original Letters," pp. 173, 175.

† Richard Creagh to the Privy Council (undated, but written in 1574), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

‡ Council Register, February 22, 1564-5.

§ Answer of Richard Creagh to Interrogatories (February 22, 1564-65), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O. Shirley's "Original Letters," p. 168.

|| Council Register.

¶ By Orders in Council, March 9, 11, 1564-5.

** Bishop of St. Asaph to Richard Creagh (June 20, 1566), quoted in D. Rooth's "Analecta Sacra" (Cologne, 1619), and in King's "Primer of Irish Church History," vol. iii. p. 1231.

†† Creagh to Lord Deputy (Dec. 25, 1566), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

‡‡ Thomas Lancaster to Sir W. Cecil (May 31, 1567), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

§§ The Queen to the Lord Deputy (July 22, 1567), Shirley's "Orig. Let.," pp. 307-8.

|||| MSS. Ireland, P.R.O., at respective dates.

||||| R. Creagh to the Privy Council (undated, but in 1574), MSS. Ireland, P.R.O.

Westminster." On the 4th of March, 1574-5, the Council directed that he should be again sent to the Tower.* On the 22nd of October, 1575, on the 15th of September, and the 1st of October, 1577,† he remained there. On the 16th of March, 1579-80, he was still a prisoner, but was evidently allowed considerable liberties. On that day he was examined on Interrogatories.‡ In the last glimpse we get of him we find him still in the Tower—viz., July, 1581.§ How much longer he remained there we have not been able to ascertain. Rooth, in the "Analecta Sacra," says he died there in October, 1585.

IX. Again we quote Mr. Froude (vol. x. pp. 494-5). The Irish

"Determined therefore to offer the Irish crown to any prince of Spanish blood whom Philip might please to give them. The Celts and the Norman-Irish were equally interested, for all believed themselves threatened, and all equally detested Protestantism. Messengers went round the provinces collecting signatures to the intended address to the Spanish King, not a single chief or nobleman refused his name, except the two Butlers, who in the midst of their own agony, 'spotted,' as Ormond himself proudly complained, 'with the name of traitors,' called rebels in Dublin, and protected only by dread of Elizabeth from being hunted down as wild beasts, declined to abandon their loyalty . . . but they stood alone against the whole island beyond the pale, and three Archbishops and eight Bishops, the Earls, Barons, Chiefs—the entire noble blood of the country, combined in one common effort to transfer to Spain the sovereignty of Ireland.

"The Archbishop of Cashel, Maurice *Macginn* (*sic*), or Maurice Reagh, as he was called, was chosen to be the bearer of the petition, and 'escorted to his ship' by James Fitz-Maurice 'as if he were a god,' he sailed from a harbour in Kerry in February, 1569, at the moment when the confiscation project was assuming a practical shape in London.

"His commission was addressed to the Pope as well as to Philip."

Note (by Mr. Froude) p. 495:—

"The signatures of the Archbishops and Bishops would decide the question of their attitude towards the Reformation, if, on other ground, there was the slightest reason to feel doubtful about it."

Mr. Froude then gives an abstract of the appeal or petition, and in a note (p. 496) he quotes his authority, "Exposition del Estado de Los negocios de Irlanda que se ha de hacer á su Sant^a y á la Mag^a Catolica de la parte de los obispos y nobles de aquella Isla. MSS. Simancas."

We must confess to some astonishment on reading these statements for the first time. Our desire was to see the original document, and to learn the names of the "three Archbishops and eight Bishops" who had signed this treasonable petition; we were anxious to examine their signatures; to know what Irish prelates had been guilty of such

* Council Register.

† Council Register under respective dates.

‡ Articles ministered to and answers of R. O'neagh (March 15 and 16, 1579-80), MSS. Dom., P.R.O.

§ MSS. Dom. P.R.O.

foul treason, in seeking foreign aid to assist them to wage war against their lawful sovereign. It was impossible for us to go to Simancas ourselves. We requested a friend to procure us a transcript from thence. We did not fail to examine the very document which was in Mr. Froude's own hands—the paper which Mr. Froude has himself deposited in the British Museum, with many other transcripts from the Simancas Archives. We accordingly proceeded there, and carefully examined this important transcript. With what result let our readers judge.

1. We looked in vain for it in 1569, when, according to Mr. Froude, the Romish Archbishop, Fitzgibbon, left Ireland to convey it to the Pope and King of Spain. It is placed, we presume, by Mr. Froude himself, amongst the papers of 1571, when, no doubt, Fitzgibbon was in Spain.*

2. It contains the names, or rather titles, of the *four* Archbishops (not "three" as stated by Mr. Froude). They thus stand in the Record:—

Archiepiscopus Armacanus, Metropolitan.

Archiepiscopus Dubliniensis.

Archiepiscopus Cassellensis.

Archiepiscopus Tuamensis.

The eight Bishops follow thus:—

Episcopus Mithensis.

Episcopus Kildariensis.

Episcopus Waterfordensis.

Episcopus Corcagensis.

Episcopus Lymbriacensis.

Episcopus Ossoriensis.

Episcopus Clunfartiensis.

Episcopus Rossensis.

From Mr. Froude's note (p. 496) we have apparently no choice left but to assume that he means the lawful and canonical Bishops of these sees. But this assumes that Lancaster, Loftus, and Magrath—Brady, Daly, Dixon, and Gaffney, who were actually appointed by Queen Elizabeth (to say nothing of the others), not only thus showed their hostile "attitude towards the Reformation," but that, whilst accepting royal favours, and professing, under the solemn sanctions of an oath, their loyalty to her person and crown, they were secretly

* We regret that our space will not permit us to give the characteristic letter from the Papal Archbishop, Maurice Fitzgibbon, to King Philip (July 26, 1570), a copy of which has been deposited by Mr. Froude in the British Museum. This letter is alone quite sufficient to remove all doubts as to the object contemplated by the Romish party in Ireland (i.e., at all hazards and at all costs to get rid of the yoke of England).

in league with the Papal emissaries, ready at any favourable moment to betray their sovereign, and seeking the support of the Queen's foreign enemies in aid of a domestic rebellion, which made no secret of its object and its aims.

But whoever Mr. Froude may have intended, we must assume that the Papal agents meant the titular, not the lawful possessors of these sees. Even so, the case is not free from difficulty. For whilst we know that Fitzgibbon, the titular Archbishop of Cashel, was a traitor, and actively engaged in plotting treason, we know that Creagh, the titular Archbishop of Armagh, was safely kept out of harm's way, and securely lodged within the grim dungeons of the Tower, where it was impossible for him to sign such a document.* But who were the titular Archbishops of Dublin and Tuam? We know of none. The only Archbishops of these sees were Loftus and Bodkyn. With respect to the latter, we believe that he was incapable of such villainy. We know that he was giving just then the best evidence of his own loyalty, by his earnest labours and wise counsels as the principal member of the Council of Connaught. But what shall we say of Loftus, the Archbishop of Dublin? Mr. Froude, when he found the titles of the *four* archbishops upon this list, must have felt somewhat embarrassed. He could not have been ignorant of the real facts. He must have known that Loftus was the only possessor of the see, that no titular Archbishop existed at that time, or for nearly thirty years after. Feeling then that it would be too absurd to accuse Loftus of high treason, he seeks to avoid the difficulty by mis-quoting the document, stating it was signed by three Archbishops, instead of by four, as in the paper he had before him. This may be very sharp and very clever, but it was scarcely prudent and hardly fair.

With respect to the eight Bishops whose titles are appended to this petition our space will not permit us to enter into the history of each of these sees. Let it suffice to say that, four of these eight sees (Meath, Kildare, Cork, and Ossory) were held by bishops appointed by Elizabeth herself.†

* Creagh, in his letter to the Privy Council (1574), says Shane O'Neill, "sought an earnest way to undoe me . . . for refusing to sett my hand to his l^r, wch he sayde he wolde cause to be writte to y^e Spaynish Kyng."

† We request our readers to compare this list with that given in the "survey supplied to Cecil" this year (1571), to which we have before referred. It will be remembered that on the authority of this document, Mr. Froude stated (vol. x. p. 481, *note*), "That the Archbishops of Armagh, Tuam, and Cashel, with almost every one of the bishops of the respective provinces, are described as 'Catholici et Confederati,' whilst in this solemn appeal to King Philip all the names of those who were put before him as assumed favourers of this treason, were eight out of the twenty-five Irish Bishops." Nay more, in the "Note of the Confederates," as quoted by Mr. Froude, "the Archbishop of

In addition to the titles of the Irish prelates, we have also the names of the following Irish Peers appended to the petition as being persons "of good intention and of devotion towards the Holy See and King Philip," viz. :—

- Itm Comes Asnontis (*i.e.* Desmond), potentissimus Hybern.
- „ Comes Kyldaræ.
- „ Comes Ormontis.
- „ Comes Clan Ricardi.*
- „ Comes Tuamontis.†
- „ Comes Tyronii.‡

What do our readers think of finding the Earl of Ormond (to say nothing of the Earl of Kildare) accused of such treachery and treason? To allege such a charge against this distinguished nobleman alone is sufficient to destroy the value of the evidence of this

Dublin, with the Bishops of Kildare, Ossory, and Ferns," are alone given as "Protestantes," whilst in the document now before us three of these four prelates (*i.e.*, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of Kildare and Ossory), are noted as men "bonæ intentionis et devotionis erga suam sacritatam sedemque Apostolicam et Potentissimum Principem Dominum Phillipum."

* Our space does not permit us to give the Earl of Clanricard's declaration of "sondry his services" to the Crown "from the 3 yere of King Edward VI." to March 8, 1578-9, in which, among many other striking proofs of his loyalty, he says, "I did . . . hang my own son, my brother's son, my cousin-german's son, and one of the captains of my gallo glasses, besides fifty of my own followers that bare armour and weapon, which the Archbishop of Tuam, the Bishop of Clonsfert, and the whole corporation of the town of Galway may witness." Nor are we able to give his Lordship's affecting letter to the Queen (March 10, 1578-9), in which, strong in conscious integrity, he says, "And for the other points which may touch me in deed, word, or thought, in disloyalty to your person or crown royal, I will not crave your Majesty's favour nor mercy, but would avow my truth and innocency against mine accusers, and will defend the same by order of your Majesty's laws, and by the spending of my blood any way, so long as God shall give me leave."

† The Earl of Thomond was also a loyal subject. It is true he broke out into rebellion in 1570, but on the 21st of December (1570) he gave in his submission to Sir Henry Sydney, and confessed his treason and rebellion through evil and naughty counsel. Soon after this, by Queen's Letter, March 2, 1573-4, he was restored to his possessions, and we have a "note" of his loyal services to the Crown in his petition to the Queen (about July, 1577).

‡ Who was Comes Tyronii? At this period there was no such person. The name of "O'Connor Sligo" is also appended to this petition as a favourer of treason. But he was, beyond all doubt, a loyal subject, and was much in favour with the Queen. He entered into a treaty with the Lord Deputy at Boyle (Oct. 24, 89). He was admitted to her Majesty's presence at Hampton Court on the 8th of Nov. (1567). There he acknowledged her Majesty to be his natural Princess and supreme sovereign, promised obedience and adhesion to her and her successors, and to defend her against "all men in the world." The Queen then entered into a new treaty with him, and directed Letters Patent to be passed under the great Seal to him for the grant of his lands (Jan. 20, 100) (Cal. Pat., &c., Rolls Chancery, Ireland, Merrin, vol. i., pp. 495, 508-9.) O'Connor's brother (Owen) was educated at Oxford, took Holy Orders in England, and was sent back to Ireland with highly commendatory letters from the Privy Council to the Lord Deputy (Oct. 26, 1574)—Council Register

document as to the names appended to it. Every reader of history knows that Ormond was a most faithful and loyal subject, "faithful amongst the faithless," that through evil report and good report "he maintained his loyalty, and devoted all his means and all his power to support the Government, and to resist all the treasons of the 'Catholici et Confœderati.'" This very history bears eloquent testimony to this fact.

But we have not yet done with this paper, nor with Mr. Froude's statements and arguments founded upon it. In the note (vol. x. p. 495) Mr. Froude says:—

"The signatures of the archbishops and bishops would decide the question of their attitude towards the Reformation, if on other ground there was the slightest reason to feel doubtful about it."

With the original paper before Mr. Froude, such a note as this astounds us. For what will our readers say when we affirm that there does not appear to be a single original signature appended to this appeal to King Philip? The very form in which the names (as given above, page 467) are mentioned supplies incontestable evidence that there were no signatures. But we have still further evidence in the paper before us. At the end of the petition, and immediately before the names, is the following sentence:—

"Nominatim vero hujus bone (*sic*) intentionis et devotionis erga suam sanctitatem sedemque Apostolicam et Potentissimum Princepem Dñm Philippum Hispaniarum, &c. Regem esse Prælatos, Proceres, Barones, et Nobiles infra scriptos."

Then follow the names as above given, with those of many of the Irish chieftains. After these again come the following words:—

"Cum reliquis omnibus Episcopis, Prælatiis, Religiosis, Baronibus, Nobilibus, Equitibus, Civitatibus, oppidis, et totâ communitate istius Regni, multis etiam Angliis viris Catholicis in ista Insula residentibus."

These sentences indubitably prove that there were no signatures to this petition (which, as we shall see, is the very document which was placed in King Philip's hands), notwithstanding the allegation "that messengers went round the provinces collecting signatures to the intended address to the Spanish King, and that not a single chief or nobleman refused his name, except the two Butlers," one of whom, nevertheless, even the "Chief Butler" himself, figures prominently on this list.

In fact, it is simply a list of names sent in by the Papal agents to King Philip to induce him to lend a favourable ear, and give a favourable answer to the prayer of the petition. They assured him that these distinguished persons, with every creature besides in Ireland (and many Roman Catholics in England), were rebels in

heart, bare good will and were entirely devoted to himself and the Pope. What more could he require? He had only to will, to order, and to annex.

But Philip was not to be so easily taken in by this earnest appeal, backed though it was by this great array of names. Our readers will not fail to have noticed that Mr. Froude does not inform us what became of this petition, or what answer it received, or whether it received any answer at all. We shall take the liberty of supplying this omission. The king's reply, such as it is, is on the document itself, in his own handwriting.* It is written in Spanish. We give the translation as kindly made for us by a learned friend:—

"I do not know for what purpose this comes, nor who sends it; no letter of advice comes with it, and is the same (subject) as the Nuncio mentioned the other day. (Let) these letters be seen in Council, but not those which are wanting, which came along with them, which are in my Confessor's hands. He will send them to you beforehand, under charge of showing them to me again, in order that I may see what answer to give."

We must say we cannot admire the want of candour which withheld the king's answer, and afforded no hint even of its existence.

We have now done. We have by no means exhausted this "Comedy of Errors" in this modern history, but we think we have said quite sufficient to guard our readers against being led astray by Mr. Froude's statements of the History of Ireland. It is evident that Protestantism in Ireland is Mr. Froude's *bête noir*. With a strange obliquity he attributes to this one source almost all the ills, all the wrongs, and all the disloyalty of Ireland and the Irish. To accomplish this primary purpose, he entirely ignores the whole previous history of that unhappy land. With an equally strange fatuity, he, an English gentleman, writing the history of his country, rakes up and records all the errors, all the shortcomings of the past, and at a moment when every loyal subject would wish to throw a veil over the sad passions and the bitter feuds of the past, he re-opens the old wounds, not to pour in oil and wine, but to inflame and aggravate an already sufficiently embittered sore. He throws a halo of grandeur and almost of glory around the Irish leaders, who, lashed into fury by papal and foreign agents, in an evil hour for themselves, their posterity, and their country, induced their poor ignorant followers to take up arms against their lawful sovereign, and that, not so much on account of their own real or fancied wrongs, but as a means to accomplish foreign objects, to advance foreign interests,

* We learn this most important fact from a gentleman officially employed amongst the Simancas Archives, who has also kindly favoured us with a transcript of the documents preserved in Simancas.

and to promote the designs and the policy of foreign politicians. The guilty agents of foreign despots fondly hoped by their cunning craftiness to lessen the prestige, and eventually to destroy the power, of England, the incurable enemy of their bigotry, their intolerance, and their despotism. They fondly hoped to shake to the dust the very foundations of her empire—to snap in pieces her trident, and to render helpless and desolate the happy home of the oppressed—the glorious land of freedom and of the free. But “His truth” was England’s shield and buckler. “Her strength” arose with more than a giant’s might. He defeated the counsels of these Ahithophels. He scattered His and her enemies as “chaff before the wind, and as the thistle-down before the whirlwind,” and “at the blast of the breath of His nostrils, the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters.” “O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us, what works Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.” Let us add in faith and humility, “Our father’s God shall be our God for ever and for ever.”

RICHARD NUGENT.

[Since writing the above we are glad to be able to inform our readers that this great question has been most ably and learnedly dealt with by probably the greatest living authority on Irish Church History—the Archdeacon of Meath. He is well supported by an earnest and valiant supporter of the Irish Church, the Rev. Alfred Lee, LL.D. These learned friends exhaust the question, and leave nothing to be desired by the friends of our pure Protestant Church. We cordially commend “The Unity of the Anglican Church and the Succession of Irish Bishops,” by the Archdeacon of Meath (Dublin, 8vo, Hodges, Smith, and Co.), and “The Irish Episcopal Succession,” by the Rev. Dr. Lee (London, &c., 8vo, Rivingtons), to the attention of our readers.]



THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF MARIOLATRY.

THE worship of Mary was originally only a reflection of the worship of Christ, and the feasts of Mary were designed to contribute to the glorifying of Christ. The system arose from the inner connection of the Virgin with the holy mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God; though certainly with this leading religious and theological interest other motives combined. As mother of the Saviour of the world, the Virgin Mary unquestionably holds for ever a peculiar position among all women, and in the history of redemption. Even in heaven she must stand peculiarly near to Him whom on earth she bore, and whom she followed with true motherly care to the cross. It is perfectly natural, nay, essential to sound religious feeling, to associate with Mary the fairest traits of maidenly and maternal character, and to revere her as the highest model of female purity, love, and piety. From her example issues a silent blessing upon all generations, and her name and memory are, and ever will be, inseparable from the holiest mysteries and benefits of faith. For this reason her name is even wrought into the Apostles' Creed, in the simple and chaste words, "Conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

The Catholic Church, however, both Latin and Greek, did not stop with this. After the middle of the fourth century it overstepped the wholesome biblical limit, and transformed the "Mother of the

Lord"* into a Mother of God, the humble "handmaid of the Lord"† into a Queen of Heaven, the "highly favoured"‡ into a dispenser of favours, the "blessed among women"§ into an intercessor above all women, nay, we may almost say, the redeemed daughter of fallen Adam, who is nowhere in Holy Scripture excepted from the universal sinfulness, into a sinlessly holy co-redeemer. At first she was acquitted only of actual sin, afterwards even of original; though the doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin was long contested, and was not established as an article of faith in the Roman Church till 1854. Thus the veneration of Mary gradually degenerated into the worship of Mary; and this took so deep hold upon the popular religious life in the Middle Age, that, in spite of all scholastic distinctions between *latría*, and *dulia*, and *hyperdulia*, Mariolatry practically prevailed over the worship of Christ. Hence in the innumerable Madonnas of Catholic art the human mother is the principal figure, and the divine child accessory. The Catholic devotions scarcely utter a *Pater Noster* without an *Ave Maria*, and turn even more frequently and naturally to the compassionate, tender-hearted mother for her intercessions, than to the eternal Son of God, thinking that in this indirect way the desired gift is more sure to be obtained. To this day the worship of Mary is one of the principal points of separation between the Græco-Roman Catholicism and Evangelical Protestantism. It is one of the strongest expressions of the fundamental Romish error of unduly exalting the human factors or instruments of redemption, and obstructing or rendering needless the immediate access of believers to Christ, by thrusting in subordinate mediators. Nor can we but agree with nearly all unbiassed historians in regarding the worship of Mary as an echo of ancient heathenism. It brings plainly to mind the worship of Ceres, of Isis, and of other ancient mothers of the gods; as the worship of saints and angels recalls the hero-worship of Greece and Rome. Polytheism was so deeply rooted among the people that it reproduced itself in Christian forms. The popular religious want had accustomed itself even to female deities, and very naturally betook itself first of all to Mary, the highly favoured and blessed mother of the divine-human Redeemer, as the worthiest object of adoration.

Let us now trace the main features in the historical development of the Catholic Mariology and Mariolatry.

The New Testament contains no intimation of any worship or festival celebration of Mary. On the one hand Mary is rightly called by Elizabeth, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, the "Mother of

* Ἡ μήτηρ τοῦ κυρίου, Luke i. 43.

† Ἡ δούλη κυρίου, Luke i. 38.

‡ Κεχαριτωμένη (*pass. part.*), Luke i. 28.

§ Εὐλογημένη ἐν γυναιξίν. Luke i. 28.

the Lord"—but nowhere "Mother of God," which is at least not entirely synonymous—and is saluted by her, as well as by the angel Gabriel, as "blessed among women;"† nay, she herself prophesies in her inspired song, which has since resounded through all ages of the Church, that "henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."‡ Through all the youth of Jesus she appears as a devout virgin, full of childlike innocence, purity, and humility; and the few traces we have of her later life, especially the touching scene at the cross,§ confirm this impression. But, on the other hand, it is equally unquestionable that she is nowhere in the New Testament excepted from the universal sinfulness and the universal need of redemption, and represented as immaculately holy, or as in any way an object of divine veneration. On the contrary, true to the genuine female character, she modestly stands back throughout the Gospel history, and in the Acts and the Epistles she is mentioned barely once, and then simply as the "Mother of Jesus;"|| even her birth and her death are unknown. Her glory fades in holy humility before the higher glory of her Son. In truth, these are plain indications that the Lord, with prophetic reference to the future apotheosis of his mother according to the flesh, from the first gave warning against it. At the wedding in Cana he administered to her, though leniently and respectfully, a rebuke for premature zeal mingled perhaps with maternal vanity.¶

On a subsequent occasion he put her on a level with other female disciples, and made the carnal consanguinity subordinate to the spiritual kinship of the doing of the will of God.** The well-meant and in itself quite innocent benediction of an unknown woman upon his mother he did not indeed censure, but he corrected it with a benediction upon all who hear the word of God and keep it, and thus forestalled the deification of Mary by confining the ascription within the bounds of moderation.††

* Luke i. 43: Ἡ μήτηρ τοῦ κυρίου μου.

† Luke i. 28: Χαῖρε, κεχαρισμένη· ὁ κύριος μετὰ σοῦ, εὐλογημένη σὺ ἐν γυναῖξιν. So Elizabeth, Luke i. 42: Εὐλογημένη σὺ ἐν γυναῖξιν, καὶ εὐλογημένος ὁ καρπὸς τῆς κοιλίας σου.

‡ Luke i. 48: Ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν μακαριοῦσίν με πᾶσαι αἱ γενεαί.

§ John xix. 26-27.

|| Acts i. 14.

¶ John ii. 4: Τί ἔμοι καὶ σοί, γύναι; compare the commentators on the passage. The expression "woman" is entirely respectful; compare John xix. 21; xx. 13, 16. But the "What have I to do with thee?" is, like the Hebrew *תִּי וְעִמָּךְ* (Josh. xxii. 24; 2 Sam. xvi. 10; xix. 22; 1 Kings xvii. 18; 2 Kings iii. 13; 2 Chron. xxxv. 21), a rebuke and censure of undue interference; compare Matt. viii. 29; Luke viii. 28; Mark i. 24 (also the Classics). Meyer, the best grammatical expositor, observes on γύναι, "that Jesus did not say *μήτηρ* flowed involuntarily from the sense of his higher wonder-working position, whence he repelled the interference of feminine weakness, which here met him even in his mother."

** Matt. xii. 46-50.

†† Luke xi. 27, 28. The *μενούνη* is emphatic, *utique*, but also corrective, *in eo tunc*; so

In striking contrast with this healthful and sober representation of Mary in the canonical Gospels are the numerous apocryphal Gospels of the third and fourth centuries, which decorated the life of Mary with fantastic fables and wonders of every kind, and thus furnished a pseudo-historical foundation for an unscriptural Mariology and Mariolatry.* The Catholic Church, it is true, condemned this apocryphal literature so early as the decrees of Gelasius; † yet many of the fabulous elements of it—such as the names of the parents of Mary, Joachim (instead of Eli, as in Luke iii. 23) and Anna, ‡ the birth of Mary in a cave, her education in the temple, and her *mock* marriage with the aged Joseph§—passed into the Catholic traditions.

The development of the orthodox Catholic Mariology and Mariolatry originated as early as the second century in an allegorical interpretation of the history of the Fall, and in the assumption of an antithetic relation of Eve and Mary, according to which the mother of Christ occupies the same position in the history of redemption as the wife of Adam in the history of sin and death. || This idea, so fruitful of many errors, is ingenious, but unscriptural, and an apocryphal substitute for the true Pauline doctrine of an antitypical parallel be-

here and Rom. ix. 20; x. 18. Luther inexactly translates simply, *ja*; the English Bible more correctly, *yea rather*. Meyer *ad loc.*, "Jesus does not forbid the congratulation of his mother, but he applies the predicate *μακάριος* not, as the woman had done, to an outward relation, but to an *ethical* category, in which *any one might stand*, so that the congratulation of his mother, *as mother*, is thereby corrected." Van Oosterzee strikingly remarks in his commentary on Luke, in Lange's "Bibelwerk":—"The congratulating woman is the prototype of all those who in all times have honoured the mother of the Lord above her Son, and been guilty of Mariolatry. If the Lord even here disapproves this honouring of his mother, where it moves in so modest limits, what judgment would he pass upon the new dogma of Pio Nono, on which a whole new Mariology is built?"

* Here belongs, above all, the Protevangelium Jacobi Minoris, which dates from the third or fourth century; then the Evangelium de nativitate S. Mariæ; the Historia de nativitate Mariæ et de infantia Salvatoris; the Evangelium infantie Servatoris; the Evang. Josephi fabri lignarii. Comp. Thilo's "Cod. Apocryphus," N. Ti. Lips. 1832, and the convenient digest of this apocryphal history in R. Hofmann's "Leben Jesu nach den Apocryphen," Leipz., 1851, pp. 5-117.

† Decret. de libris apocr. Coll. Conc. ap. Harduin. tom. ii. p. 941. Comp. Pope Innocent I., Ep. ad Exuperium Tolosanum, c. 7, where the Protevang. Jacobi is rejected and condemned.

‡ Epiphanius also, Hær. 78, No. 17, gives the parents of Jesus these names. To reconcile this with Luke iii. 23, the Roman theologians suppose that Eli, or Heli, is an abbreviation of Heliakim, and that this is the same with Joakim, or Joachim.

§ According to the apocryphal Historia Josephi he was already ninety years old; according to Epiphanius at least eighty; and was blessed with children by a former marriage. According to Origen, also, and Eusebius, and Gregory of Nyssa, Joseph was an aged widower; Jerome, on the contrary, makes him, like Mary, a pure *cælibs*, and says of him: "*Mariæ quam putatus est habuisse, custos potius fuit quam maritus*;" consequently he must be supposed "*virginem mansisse cum Maria, qui pater Domini meruit adpellari*." Contr. Helvid. c. 19.

|| Rom. v. 12 ff.; 1 Cor. xv. 22.

tween the first and second Adam.* It tends to substitute Mary for Christ. Irenæus is the first among the fathers who presents Mary as the counterpart of Eve, as a "mother of all living," in the higher spiritual sense, and teaches that she became through her obedience the mediate or instrumental cause of the blessings of redemption to the human race, as Eve by her disobedience was the fountain of sin and death.† He already calls her also the "advocata virginis Evæ," which at a later day is understood in the sense of intercessor.‡ On this account this father stands as the oldest leading authority in the Catholic Mariology, though with only partial justice; for he was still widely removed from the notion of the sinless Mary, and expressly declares the answer of Christ, in John ii. 4, to be a reproof of her premature haste.§ In the same way Ter-

* In later times, in the Latin Church, even the *Ære* with which Gabriel saluted the Virgin was viewed as the converse of the name of *Eva*; though the Greek *χαίρει*, Luke i. 28, admits no such far-fetched accommodation. In like manner the "seed of the woman" in the Protevangelium, Gen. iii. 15, was applied to Mary instead of Christ, because the Vulgate wrongly translates the Hebrew, *ראַתְּ יִשׁוּעַר רֵאָה* "*ipsa conteret caput tuum*;" while the LXX. rightly takes the subject *וְרַע* as masc., *αὐτός*, and likewise all Protestant versions of the Bible.

† Irenæus: Adv. hæc. lib. iii., c. 22, § 4: "Consequenter autem et Maria virgo obediens invenitur, dicens, 'Ecce ancilla tua, Domine, fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum' (Luke i. 38); Eva vero disobediens: non obedivit enim, quum adhuc esset virgo. Quemadmodum illa virum quidem habens Adam, virgo tamen adhuc existens. . . . inobediens facta, et sibi et universo generi humano causa facta est mortis; sic et Maria habens prædestinatum virum, et tamen virgo obediens, et sibi et universo generi humano causa facta est salutis. . . . Sic autem et Evæ inobedientia nodus solutionem accepit per obedientiam Mariæ. Quod enim alligavit virgo Eva per incredulitatem, hæc virgo Maria solvit per fidem." Comp. v. 19, § 1. Similar statements occur in Justin Martyr, Tertullian, and Epiphanius. Even St. Augustin carries this parallel between the first and second Eve as far as any of the fathers, in a sermon De Adam et Eva et Sancta Maria, not heretofore quoted, published from various manuscripts in Angelo Mai's Nova Patrum Bibliotheca, tom. ii., Rom., 1852, pp. 1-4. Here, after a most exaggerated invective against woman (whom he calls latrocinium vite, suavis mors, blanda percussio, interfectio lenis, perniciēs delicata, malum libens, rapida jugulatio, omnium calamitas rerum—and all that in a sermon!), goes on thus to draw a contrast between Eve and Mary: "O mulier ista exsecranda, dum decepit! o iterum beata colenda, dum salvat! Plus enim contulit gratiæ, quam doloris. Licet ipsa docuerit mortem, ipsa tamen genuit dominum Salvatorem. Inventa est ergo mors per mulierem, vita per virginem. . . . Ergo malum per feminam, immo et per feminam bonum: quia si per Evam occidimus, magis stamus per Mariam: per Evam sumus servituti addicti, effecti per Mariam liberi: Eva nobis sustulit diuturnitatem, æternitatem nobis Maria condonavit: Eva nos damnari fecit per arboris pomum, absolvit Maria per arboris sacramentum, quia et Christus in ligno pendit ut fructus" (c. 3, pp. 2 and 3). And in conclusion, "Hæc mater est humani generis, auctor illa salutis. Eva nos educavit, roboravit et Maria: per Evam cotidie crescimus, regnamus æternum per Mariam: per Evam deducti ad terram, ad cælum elevati per Mariam" (c. 4, p. 4).

‡ Adv. hæc. v., cap. 19, § 1: "Quemadmodum illa [Eva] seducta est ut effugeret Deum. . . . sic hæc [Maria] suasa est obedire Deo, uti virginis Evæ virgo Maria ferret advocata [probably a translation of *συνήγορος*]. Et quemadmodum adstrictum est mortis genus humanum per virginem, salvatur per virginem: aqua lance disposita, virginalis inobedientia per virginalē obedientiam."

§ Adv. hæc. iii., cap. 16, § 7 (not c. 18, as Gieseler, i., 2, p. 277, wrongly cites it).

tullian, Origen, Basil the Great, and even Chrysostom, with all their high estimate of the mother of the Lord, ascribe to her maternal vanity and anxiety over the sufferings of Christ, and make this the sword which, under the cross, passed through her soul.*

In addition to this typological antithesis of Mary and Eve, the rise of monasticism supplied the development of Mariology a further motive in the enhanced estimate of virginity, without which no higher holiness could be conceived. Hence the virginity of Mary, which is unquestioned for the part of her life before the birth of Christ, came to be extended to her whole life, and her marriage with the aged Joseph to be regarded as a mere protectorate, and therefore only a *nominal* marriage. The passage Matt. i. 25, which according to its obvious literal meaning (the ἕως and πρωτότοκος†) seems to favour the opposite view, was overlooked or otherwise explained; and the brothers of Jesus,‡ who appear fourteen or fifteen times in the Gospel history, and always in close connection with his mother, were regarded not as sons of Mary subsequently born, but either as sons of Joseph by a former marriage (the view of Epiphanius), or, agreeably to the wider Hebrew use of the term מִתְּנִי, as cousins of Jesus (Jerome).§ It was felt, and this feeling is shared by many devout Protestants, to be irreconcilable with her dignity and the dignity of Christ, that ordinary children should afterwards proceed from the same womb out of which the Saviour of the world was born. The name *perpetua virgo*, δει παρθένος, was thenceforth a peculiar and inalienable predicate of Mary. After the fourth century it was taken not merely in a moral sense, but in the physical also, as meaning that Mary conceived and produced the Lord *clauso utero*.|| This, of

* "Dominus repellens ejus intempestivam festinationem, dixit: 'Quid mihi et tibi est, mulier?'" So, as late as the end of the fourth century, Chrysostom, Hom. 21 in Joh. No. 1. Subsequently such reproofs seemed irreconcilable with the dignity and the worship of Mary.

* Test., De carne Christi, c. 7; Orig., in Luc. hom. 17; Basil., Ep. 260 (al. 317) ad Optimum; Chrysost., Hom. 45 in Matt. and Hom. 21 in Joh.

† The reading πρωτότοκος in Matt. i. 25 is somewhat doubtful, but it is certainly genuine in Luke ii. 7.

‡ They are always called ἀδελφοί (four in number, James, Joseph or Josce, Simon, and Jude), and ἀδελφαί (at least two), Matt. xii. 46, 47; xiii. 55, 56; Matt. iii. 31, 32; vi. 3; John vii. 3, 5, 10; Acts i. 14; &c., but nowhere ἀνεψιοί, *cousins*, a term well known to the N. T. vocabulary (Col. iv. 10); or συγγενεῖς, *kinsman* (Mark vi. 4; Luke i. 36, 58; ii. 44; John xviii. 26; Acts x. 24); or υἱοὶ τῆς ἀδελφῆς, *sister's sons* (Acts xxiii. 26). This speaks strongly against the cousin theory.

§ Comp. on this whole complicated question of the brothers of Christ and the connected question of James, the author's treatise on Jakobus und die Brüder des Herrn, Berlin, 1842, his "History of the Apostolic Church," 2nd ed. § 96 (p. 383 of the Leipzig ed.; p. 378 of the English), and his article on the Brethren of Christ in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" of Andover for Oct., 1864.

|| Tertullian (De carne Christi, c. 23; Virgo quantum a viso; non virgo quantum a partu), Clement of Alex. (Strom. vii. p. 889), and even Epiphanius (Hær. lxxviii. § 19,

course, required the supposition of a miracle, like the passage of the risen Jesus through the closed doors. Mary, therefore, in the catholic view, stands entirely alone in the history of the world in this respect, as in others; that she was a married virgin, a wife never touched by her husband.

Epiphanius, in his seventy-eighth heresy, combats the advocates of the opposite view in Arabia towards the end of the fourth century (367) as heretics, under the title of *Antidiko-marianites*, opposers of the dignity of Mary, i.e. of her perpetual virginity. But on the other hand he condemns, in the seventy-ninth heresy, the contemporaneous sect of the *Collyridians* in Arabia, a set of fanatical women who, as priestesses, rendered divine worship to Mary, and, perhaps in imitation of the worship of Ceres, offered little cakes (*κολλυρίδες*) to her; he claims adoration for God and Christ alone. Jerome wrote, about 383, with indignation and bitterness against Helvidius and Jovinian, who, citing Scripture passages and the earlier Church teachers, like Tertullian, maintained that Mary bore children to Joseph after the birth of Christ. He saw in this doctrine a desecration of the temple of the Holy Ghost, and he even compares Helvidius to Erostratus, the destroyer of the temple at Ephesus.* The

where it is said of Christ, Οὐτός ἐστιν ἀληθῶς ἀγούγων μήτραν πατρός), were still of another opinion on this point. Ambrose of Milan is the first, within my knowledge, to propound this miraculous view (Epist. 42 ad Siricium). He appeals to Ezek. xlv. 1-3, taking the east gate of the temple, which must remain closed because Jehovah passed through it, to refer typically to Mary. "Quæ est hæc porta nisi Maria? Ideo clausa, quia virgo. Porta igitur Maria, per quam Christus intravit in hunc mundum," &c. De inst. Virg. c. 8. So Ambrose also in his hymn, "A solis ortus cardine;" and Jerome, Adv. Pelag. l. ii., No. 4. The resurrection of Jesus from the closed tomb, and the entrance of the risen Jesus through the closed doors, also was often used as an analogy. The fathers assume that the stone which sealed the Saviour's tomb was not rolled away till after the resurrection, and they draw a parallel between the sealed tomb from which he rose to everlasting life, and the closed gate of the Virgin's womb from which he was born to earthly life. Jerome, *Comm. in. Matth. xxvii. 60*: "Potest novum sepulchrum Mariæ virgine uterum demonstrare." Gregory the Great: "Ut ex clauso Virginis utero natus, sic ex clauso sepulchro resurrexit in quo nemo conditus fuerat, et post quam resurrexisset se per clausas fores in conspectum Apostolorum induxit." Subsequently the catholic view, consistently, removed every other incident of an ordinary birth, such as pain and the flow of blood. While Jerome still would have Jesus born under all "nature contumelia." John Damascenus says (De orth. fide iv., 14), "Since this birth was not preceded by any [carnal] pleasure, it could also have been followed by no pangs." Here, too, a passage of prophecy must serve as a proof, Is. lxvi. 7, "Before she travailed, she brought forth," &c.

* Helvidius adduces the principal exegetical arguments for his view; the passages on the Lord's brothers, and especially Matt. i. 25, pressing the words *γινώσκει* and *ἐσθ.* Jerome remarks, on the contrary, that the *knowing* by no means necessarily denotes nuptial intercourse, and that *till* does not always fix a limit, e.g., Matt. xxviii. 20, and 1 Cor. xv. 25. In like manner Helvidius laid stress on the expression *πατὴρ ὁ-τός*, used of Christ, Matt. i. 25, Luke ii. 7; to which Jerome rightly replies that, according to the law, every son who first opens the womb is called the *first-born*, Exod. xxxiv. 19, 20;

Bishop Bonosus of Sardica was condemned for the same view by the Illyrican Bishops, and the Roman Bishop Siricius approved the sentence, A.D. 392.

Augustine went a step further. In an incidental remark against Pelagius, he agreed with him in excepting Mary, "*propter honorem Domini*," from actual (but not from original) sin.* This exception he is willing to make from the universal sinfulness of the race, but no other. He taught the sinless birth and life of Mary, but not her immaculate conception. He no doubt assumed, as afterwards Bernard of Clairvaux and Thomas Aquinas, a *sanctificatio in utero*, like that of Jeremiah (i. 5) and John the Baptist (Luke i. 15), whereby as those two men were fitted for their prophetic office, she in a still higher degree was sanctified by a special operation of the Holy Ghost before her birth, and prepared to be a pure receptacle for the divine Logos. The reasoning of Augustine backward from the holiness of Christ to the holiness of his mother was an important turn, which was afterwards pursued to farther results. The same reasoning leads as easily to the doctrine of the *immaculata conceptio* of Mary, though also, just as well, to a sinless mother of Mary herself, and thus upwards to the beginning of the race, to another Eve who never fell. Augustine's opponent, Pelagius, with his monastic ascetic idea of holiness and his superficial doctrine of sin, remarkably outstripped him on this point, ascribing to Mary *perfect* sinlessness; but, it should be remembered, that his denial of *original* sin to *all* men, and his excepting of sundry saints of the Old Testament besides Mary, such as Abel, Enoch, Abraham, Isaac, Melchizedek, Samuel, Elijah, Daniel, &c., from

Num. xviii., 15, &c., whether followed by other children or not. The "brothers of Jesus" he explains to be cousins, sons of Alphæus and the sister of the Virgin Mary, who likewise was called Mary (as he wrongly infers from John xix. 25). The main argument of Jerome, however, is the ascetic one—the overvaluation of celibacy. Joseph was properly only "*custos*," not "*maritus Mariæ*" (cap. 19), and their marriage only nominal. He would not indeed deny that there are pious souls among married women and widows, but they are such as have abstained or ceased from living in conjugal intercourse (cap. 21). Helvidius, conversely, ascribed equal moral dignity to the married and the single state. So Jovinian. Comp. § 43.

* Aug. *De nat. et grat. contra Pelag.* c. 36: "*Excepta sancta Virgine Maria, de qua propter honorem Domini nullam prorsus, cum de peccatis agitur, haberi volo questionem, . . . hac ergo Virgine excepta, si omnes illos sanctos et sanctas [whom Pelagius takes for sinless]; . . . congregare possemus et interrogare, utrum essent sine peccato, quid fuisset responsuros putamus: utrum hoc quod iste [Pelagius] dicit, an quod Joannes apostolus*" [1 Joh. i. 8]? In other places, however, Augustine says that the flesh of Mary was conceived "*de carnis peccati propagine*," and, that in virtue of her descent from Adam, she was subject to death also as the consequence of sin ("*Maria ex Adam mortua propter peccatum*"). This was also the view of his great admirer, Anselm of Canterbury, † 1109, at least in his *Cur Deus homo*, ii. 16, where he says of Christ that he assumed sinless manhood, "*de Maria peccatrice id est de humano genere, quod totum infectum erat peccato*;" and of Mary, "*Virgo ipsa unde assumptus est, est in iniquitatibus concepta, et in peccatis concepit eam mater ejus, et cum originali peccato nata est quoniam et ipsa in Adam peccavit, in quo omnes peccaverunt.*"

actual sin,* so that πάντες in Rom. v. 12, in his view means only a majority, weaken the honour he thus appears to confer upon the mother of the Lord. The Augustinian view long continued to prevail, but at last Pelagius won the victory on this point in the Roman Church.†

Notwithstanding this exalted representation of Mary, there appear no clear traces of a proper worship of Mary, as distinct from the worship of saints in general, until the Nestorian controversy of 430. This dispute formed an important turning-point, not only in Christology, but in Mariology also. The leading interest in it was, without doubt, the connection of the Virgin with the mystery of the incarnation. The perfect union of the divine and human natures seemed to demand that Mary might be called in some sense the mother of God, Θεοτόκος, *Deipura*; for that which was born of her was not merely the man Jesus, but the God-man Jesus Christ.‡ The Church, however, did of course not intend by that to assert that she was the mother of the uncreated divine essence, for this would be palpably absurd and blasphemous; nor that she herself was divine, but only that she was the human point of entrance, or mysterious channel for the eternal divine Logos. Athanasius and the Alexandrian Church teachers of the Nicene age, who pressed the unity of the divine and the human in Christ to the verge of monophysitism, had already used this expression frequently and without scruple:§ and Gregory Nazianzen even declares every one impious who denies its validity.|| Nestorius, on the contrary, and the Antiochian school, who were more devoted to the distinction of the two natures in Christ, took offence at the predicate Θεοτόκος; saw in it a relapse into the

* See Augustine, De nat. et grat., cap. 36.

† The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of Mary was, for the first time after Pelagius, plainly brought forward in 1140 at Lyons, but was opposed by Bernard of Clairvaux (Ep. 174), and thence continued an avowed issue between the Franciscans and Dominicans, or Scotists and Thomists, till it gained the victory in the Papal Bull of 1854.

‡ The expression Θεοτόκος does not occur in the Scriptures, and is at best easily misunderstood. The nearest to it is the expression of Elizabeth, ἡ μήτηρ τοῦ κυρίου μου, Luke i. 43, and the words of the angel Gabriel, τὸ γεννώμενον [ἐκ σοῦ, δὲ τε, αἱ, ἐν τε, is not sufficiently attested, and is a later explanatory addition] ἁγίον κληθήσεται υἱὸς Θεοῦ, Luke i. 35. But with what right the distinguished Roman Catholic Professor Reithmayr, in the Catholic Encyclop., above quoted, vol. vi. p. 844, puts into the mouth of Elizabeth the expressions, "mother of God my Lord," I cannot see; for there is no such variation in the reading of Luke i. 43, and even the Vulgate translates simply and correctly *Mater Domini mei*. Perhaps it is merely an unscholarly oversight, like the constant misplacement of the accent, by which Reithmayr, in the same article, several times changes Θεοτόκος, bearer of God, into Θεότοκος, born of God.

§ Gieseler cites, as the earliest witnesses for Θεοτόκος, Eusebius, De Vita Constant. III. 43; Cyril of Jerusalem, Catech. x. p. 146; Athanasius, Contr. Arian, c. xiv. 33; Didymus, De Trin. i. 31, 94; ii. 4, 133. But he mentions besides, that Meysichius, presbyter in Jerusalem († 343), calls David, as an ancestor of Christ, Θεοτόκω (Photius cod. 276), and that in many apocrypha James is called ἀδαφότης.

|| Orat. li. p. 738.

heathen mythology, if not a blasphemy against the eternal and unchangeable Godhead, and preferred the expression *Χριστοτόκος* (*mater Christi*). Upon this, broke out the violent controversy between him and the Bishop Cyril of Alexandria, which ended in the condemnation of Nestorianism at Ephesus in 431.

Thenceforth the *Θεοτόκος* was a test of orthodox Christology, and the rejection of it amounted to the beginning or the end of all heresy. The overthrow of Nestorianism was at the same time the victory of Mary-worship. With the honour of the Son, the honour also of the mother was secured. The opponents of Nestorius, especially Proclus, his successor in Constantinople († 447), and Cyril of Alexandria († 444), could scarcely find predicates enough to express the transcendent glory of the mother of God. She was the crown of virginity, the indestructible temple of God, the dwelling-place of the Holy Trinity, the Paradise of the second Adam, the bridge from God to man, the loom of the incarnation, the sceptre of orthodoxy; through her the Trinity is glorified and adored, the devil and demons are put to flight, the nations converted, and the fallen creature raised to heaven.* The people were all on the side of the Ephesian decision, and gave vent to their joy in boundless enthusiasm, amidst bonfires, processions, and illuminations.

With this the worship of Mary, the mother of God, the queen of heaven, seemed to be solemnly established for all time. But soon a reaction appeared in favour of Nestorianism, and the Church found it necessary to condemn the opposite extreme of Eutychianism or Monothetism. This was the office of the Council of Chalcedon in 451; to give expression to the element of truth in Nestorianism, the duality of nature in the one divine-human person of Christ. Nevertheless the *Θεοτόκος* was expressly retained, though it originated in a rather monophysite view.†

This much respecting the *doctrine* of Mary. Now the corresponding practice. From this Mariology follows Mariolatry. If Mary is, in the *strict* sense of the word, the mother of God, it seems to follow as a logical consequence, that she herself is divine, and therefore an object of divine worship. This was not, indeed, the meaning and purpose of the ancient church; as, in fact, it never asserted that Mary was the mother of the essential, eternal divinity of the Logos. She was, and continues to be, a created being, a human mother, even

* Comp. Cyril's Encom. in S. M. Deiparam and Homil. Ephes., and the Orations of Proclus in Gallandi, vol. ix. Similar extravagant laudation had already been used by Ephraim Syrus († 378) in his work, *De laudibus Dei genetricis*, and in the collection of prayers which bore his name, but are in part doubtless of later origin, in the third volume of his works, pp. 524—552, ed. Benedetti and S. Assemani.

† *Ἐκ Μαρίας τῆς παρθένου, τῆς Θεοτόκου.*

according to the Roman and Greek doctrine. But according to the once prevailing conception of her peculiar relation to Deity, a certain degree of divine homage to Mary, and some invocation of her powerful intercession with God, seemed unavoidable, and soon became a universal practice.

The first instance of the formal invocation of Mary occurs in the prayers of Ephraim Syrus († 378), addressed to Mary and the saints, and attributed by the tradition of the Syrian Church, though perhaps in part incorrectly, to that author more certainly. The first example appears in Gregory Nazianzen († 389), who, in his eulogy on Cyprian, relates of Justina that she besought the Virgin Mary to protect her threatened virginity, and at the same time disfigured her beauty by ascetic self-tortures, and thus fortunately escaped the amours of a youthful lover (Cyprian before his conversion).^{*} But, on the other hand, as we have already observed, Epiphanius († 403), that fanatical zealot of orthodoxy, even at a somewhat later day condemned the adoration of Mary, and calls the practice of making offerings to her by the Collyridian women, blasphemous and dangerous to the soul.† The entire silence of history respecting the worship of the Virgin down to the end of the fourth century, proves clearly that it was foreign to the original spirit of Christianity, and belongs to the many innovations of the Nicene age.

In the beginning of the fifth century, however, the worship of saints appeared in full bloom, and then Mary, by reason of her singular relation to the Lord, was soon placed at the head, as the most blessed queen of the heavenly host. To her was accorded the *hyperdulia* (ὑπερδουλεία)—to anticipate here the later scholastic distinction sanctioned by the Council of Trent—that is, the highest degree of veneration, in distinction from mere *dulia* (δουλεία), which belongs to all saints and angels, and from *latria* (λατρεία), which, properly speaking, is due to God alone. From that time numerous churches and altars were dedicated to the holy Mother of God, the perpetual Virgin; among them, also, the church at Ephesus, in which the anti-Nestorian council of 431 had sat. Justinian I., in a law, implored her intercession with God for the restoration of the Roman empire, and on the dedication of the costly altar of the church of St. Sophia he expected all blessing for church and empire from her powerful prayers. His general, Narses, like the knights in the

^{*} Τὴν παρθένον Μαρίαν ἱκετεύουσα βοηθῆναι (Virginem Mariam suppliciter observans) παρθένῳ κινδυνεύουσῃ. Orat. xviii., de St. Cypriano, tom. i. p. 279, ed. Paris. The earlier and authentic accounts respecting Cyprian know nothing of any such courtship of Cyprian and intercession of Mary.

† Adv. Hæc. Collyrid. : Ἐν τιμῇ Ἰερῆς Μαρίας, ὃ δὲ Πατήρ . . . προσκυνεῖτω, τὴν Μαρίαν μὴδεὶς προσκυνεῖτω.

Middle Age, was unwilling to go into battle till he had secured her protection. Pope Boniface IV., in 608, turned the Pantheon in Rome into a temple to Mary *ad martyres*: the pagan Olympus into a Christian heaven of gods. Subsequently, her images (made after an original pretending to have come from Luke) were divinely worshipped, and, in the prolific legends of the superstitious Middle Ages, performed countless miracles, before some of which the miracles of the Gospel history grow dim. She became almost co-ordinate with Christ, a joint redeemer, invested with most of his own attributes and acts of grace. The popular belief ascribed to her, as to Christ, a sinless conception, a sinless birth, resurrection, and ascension to heaven, and a participation of all power in heaven and in earth. She became the centre of devotion, cultus, and art, the popular symbol of power, of glory, and of the final victory of Catholicism over all heresies. The Greek and Roman Churches vied throughout the middle ages (and do so still) in the apotheosis of the human mother with the divine human child Jesus in her arms, till the Reformation freed a large part of Latin Christendom from this unscriptural semi-idolatry, and concentrated their affection and adoration upon the crucified and risen Saviour of the world, the only Mediator between God and man.

Hence the favourite prayer to Mary, the angelic greeting, or the *Ave Maria*, runs parallel in the Catholic devotion to the *Pater Noster*. It takes its name from the initial words of the salutation of Gabriel to the holy Virgin at the annunciation of the birth of Christ. It consists of three parts:—

1. The salutation of the angel—*

"Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum."

2. The words of Elizabeth†—

"Benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus."

3. The later unscriptural addition, which contains the prayer proper, and is offensive to the Protestant and all sound Christian feeling—

"Sancta Maria, mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis, Amen."

Formerly this third part, which gave the formula the character of a prayer, was traced back to the anti-Nestorian Council of Ephesus in 431, which sanctioned the expression *mater Dei*, or *Dei genitrix*

* Luke i. 28.

† Luke i. 42.

‡ These words, according to the *textus receptus*, had been already spoken also by the angels, Luke i. 28. *Εὐλογημένη σὺ ἐν γυναιξίν*, though they are wanting here in important manuscripts, and are omitted by Tischendorf and Meyer, as a later addition, from v. 42.

(*Seotíkos*). But Romish archæologists* now concede that it is a much later addition, made in the beginning of the sixteenth century (1508), and that the closing words, *nunc et in hora mortis*, were added even after that time by the Franciscans. But even the first two parts did not come into general use as a standing formula of prayer until the thirteenth century.† From that date the *Ave Maria* stands in the Roman Church upon a level with the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed, and with them forms the basis of the rosary.

This mythical and fantastic, and, we must add, almost pagan and idolatrous Mariology impressed itself on the public cultus in a series of festivals, celebrating the most important facts and fictions of the life of the Virgin, and in some degree running parallel with the festivals of the birth, resurrection, and ascension of Christ.

1. The ANNUNCIATION OF MARY‡ commemorated the announcement of the birth of Christ by the Archangel Gabriel,§ and at the same time the conception of Christ; for in the view of the ancient Church, Mary conceived the Logos (Verbum) through the ear by the word of the angel. Hence the festival had its place on the 25th of March, exactly nine months before Christmas; though in some parts of the Church, as Spain and Milan, it was celebrated in December, till the Roman practice conquered. The first trace of it occurs in Proclus, the opponent and successor of Nestorius in Constantinople after 430; then it appears more plainly in several councils and homilies of the seventh century.

2. The PURIFICATION OF MARY,|| or CANDLEMAS, in memory of the ceremonial purification of the Virgin,¶ forty days after the birth of Jesus, therefore on the 2nd of February (reckoning from the 25th of December); and at the same time in memory of the presentation of Jesus in the Temple and his meeting of Simeon and Anna.** This,

* Mast, for example, in Wetzer u. Welte's *Kathol. Kirchenlexikon*, vol. i. p. 563.

† Peter Damiani (who died A.D. 1072) first mentions, as a solitary case, that a clergyman daily prayed the words, "Ave Maria, gratia plena! Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus." The first order on the subject was issued by Odo, Bishop of Paris, after 1196 (*Comp. Mansi*, xxii. 681): "Exhortentur populum semper presbyteri ad dicendum orationem dominicam et Credo in Deum et salutationem beate Virginis."

‡ *Ἡμεῖρα ἀσπασμοῦ* or *χαριτισμοῦ, εὐαγγελισμοῦ, ἐνσαρκώσεως*; *festum annunciationis*, s. *incarnationis, conceptionis Domini*.

§ Luke i. 26—39.

|| *Festum purificationis Mariæ, or præsentationis Domini, Simeonis et Hanne occurrus*; *ὑπαπάνη*, or *ὑπάνη*, or *ὑπάνησις τοῦ Κυρίου* (the meeting of the Lord with Simeon and Anna in the Temple).

¶ *Comp. Luke ii. 22; Lev. xii. 2—7*. The apparent incongruity of Mary's need of purification with the prevalent Roman Catholic doctrine of her absolute purity and freedom from the ordinary accompaniments of parturition (even, according to Pseudo-Bernard, from the flow of blood), gave rise to all kinds of artificial explanations and constructions.

** Luke ii. 22—38.

like the preceding, was thus originally as much a festival of Christ as of Mary, especially in the Greek Church. It is supposed to have been introduced by Pope Gelasius in 494, though by some said not to have arisen till 542, under Justinian I., in consequence of a great earthquake and a destructive pestilence. Perhaps it was a Christian transformation of the old Roman lustrations or expiatory sacrifices (Februa, Februalia), which from the time of Numa took place in February, the month of purification or expiation.* To heathen origin is due also the use of lighted tapers, with which the people on this festival marched, singing, out of the church through the city. Hence the name *CANDLEMAS*.†

3. The ASCENSION, or ASSUMPTION, rather, of MARY,‡ is celebrated on the 15th of August. The festival was introduced by the Greek emperor Mauritius (582—602); some say, under Pope Gelasius († 496). In Rome, after the ninth century, it is one of the principal feasts, and, like the others, is distinguished with vigil and octave.

It rests, however, on a purely apocryphal foundation.

The entire silence of the Apostles and the primitive church teachers respecting the departure of Mary, stirred idle curiosity to all sorts of inventions, until a translation like Enoch's and Elijah's was attributed to her. In the time of Origen some were inferring from Luke ii. 35, that she had suffered martyrdom. Epiphanius will not decide whether she died and was buried or not. Two apocryphal Greek writings *de transitu Mariæ*, of the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century, and afterwards pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite and Gregory of Tours († 595), for the first time contain the legend that the soul of the Mother of God was transported to the heavenly paradise by Christ and his angels in presence of all the Apostles, and on the following morning§ her body also was translated thither on a cloud, and there united with the soul. Subsequently the legend was still further embellished, and, besides the Apostles, the angels and patriarchs also, even Adam and Eve, were made witnesses of the wonderful spectacle.

Still the resurrection and ascension of Mary is in the Roman Church only a matter of "devout and probable opinion," not an article of faith;|| and a distinction is made between the *ascensio* of Christ (by

* Februarius, from Februo, the purifying god; like Januarius, from the god Janus; Februare=purgare, to purge. February was originally the last month.

† *Festum candelarum sive luminum.*

‡ *Κοίμησις*, or *ἀνάληψις τῆς ἁγίας Θεοτόκου*; *festum assumptionis, dormationis, pausationis, depositionis B. M. V.*

§ According to later representations, as in the three discourses of John Damascenus on this subject, her body rested, like the body of the Lord, *three days* uncorrupted in the grave.

|| The Greek Council of Jerusalem, in 1672, which was summoned against the Calvinists, officially proclaimed it, and thus almost raised it to the authority of a dogma.

virtue of his divine nature) and the *assumptio* of Mary (by the power of grace and merit).

But since Mary, according to the most recent Roman dogma, was free even from original sin, and since death is a consequence of sin, it should strictly follow that she did not die at all, and rise again, but, like Enoch and Elijah, was carried alive to heaven.

In the Middle Ages—to anticipate—yet other festivals of Mary arose: the NATIVITY OF MARY,* after A.D. 650; the PRESENTATION OF MARY,† after the ninth century, founded on the apocryphal tradition of the eleven years' ascetic discipline of Mary in the Temple at Jerusalem; the VISITATION OF MARY,‡ in memory of her visit to Elizabeth; and, finally, the festival of the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,§ which arose with the unscriptural doctrine of the sinless conception of Mary, and is interwoven with the history of that dogma down to its final official promulgation by Pope Pius IX. in 1854.

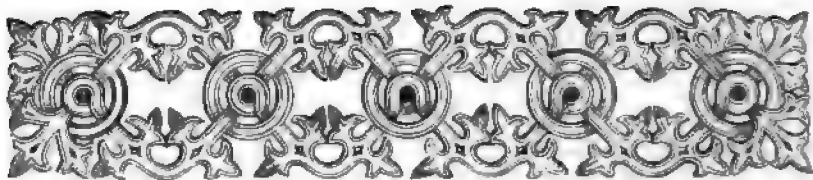
PHILIP SCHAFF.

* *Natīritas, natalis, B. M. V. ; γενεθλιον, &c.*

† *Festum presentationis.*

‡ *Festum visitationis.*

§ *Festum immaculatæ conceptionis Beatæ Virginis Mariæ.*



HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN.

I.

THE old and well-known saying, "*Le style c'est l'homme*," finds confirmation in the life and works of Hippolyte Flandrin. Every artist throws into his pictures more or less of his intellect; but the heart of Hippolyte Flandrin sustained and strengthened the labour of his hand and mind. Like Fra Angelico, in the fifteenth century—like Overbeck, perhaps alone, in the nineteenth—his work was entirely in unison with his belief. Faith, undisturbed, unquestioning, was the motive-power of his life. There seems to have been no room for doubt. It is strange and half unaccountable in this time of ours—that spectacle which Flandrin's life presents. The early religious lessons sunk into his heart; and they were never forgotten. He had no "spectres of the mind" to face and fight against. Eager and aspiring in his youth, thoughtful and reflective in his middle age, he was yet able to receive at the moment of his death the consolations of a belief which life's changes had not shaken. His work was the work of an earnest man. His faith was the faith of a little child.

II.

Hippolyte Flandrin was born at Lyons on the 23rd of March, 1809. He was the fourth of seven children: the second of three brothers. His father had been intended for commerce, but had forsaken it,

and had taken to miniature painting. But miniature painting brought him only the scantiest of livelihoods, and he was therefore anxious that his sons should pursue a trade, and be spared the uncertainties and the disappointments of a life devoted to art. But in the three young Flandrins the artistic instinct was strong; and, in spite of the efforts that were made to prevent it, they all became painters. Hippolyte Flandrin was to have been apprenticed to a silk manufacturer, but he did his best to dissuade his parents from their intention, and after a considerable effort he was successful. The father yielded easily; but the mother, who had known an artist's struggles, and had never—like her husband—experienced their reward, was more difficult to influence. At last, however, the point was gained; and Hippolyte Flandrin entered a studio which Magnin the painter, and Legendre Héral the sculptor, shared between them. Here he began the study of the antique, and of the living model; and all went well with him until that early school was broken up by the departure of Magnin for Italy. He was only fourteen years old when he sought and found admission to St. Peter's School—the Fine Arts' Academy of Lyons. Here he passed more than six years—not alone, however, in the studies that were required of him, but in supplemental work of his own choice. Horses were at this time the favourite subjects of his pencil; an extraordinary facility in the representation of animals would, he knew, be valuable to him when he should come to paint great battle-pieces, like those for which Horace Vernet was famous. Vernet, during all the years of his provincial training, was the model that Flandrin desired to follow. Now, upon the young artist's arrival in Paris, the old hero was displaced, and a new one set up in his stead, shall be told in the proper place; but that is not here.

While Flandrin was a youth, at Lyons, it was necessary for him and for his younger brother Paul—who was also to be a painter—to do something to save a little money. But the proceeds of slight vignettes and of stones which might be sold to a publisher of lithographs, when a dozen subjects had been traced upon them, were after all but small; and it needed a strict economy, and an economy long and wearily exercised, before the brothers Flandrin could scrape together money enough to go to Paris, there to enter on wider studies and compete with more practised hands. Had they allowed themselves the luxury of a couple of places in the diligence, the journey alone would have cost them half their savings. They therefore determined to undertake it on foot. They were accompanied a part of the way by a third brother; but at Dijon they separated—Hippolyte and Paul sitting down by the roadside, and watching, with tears in their eyes, the retreating figure of Augustus, who

would take to his parents the last news and the last message of the Paris-bound travellers.

In the first letter Hippolyte addressed from the capital, he spoke at some length of the journey. At one place, late at night, they knocked at the door of a lonely inn, and found there was not room to lodge them. At another place they were inconvenienced by gusts of wind and rain; but they bore these evils philosophically, taking shelter for some hours under a tree, and waiting till the weather mended, quite patiently; "for," says Hippolyte to his mother, "we were talking of you." On the seventh day of their journey they arrived at Sens, where the fatigues of the march began to tell on Hippolyte. But they pressed on. The night of the eighth day was spent at Moret, on the outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau. On the ninth day they saw, by the number of villages, by the many villas, and by the carriages that passed them so often, that Paris was not far off. They slept at Rys; and were up early next morning, "hoping soon to see the capital." But they walked five leagues without any sign of it, on that dull April day. "At last, from the top of a hill, the great town was spread before our eyes." There were the domes of the Invalides and the Panthéon; the towers of Notre-Dame! The clouds began to break; the sun shone out; and "it was fine weather when we entered Paris."

III.

The brothers Flandrin had intended to enter the studio of M. Hersent, to whom they had a letter of introduction; but they had only been two or three days in the capital before they changed their minds. "These are the reasons," says Hippolyte, in the second letter of that collection which we owe to the industry of the Vicomte Delaborde, "firstly, at Paris, M. Ingres is thought to have greater ability than M. Hersent; secondly, his school is quieter and better regulated." But the Flandrins would not apply to M. Ingres until they were sure of their father's approval. When the expression of it came, they called upon M. Foyatier, to whom they had an introduction.

"He recommended M. Ingres to us as the best master we could find; and, like several other persons, he advised us to take an unfurnished room, and to surround ourselves with our own things. He even accompanied us in a search for one; and we found an apartment opposite his own. . . . We are now at M. Ingres', who has given us much encouragement. We showed him our compositions, with which he was very pleased. We offered him one; and he gladly accepted it. We work much, and are thoroughly *en train*."

Thus early were laid the foundations of that affection for M.

Ingres as a man, and of that reverence for him as an artist, which were to influence, so long and so strongly, Hippolyte Flandrin's career. Horace Vernet, the great painter of battles, was no longer the young man's model. Henceforth, and for more than thirty years, the approval of Ingres was what Flandrin most of all desired; as his disapprobation was what Flandrin most dreaded. From the decisions of Ingres there was no appeal. As a student, at the age of twenty, as an acknowledged master thirty years afterwards, Flandrin's opinion was the same. Time, if it changed anything, only made the reverence deeper and the regard more complete. Within a few months of Hippolyte Flandrin's death, the question of alterations in the French Academy—which was then under discussion—greatly agitated him. Firm in his attachment to the old regulations—fully persuaded of their usefulness—he prepared, in his retreat at Rome, a long and elaborate statement of the matter. He heard at length that M. Ingres had had something to say, and had said it—though it was not altogether what he would have wished. Nevertheless, his long and laborious notes were turned to no account; his statement was suppressed; it was not for him, he said, to add a word—"Monsieur Ingres having spoken."

Another letter—it was written two months after that which I last quoted—shows pretty plainly how poor were the young artists in those early days. It gives a hint also on another subject, far more disquieting, and that is, the health of Hippolyte:—

"Our furniture consists of a bed, a table, two chairs, a candlestick, and a water jar. Thus, from Lyons, you can judge of our *ménage*. . . . Write to us soon, if you can, father. It would give us the greatest pleasure. Write as soon as you possibly can. I should fill this paper if I were better—some day it will be different."

Those were hard years for the brothers Flandrin, and long and weary they seemed, those first few years of artist-life in Paris. It is true there was the buoyancy of youth and hope, with which to conquer difficulties; but the difficulties were never slight. Now it was want of money, now it was want of health, that was felt the most keenly. Now it was the ill-success of studies to which much time had been devoted. But there were rents in the cloud, even at its darkest. The anticipation of the annual visit to the old home at Lyons—to which the journey was generally made on foot—the increasing interest evoked by the pursuit of a noble art, the growing attachment to the great master, and his kindness and encouragement constantly evinced,—these things lightened the burden of the earlier years, and carried Hippolyte Flandrin over his difficult way. To quote the words of M. Delaborde, in the notice prefixed to the "*Lettres et Pensées*"—

"Hippolyte Flandrin had received at his birth, and he kept throughout his life, the passionate instincts of a painter; that is to say, an imagination greedy for all emotions that visible beauty gives; prompt to perceive the truth, eager to interpret it. But this painter was also a Christian; that is to say, a man for whom the beautiful only exists that it may speak to us of God; and who will no more consent to separate, in the realm of the ideal, his admiration from his belief, than to divide, in his own life, speculation from practice, and deeds from duty."

M. Ingres considered Hippolyte Flandrin the most promising of his pupils, and was anxious that he should enter into competition for the prizes of the Academy. It was in 1831 that Hippolyte first aspired to the Grand Prix de Rome, an honour which carried with it very substantial aid—five years' residence in the Latin capital at the expense of the French Government. M. Ingres thought his pupil deserving of the prize; and, notwithstanding the prejudice which he was aware existed against the school of his own foundation, and to which Flandrin completely belonged, he ventured to hope for success. Great was the disappointment of both when the young student was excluded. It was a short holiday that he allowed himself that autumn—the autumn of 1831. And he wrote to his father with respect to it:—

"At M. Ingres' there are no regular vacations. Those who wish to do so take them at the beginning, the middle, or the end of the year; and, in coming back, at whatever time it may be, they are sure to find the studio open, and M. Ingres ready to give his sublime counsel."

Hippolyte Flandrin determined to try whether a better fortune might await him on the following year; and, urged on by his master, he made the greatest of efforts. Cholera visited Paris in the spring of 1832. Hippolyte Flandrin was attacked by it; and thus for many weeks his work was stopped. When it was resumed, it was resumed with a feebler hand. Still M. Ingres was hopeful of success. Flandrin himself desired, but scarcely dared to hope. The time for exhibition came. It was on the 25th of September that the doors of the *Salon* were thrown open; and, behind the crowd, Hippolyte entered, anxious to listen to the comments on his work—"Theseus, reconnu par son père, au milieu d'un festin." In his own words:—

"I saw a group form round my picture; and many persons, whom I did not know, asked if my name was Flandrin. On my answering in the affirmative they complimented me greatly. Then came my fellow-students, to look and to judge; and afterwards to shake my hand, to surround and embrace me."

The public, it was cident, would have awarded him the prize. But the adjudicators might withhold it from him, however much he deserved it. He was waiting for the opinion of his master. On the 29th he wrote to his friends—

"It is the day for the decision ; and nevertheless I am more at rest than before I had heard the verdict of M. Ingres. He and the public have thought me worthy of the prize : that is the reason of my calmness. I have done what I was able to do : I hope to bear injustice with courage, because I have done my duty. For painters our struggle is the struggle between right and wrong. The two principles can never be reconciled. Our opponents are assembling all their forces. M. Ingres has just left me, to take part in the decision. He says, 'We shall see now how far men are able to push their iniquity.'"

Below these lines there were added, a few hours afterwards, some other words—words written very large, and by a hand that shook with emotion. They were these :—"Well, I was mistaken. I have got this prize. I shall tell you more of it soon."

His weary time of struggle in Paris was passed. His pursuit of art would no longer be clogged by dire poverty. The prospect now was of a journey to Rome, and of five years' patient study, with body and mind at ease. He must leave his brother Paul, to whom he was devotedly attached. He must leave M. Ingres, who had done so much for him. But he would return one day to gladden both of them ; and meanwhile, as a pensioner of the French Academy, there was enough for him to do ; lessons to learn from the masterpieces of the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel ; diligent studies to train the hand and eye towards still further correctness.

IV.

The first letters written by Flandrin from his new home in the Villa Medici are full of glowing descriptions of what he found most beautiful and admirable in Rome. His remarks about the pictures are, as M. Delaborde observes, characteristic enough. For as this gentleman says, in a note to the "*Lettres et Pensées*"—

"N'y a-t-il pas lieu de remarquer que, parmi les chefs-d'œuvre de Raphaël au Vatican, celui qu' Hippolyte Flandrin mentionne avant tout autre, est précisément le moins compliqué quant au sujet et à la mise en scène, le mieux pourvu peut-être de cette onction et de cette simplicité dans l'expression, dont les travaux du peintre français devaient à leur tour porter l'empreinte ? Il semble que si Flandrin avait pour la *messe de Bolsène* cette admiration empressée, c'est que là surtout il voyait se réaliser sous des formes accomplies ses propres pressentiments, et qu'il se reconnaissait en quelque sorte dans cette image par excellence de l'inspiration sans effort et de la vérité sans faste."

A letter to Paul Flandrin shows very plainly that M. Ingres was not forgotten. Hippolyte is sorry to hear of his illness, and fears it may retard the completion of a picture he is now at work upon. The fear was realized ; for "*Le Martyre de Saint Symphorien*" was not exhibited till the following year.

"How *à propos* would it be, could it be seen just now! Everybody's eyes are upon our master; people are waiting; and really I think that sublime work would be to some extent appreciated. That indeed would be the great blow, the blow to decide the victory! I have had no discussions at the Academy; and I mean to have none.* In such a case, words do very little to convince. Example is more efficacious: let us try to discuss by this means."

In another letter to his brother he observed that nothing but great pictures would satisfy the other students at the Academy. Hippolyte Flandrin, however, was less ambitious; and, so that he could paint a worthy figure, he would be content. "I believe I came to Rome less to paint pictures than to prepare myself for painting them." He spoke at the same time of a figure upon which he was engaged. The "*Iliad*" had furnished the subject. At the moment at which the Greek army were on the point of renewing the attack upon the town, Polytes, the youngest of the sons of Priam—confident in his strength—dared (alone, among the Trojans) to remain without the walls. "Seated on the top of the tomb of old *Cécrops*, he watched the Greeks." The work was sent to Paris in due time; and it is now in the possession of H. Flandrin's family.

There occurred, about this time, in the internal arrangements of the Villa Medici, a change which was welcome to Flandrin. M. Ingres came to replace Horace Vernet as director of the Academy. The founder of the school to which Flandrin belonged was respectfully, not to say cordially, received by all the pensioners; and it was a privilege and a pleasure both for master and pupil to find each other again, and to discuss long and earnestly the art upon whose main principles they were so well agreed.

The next important picture painted by Flandrin was the Dante, or (to give it its full title) "*Le Dante, conduit par Virgile, offre des consolations aux mânes des envieux.*" This work was exhibited at Paris in 1836, and it obtained a medal of the second class. A few months afterwards the municipality of Lyons purchased it for three thousand five hundred francs; and it may now be seen in the museum of the artist's native city. Writing to a friend, who had seen the picture, and answering some friendly criticisms upon it, Hippolyte Flandrin says:—

"In looking at the *ensemble* you say you do not recognise Hell, nor the expression of that fear which everywhere governs Dante. Here I think you are mistaken. It is Purgatory that I have painted, and Dante's feeling is one of pity, not of fear—a sentiment I have tried to render by the action of Dante, who offers consolation to these unhappy spirits. As to the reproach

* Monsieur Horace Vernet was at that time director of the Academy. His treatment of Flandrin was always courteous and considerate; but on art-questions there could be little agreement between them.

of want of force in the expression, I admit its entire justice. Dante's poetry says quite another thing. Often it fills me with fear—a holy fear—but, to represent that, a greater talent would be required than the talent of a man who at moments, sudden and short as flashes of lightning, perceives the Beautiful, or at least fancies he perceives it; and who afterwards lets it fade away in the analysis of form, of tone, of all else that is useful as means. It is because the mere means are so hard to me, that the expression itself is so weak. I feel it; I recognise it; and yet (if I do not deceive myself) that will never be a good reason for me to let difficult subjects alone; for one never overcomes difficulties of execution so well as when one is pushed onward by an ideal. As far as I know, the more you ask, the more you will receive. Ask much, and you will get a little—ask a little, and you will get nothing at all."

He had just finished, when he wrote this letter, another and an admirable picture, "*Saint Clair, premier évêque de Nantes, guérissant des aveugles.*" To the last, I believe, the artist considered this picture the best of the works of his hand. It was painted, by agreement, for the Cathedral of Nantes, for the sum of forty pounds. When first exhibited in Paris, in 1837, a first-class medal was awarded it. It was sent to the Exposition Universelle of 1855. Writing about it from Rome, just after its completion, Hippolyte Flandrin says:—

"M. Ingres has been to see it. When he came in he sat down just before it, and said nothing. I was very anxious, and so was Paul.* At last he rose, looked at me, and shaking my hand with the warmth you know so well, he said to me, 'The art of painting is not lost. No! I shall not have been useless.'"

The painter's growing attachment to Rome, and his delight in its scenery and its treasures, are well expressed in the following lines:—

"You asked, some time ago, if I really liked this country. I can scarcely answer you. I like France, where my parents and friends are; I like France better, certainly. But the thought of leaving Rome is very bitter to me. When I see from my window that beautiful plain, that chain of hills, the mountains with their old names, their classic names; and, nearer me, our garden and the palace, a wing of which I inhabit—when I see all this from one of my windows; and turning to the other side, I look over the city with the line of the sea for horizon, ah! I suffer at the thought that one day all this must be left. It will cost me much; but it must be done. I feel that this is not the place in which I ought to live."

Did he feel that the conditions of life in Rome were too pleasant for hard work? One would scarcely think so; since the work he did was worthy. But from the butterfly life of pleasure—or from the slightest approach to it—Flandrin's soul would have revolted, with perhaps too severe a scorn. And he may possibly have thought, as those swift agreeable years sped on, that from such an existence his own was not far removed.

"Too live the life grew: golden, and not grey."

* M. Paul Flandrin, the landscape-painter, had now joined his brother in Rome.

It might be better to leave these pleasant places in which the lines were fallen unto him, and to brace himself for sterner work under the cold skies of the north.

The five years passed. He was again in Paris. There were old friends to find, and new acquaintances. There were plans of work to be laid down and carried out, as best they might, through the coming years. Rome was henceforward but a life-long memory.

V.

Coming back to his native country, and passing through his native town, Hippolyte Flandrin could not but remember that the years of his absence had wrought their changes in his family circle, as in the greater world. His father was dead; and old age seemed to have settled upon his mother, who now more than ever needed the personal attention he would still be unable to give her. For it was in Paris, and there alone, that Hippolyte Flandrin could permanently settle. From Paris visits to Lyons were frequently made, and the brothers on more than one occasion tried to persuade their mother to live with them. But Madame Flandrin was unwilling to exchange the quiet accustomed routine of provincial life for the life of the capital, with its strangeness and its novelty. From time to time her health gave cause for anxiety: more than once they watched by what they feared might be her death-bed; but she survived through all their period of probation, and heard with joy of their eventual success. She died at Lyons in February, 1858, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

A picture of "Christ blessing Little Children" was contributed by H. Flandrin to the *Salon* of 1839. His brother sent a landscape, which deserved a better success than it met with. Hippolyte thus sarcastically speaks of the result of the exhibition, so far as it affected both of them:—

"M. Paul Flandrin, whose picture has been justly noticed and applauded, has permission to take it back to his studio—a favour which he will know how to justify by increasing his efforts in future. M. Hippolyte Flandrin's picture has been bought, as we all know, by the Minister of the Interior. It was destined, first of all, for the Luxembourg; then for Lyons; but, in recognition of the legitimate success it obtained, they have changed its destination; and it will now be sent to Lisieux, a town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, which already possesses two pictures, and thinks of voting money for a place to receive them. Well, one must be resigned, and seek in one's own conscience rewards that are worth more than the rewards of the world. . . . What we do let us do as well as is possible, whatever may happen afterwards."

It was through nearly all his life the old, old story—the story of earnest effort but half-appreciated, of patient merit spurned.

When health began to fail, and the prime of his life was passed, his pictures came into fashion, and he was praised more than he asked to be. But the encouragement should have come earlier: not when the use of it was gone. The world's good word—that is but a tardy reward. The man of genius needs other incentives—those that come from the soul's self. "The rest avail not."

To his brother Augustus, an artist at Lyons, Hippolyte Flandrin wrote the following good counsel in the autumn of 1839:—

"You ought to understand how we are interested in your picture. Don't be afraid of it! Work heartily; think only of what is beautiful and what is broad; and read, if you can. I shall always tell you this; for one requires to renew and to refresh ones ideas. Excuse my obstinacy; but I am too fully persuaded of the justice of this advice not to repeat it to you. Homer, Plutarch, Tacitus, Virgil: these will inspire you with the beauty we love." *

Interested in his brother's pictures, he was also interested in his pupils. Louis Lamothe, who had been in the studio of Augustus at Lyons, entered in November, 1839, the studio of Hippolyte in Paris. He did credit to both his masters; and the second he assisted, in after years, in more than one important work. Very soon after his arrival in Paris, Hippolyte wrote of him to his brother in terms that were very favourable:—

"I recognised that there were certain things in him which timidity, I think, prevented him from expressing. I received him with open arms; but seeing that he did not speak to me of his projects, I was obliged to ask him if he came to us in all confidence, as a devoted pupil, who would allow us to lead him. He answered with warmth, and when I said to him that I wished to be but a continuation of yourself, to complete the good which you had begun for him, the tears came into his eyes. . . . We have taken him to the Museum. . . . I should like him to have entered the Academy; but the competition is over; so he must reserve himself for the next term. I shall often write to you about him."

It was about this time—the spring of 1840—that the great Ingres experienced what was, perhaps, his most profound discouragement. It was almost immediately afterwards that he leapt into popularity—I will not say into appreciation. He wrote from Rome to Hippolyte Flandrin "a long plaint," in which he uttered his *apologia* for the way in which he had pursued his art. His old pupil, answering him from Paris, was unable to convince him of the true state of things; unable to make him understand that his name was daily becoming more famous, his teaching more honoured. "Hélas! il ne voit pas tout cela."

A year afterwards, and things had changed. The "Stratonice" had arrived in France. Flandrin wrote of it to his mother:—"It is

* The Greek and Latin classics were never read by Flandrin in the original.

marvellous. The emotions of the heart have never been so admirably expressed." That picture received the tribute of applause which was its due. The painter came back to his own country soon after he had sent thither his work. Then they gave a banquet to him, and he became as one whom the king delighted to honour. The compliments he received were in themselves slight and valueless as the wreath that encircled the brow of a hero; but to the mind of Ingres, ever hungry for appreciation, they had also that wreath's welcome significance. No one was so pleased as Flandrin to witness the master's triumph; no one was better pleased than Ingres to note, in the new picture ("*Saint Louis dictant ses Etablissements*"), the rising artist's progress.

A portrait of Mdlle. Delessert took many months to finish. Flandrin was afraid to touch it: he could not, he feared, give it the grace and charm of youth. But the fear was groundless. He was at last satisfied with his work, and the family of Mdlle. Delessert were more than pleased. The portrait was absolutely successful. But the painter's success was even now dashed, as it had been before, with trial; and the new trial was the illness and death of Augustus. Hippolyte watched by his death-bed at Lyons; closed his eyes; followed him to the grave; then did what he could to console his mother for her loss. "Her resignation is sublime, but the blow is very hard," writes Hippolyte to M. Baltard; and again (September, 1842) to his chosen friend, Ambroise Thomas, the eminent composer—"Now that the first stupor is passed, how our sorrow widens! Everything feeds it; increases it. The *three* of us were so happy; but the *two*—it is so near *one* only!"

His days went on, and they brought a happiness greater than he had dreamed of. There was pent-up feeling enough, in that warm heart of his; feeling that he longed to spend. He had not distributed his affection amongst the women he had met. The current of his being, deep and strong, flowed undivided to the one woman of his choice. Mademoiselle Aimée Ancelot became the wife of Flandrin in May, 1843. We will say nothing in praise of her family's respectability; nothing about the amount of her dowry. "*Je trouve*," her husband exclaims, "*plus que je n'aurais osé espérer. Elle est charmante, et douce, et tendre.*"

That was their marriage-portion; and the years did nothing to lessen it.

VI.

The decoration of the church of Saint Germain des Prés was the first great work undertaken by Flandrin after his marriage. To no previous commission, perhaps, had he devoted so much thought and

labour. The subjects chosen for this church were constantly in his mind. He spoke of them to his friends; he wrote of them in his letters. From time to time M. Ingres visited the church, to see how Flandrin's work progressed. "He was satisfied, and very encouraging; he believed it would make a sensation." One night—it was after Ingres' second visit to the place—a new idea entered Flandrin's brain. Remembering that the colours of the apostles' garments were founded on no very ancient tradition, it occurred to him to make them all white. For a whole night he thought and dreamt of it. All those men, in simple white, would produce a graver impression than in coats of many colours; besides, were they not in the heavens, and around the throne of the Lamb? Morally, it would be finer: but would the eye be as satisfied as the mind? The painter consulted with Ingres, and with M. Gatteaux. Both strongly advised him not to carry out his new thought. Another night of uncertainty followed, and then he decided for the white. When three figures had been repainted, Ingres and Gatteaux were invited to inspect them. The result was not as they had anticipated: both of them were delighted with the change.

The autumn of 1848 and the following winter and spring were spent at Nîmes, where Flandrin was engaged in church decoration. A Christ of colossal dimensions, seated upon a throne, and having on one side S. Peter and on the other S. Paul, is the principal work in this place; but another—and one which, by the engraving of it, is pretty well known in France—is the "Virgin, crowned by Christ." In this work at Nîmes, Hippolyte Flandrin had some assistance from his brother, the landscape-painter, from M. Paul Balze, and from that pupil of his (Louis Lamothe) of whom mention has already been made.

It was some time before he undertook this commission in the South that a friend of Flandrin's, M. Lacuria, had remarked, with pleasure, a reaction in the artist's mind; had noticed that he was less exclusive, and that he was more willing than of old to do justice to different kinds of merit. Flandrin hoped this observation was just: the wider appreciation that was indicated being, as he thought, the proper effect of time, reflection, and varied efforts. "These," he said, "will not permit us to judge with our former lightness; they make one recognise and respect the qualities that constitute individuality." A second observation that M. Lacuria had made was the occasion for a protestation on the part of Flandrin that he had always considered harmony, and the study of the *ensemble*, as the first things to look after.

The greater part of the year 1850 and the whole of 1851—with the exception of a month's holiday, during which the artist visited

Avignon and Marseilles—were occupied in the decoration of S. Vincent de Paul. In the autumn of 1852, after more hard and constant work upon the walls of this church, Flandrin and his wife and their two children went away to the little bathing-place of Saint Valéry-sur-Somme. Here many happy tranquil hours were spent; with the children's voices near, and his wife to soothe him in his time of rest. Then the long work was resumed with an ardour that at the end was not exhausted.

Two allegorical figures, representative of Art and Industry, were painted towards the end of 1854 for the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers; and in the following year Flandrin undertook an important commission for the Church of Ainay, at Lyons. "Christ Blessing the World" is the name given to the central and principal work. A greater task lay before the artist in the decoration of the nave of S. Germain des Prés, hitherto untouched by his hand. Here forty figures, or groups of two figures, succeed each other in the spaces between the windows; and eighteen subjects are painted above the open arcade and just below the windows. The forty figures or groups placed above these last compositions recall (from Adam and Eve to S. John the Baptist) the principal traditions and promises of the Bible; as the scenes reproduced below bring into proximity—one might almost say, into contact—the prophecies of the Old Testament and the facts of the New. Thus the scene in which Balaam predicts that a star shall arise in Israel has, for corollary, the Adoration of the Magi; Joseph Sold by his Brethren appears by the side of the Treason of Judas; the Dispersion of the Peoples (after the building of Babel) gives occasion for the Mission of the Apostles, to reunite the world in one Law, one Faith, one Baptism. Begun in 1855, the year 1861 saw the work still unfinished. Two pictures had yet to be painted (the "Ascension" and the "Preparing for Judgment"); but they were never to be wrought by the hand of Hippolyte Flandrin.

A reputation that had been slowly growing for years seemed to have reached its highest point in the autumn of '61, when Flandrin was bidden to Compiègne. He had never been obsequious; and the invitation to be a guest of the Emperor was wholly unsought by him. He confessed, on his return, that he had not been quite at his ease.

"Nevertheless, their Majesties, truly courteous, treated their visitors with all possible kindness, and made plans for their enjoyment. We had shooting and dancing, and theatrical performances: but all this did not make up for the good daily bread of work, for the freedom of the studio and the hearth."

As a portrait-painter Flandrin was now thoroughly *en vogue*. Before he visited Compiègne he was commissioned to paint the

Emperor. The portrait, executed afterwards, is well-known and admired. Other commissions of a like nature crowded upon the artist. He refused some of them; but he could not refuse all. Works that are comparatively slight, and are sure to be well paid for, are generally but too readily undertaken—though they retard the greater efforts. And thus at last art suffers by the artist's popularity.

A journey to Rome—the city after which Flandrin “had sighed for twenty years”—had long been in prospect; and it was hoped he would have been able to carry it into effect in the autumn of 1862. For his own part he felt that he had waited too long, and that if he could have given himself this advantage before, some strength would have been added to his work at Saint Germain des Prés. But even in the autumn of 1862 the hope was not to be realized. Business of a half-official nature kept him at home; for he was now a man of influence, and had been placed upon a very important committee, appointed at the instance of Count Walewski, to give general advice to the Government on artistic affairs. Instead of going to Rome, Flandrin and his wife contented themselves with a rapid tour, during which they saw the chief churches and pictures of Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and Cologne. In the Church of S. Bavon—the cathedral of Ghent—they were particularly struck with Jean Van Eyck's “Triumph of the Lamb.”

“The disposition of the subject, the light, the colour, form an *ensemble* full of poetry; and the effect of all this is augmented when one goes further, and sees the moral sense of all these figures. I don't know if I ever met with such an assemblage of good points. Three times during the day we came back to look at this picture.”

Of Rubens he expressed a somewhat qualified admiration; but his remarks will, I hope, commend themselves to many minds.

“He is magnificent and complete, and while you look at him you desire nothing else: but turn to early art, and you forget the splendours of talent; for early art goes to the heart straight, and leaves impressions that must endure.”

Flandrin's health, which had been slowly giving way during now several years, failed more visibly during 1863; and it was finally decided that towards the end of autumn he should start for Italy. He was accompanied by his wife and their two children; and the party arrived in Rome in the first days of November.

At the earliest possible opportunity he paid a visit to the Academy, in which five of his happiest years had been spent. He says in a letter to his brother—

“With care, so that we should not be recognised too soon, we approached the villa. There it stood: the house in which you and I were so happy. Hidden under green oaks, we looked up at the front of it. I half-reproached

myself for having seen it again without you. That we should see it together is not now possible ; and one must thank God for the regret that proves how much we are attached each to the other."

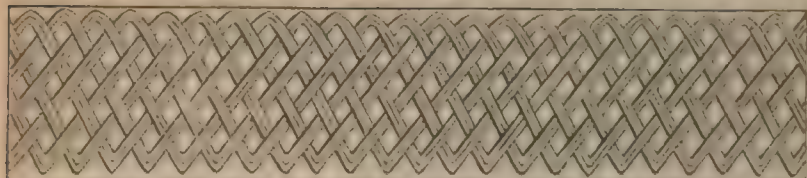
Hippolyte Flandrin was well pleased to wander at leisure through the picture galleries, and renew his familiar acquaintance of old with the masterpieces of Italian Art. The present pleasure was mixed with the pleasure of memory. But most men's memories are bitter sweets. Noticing some frescoes whose preservation was endangered, he could not think with coolness of the eventual destruction of such wonders—the productions of a privileged man and a privileged time. In the expression of his regret we catch a note of an almost personal sorrow :—

"That time is passed for ever ; nothing can bring it back ; for men's tastes and ideas are daily more at variance with it, and these make the breach wider than any number of years. In the midst of general doubt—such as that of our day—a man of simple faith seems merely stupid ; but yet what can one do without that faith ?"

He complained that the desired change did not bring its desired effect ; his strength did not come back again ; incapacity for work irritated and grieved him. He looked forward to the spring, and hoped it would give him new activity ; but before it came in all its fulness he was beyond its restoring power. With an enfeebled constitution, he was naturally an easy victim of any violent disease. An attack of small-pox, which begun in the middle of March, ended fatally on the 21st of the same month ; and in the heart of the city whose very stones he loved, Hippolyte Flandrin drew his last breath.

They carried the corpse to Paris, and laid it down, with all due solemnity, in the Church of Saint Germain des Prés. Friends and admirers gathered round the coffin, and tender words were spoken, and words of no scanty praise ; but it was felt that praise was not needed there. His monument was upon the church's walls : it had been his life's best work. What Flandrin was as a man—as husband, father, brother—concerned those only who knew from experience, and they did not want to be told. What he was as a painter—the pictures there might show it.

T. FREDERICK WEDMORE.



RECENT ANGLICAN SERMONS.

1. [*Some Words for God; being**] *Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, chiefly during the Years 1863-1865.* By HENRY FARMY LITTON, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Prebendary of Salisbury, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury, and lately select Preacher. London: Rivingtons. 1865.
2. *Life in the World: being a Selection from Sermons preached at St. Luke's, Berwick Street.* By the Rev. HARRY JONES, M.A., Incumbent of St. Luke's, Berwick Street, Soho. London: Rivingtons. 1865.
3. *Plain Words on Christian Living.* By CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN, D.D. Vicar of Doncaster. London: Strahan. 1865.

COMPLAINT is sometimes made, as by a writer (J. B. M.) in the January number of this Journal, that sermons are uttered by excellent friends of ours, capital fellows, and so on, but men whom we should never suspect of such solemnities as they are now giving forth; to whom we therefore listen with blank astonishment, and a sense of the powerlessness of their exhortation as alien in *all its bearings*. Are we quite sure, which of the two is the real man,—the first-rate oar and genial joker, or the solemn adviser in the pulpit? Or are we sure, before we pronounce our verdict on the unreality of the exhortation, that both may not represent the real man in different phases of his character? At all events, have we any right to say that that aspect of him is unreal, which he would in an instant present in the presence of any awful reality? Why should we hold that the *desipientia in loco* is the man's true self, and deny that character to his more solemn words and acts? Is it not notorious that with many of our friends and acquaintances, a few stealthy

* These words are omitted from the title of the second edition.

words, rarely uttered, betray the depths of thought which make up the man, and the conventional surface is but artificial? Is not the ground of that impregnable confidence which we have in our best friends put thus, that we know there is in them such an unfathomed depth of pure principle, generous feeling, solemn thought, within? And why should we preachers be judged more hardly than others? Suppose I never speak elsewhere the words, or anything like the words, which I utter in the pulpit: is it not precisely for this reason,—that in the pulpit alone, or when writing for the pulpit, do I feel liberty in disclosing my real inmost convictions on the most solemn subjects? In the pulpit alone: but this is not exclusively true. My friend and I perhaps have walked and talked together for years—he, a preacher, I, a preacher. But it may be we have never once during these years spoken to one another at all as we speak to our people. What is the inference? That we are hypocrites when we speak to our people? Let us see. What examples shall we take of occasions in life analogous to the circumstances under which we address our people? Suppose either of us meets with a great sorrow, and is visited by the other; suppose either of us laid on a death-bed, and converse to take place with the other. Then we have circumstances somewhat corresponding. What kind of words spring from the hearts of friends on such occasions? Does any one suspect them of unreality? Why then should such suspicion light on our sayings when we stand face to face with men's souls, and speak to them as in His presence who knows the thoughts of the heart?

It happened to the writer of this article to hear Mr. Liddon preach at the evening services in Westminster Abbey on Sunday, June 2, 1861. On leaving the church I found myself side by side with the late Mr. Hampden Gurney. I expressed my surprise, knowing that he never left his church to hear any sermons elsewhere. His answer was, "I was told that I should hear the first preacher in England: and I have not been disappointed." The sermon indeed had fully borne out even this high praise.

Opening the volume under the power of this recollection, I was nevertheless prepared to find the usual great difference between the living voice and the printed page. And there can be no doubt that in this case it is found. Mr. Liddon's printed sermons are very remarkable; but much has been lost from them. As they stand, they hardly bear out Mr. Gurney's description of their author. Perhaps it is not and cannot be in University sermons, that we are to look for the highest order of eloquence. Perhaps in that distinguished audience the preacher stands so completely on a level with his hearers, midway among them, nay, behind many of them in attainment and power, that there cannot be that speaking down

from a height, which seems essential to the great orator—that impassioned cry of the watchman, seeing more than they see to whom he cries. Those of us who have had to compose University sermons will bear witness how, as we sit and write, we become chastened in style and modest in assertion; what almost undue proportion is assumed by the danger of offending against taste; how the scorn of the critic haunts our imagination, and perhaps our better and stronger self is held back through fear. Something of this kind may have affected Mr. Liddon in the composition of these sermons: for we do not often recognise in them that bounding onward of fearless eloquence, which kept us, eager on its track, in the crowded Abbey.

Still, we are not sure that these are not better printed sermons than that one would have proved to be. And if so, then the fault is with printed sermons as compared with spoken ones, not so much with Mr. Liddon, in one of his two capacities. As the highest order of eloquence can hardly be where a preacher is addressing his equals, so neither, it would appear, can it be committed in all its living power to the press. The experiment has been again and again tried, of reporting faithfully a speech known to have been of the first order, and failure has been almost invariably the result. The failure has of course been more signal, in proportion as the success was owing to effects which cannot be represented on paper; and, *per contra*, the written speech has more nearly approached the fame of the spoken one, where excellence depended on beauty of style, a choice of words, or cogency of logical argument.

But we must proceed to the review of this volume of Mr. Liddon's sermons, not as compared with what we heard, but as it is in itself. The first sermon is entitled "God and the Soul." It is a masterly plea for personal religion, dependent on that state of the spirit which may be described by the utterance of the words "My God." He discusses the hindrances to this state; and having described the first as moral, consisting in unrepented sin, he proceeds:—

"The other cause is *intellectual*. I may be pardoned for describing it as the subjective spirit, which is so characteristic and predominant an influence in the thought of our day. In plain English, this spirit is an intellectual selfishness which makes man, and not God, the monarch and centre of the world of thought. Man is again to be, as of old with the Greek Sophist, the measure of all things. God is as but a point on the extreme circumference of His creature's thought. Nay more, in its more developed form this spirit makes God Himself a pure creation of the thought of His creature: and, by doing so, it at length denies His real existence. But even where it stops very far short of this fatal and culminating wrong, it accustoms men to see in religious truth the colouring or the productions of the human mind so exclusively, as to eat out the very heart of the religious life. For we men can no more worship that which we deem to be the creations of our own or

of other men's intellects, than we can knowingly worship the mere carved and painted workmanship of human hands. If God has spoken to us through human souls and in human language, it is when He has assured us independently that while the instrument was human, the truth which it conveyed was Divine. But when in Christian doctrine we have learned to see nothing but successive evolutions or incrustations of human thought, and in the Christian Scriptures nothing but a history which represents man's successive and increasingly successful efforts after knowledge of and communion with the Infinite and Eternal Being, then we never can once bring ourselves to say of any one truth that comes before us, What does this truth say to me? We hold no one truth with sufficient tenacity to make a practical application of it to our own case, to do or to suffer something at its bidding. For the truth is to us false or imperfect or provisional, as the case may be: even if it seems to us a high and marvellous intuition, we still stand outside it; we contemplate it from a distance, we do not close with it; we do not surrender ourselves to it; we do not submit to it. And until this—the *ἰσχυρὴ πίστις* of which St. Paul speaks once and again*—be the attitude of the soul towards the Word of God, it is strictly impossible that the life of worship and of love in which the soul's true perfection consists, and in which its highest capacities have their play, can even be said to begin. We cannot worship an hypothesis, or a compound of truth and error: so we refuse His rights to God lest perchance we should be giving them to idols. The whole energy of the soul passes off in a prior speculation as to the amount of truth which may possibly be concealed beneath a surface assumed to be of human growth. Such a speculation may be justifiable or necessary. But it can of itself do nothing for the heart, or will, or central being, or truest excellence of the man who undertakes it. An educated man of the present day who would look God really in the face, has perhaps no greater intellectual difficulty to contend with than the trammels and false points of view which strictly subjective habits of thought have imposed upon his understanding. For while these habits are dominant in a man, God may be a portion, nay, the most considerable portion, of the apparatus and embellishment of his thought; but he will not be in any true sense throned in the soul as the recognised Author and Object of being; He will not be the man's *God*, before Whose awful presence he moves with deep reverence within the sanctuary of his secret life, and to the doing of Whose will he consecrates each inner faculty and each outward opportunity at his disposal."

We have quoted this passage, because it is a fair example of many others in the volume, in which Mr. Liddon combats the speculative errors of the day. Closely following it are two arguments of the same kind, on the two propositions that God must be regarded as our Creator, and that He Himself is the end or explanation of our existence.

His second sermon, on the "Law of Progress," is one of the most remarkable in the book. We give a specimen from his statement of the canons of true progress:—

"It will be at once conceded that true Progress must be the Progress of man. I say, of man himself; as distinct from the organization, appliances, or embellishments of his life; as distinct, in short, from anything which is properly outside him.

* Rom. i. 5; xvi. 26. Cf. Acts vi. 7.

"Contrast this obvious and vital truth with one of the most general conceptions of Progress at the present day. What is too often meant by our public writers and public speakers when they periodically celebrate the triumphs or stimulate the energies of Progress? Surely they mean, first and chiefly, that which ministers comfort, enjoyment, dignity, well-being to man's outward life. To promote or to rivet man's empire over the world of matter, to organize human life in such sort, that you concede to the individual the highest amount of personal enjoyment which is compatible with the interests of the community at large;—that is Progress. Political reforms, great constructive efforts, rapid locomotion, sanitary improvements, vast accumulations of capital, seconded by vast outlays, inventions which economize labour, or which relieve pain;—these are Progress. Egypt with her colossal public works, Greece with her freedom of personal action, Rome with her imperial organization, Tyre or Corinth with their industrial activities, these rather than Jerusalem are the chosen types of Progress. Progress is almost a marketable commodity; it can be measured, weighed, valued. Mental speculation that does not invent or that cannot be utilized, morals which do not sanction this or that economical theory, or subvert the lower instincts of an Epicureanized society;—these are the enemies of Progress. We are bidden compare English life of to-day, in its outward aspects, with the life of Englishmen in the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, or with the life of our own grandfathers. We are referred to the growth of the national constitution, continued through centuries, and still in process of development; to the marvellous productiveness of the daily press; to the foundation of cities and colonies, on the other side of the Atlantic or beyond the Equator, which in a few years have achieved improvements and successes that had cost Europe centuries of labour and suffering. 'See,' cry the prophets of material Progress, 'how we are gradually completing the conquest of nature, and putting all things in subjection under our feet. From city to city, from country to country, from continent to continent, the electric wire flashes forth our thought or our resolution almost with the accuracy and swiftness of a bodily sense or of a mental faculty. Our art is no longer bound down to the slow and disappointing travail of the brush or the pencil; the light of heaven is itself an artist ready to our hand, and a likeness of faultless accuracy, which would have been impossible even after years of labour to the miniature painters of the last generation, can be ensured by our chemistry with mechanical certainty in the course of a few seconds. Steam power, as if it were a living creature which we had trained and harnessed, has rendered us well-nigh independent of distance and of fatigue; we do not consult, we all but control the winds and the waves. We descend into the bowels of the earth; we draw forth from its hidden caverns the gas or the petroleum; we reverse the original arrangements of Providence, and turn the night of our great cities into day. But, forgetting those things that are behind, we look forward to those things that are before. New discoveries, new inventions, new triumphs await us or our children. There are yet secrets which may be wrung from nature; there are yet playing around us, above us, beneath us, awful and subtle powers or properties which may in time become the slaves of man. We reap to-day only the earlier harvests of the Baconian philosophy; we are but keeping time with the first footsteps of the mighty march of the modern world. It is true that, compared with our grandfathers, we are great and powerful; yet for our descendants there is reserved a land of promise, compared with which our modern civilisation is but as the desert. Our children will assuredly witness an advance of man's power over the materials around him, which will throw the achievements of the present time utterly into the shade; the

attainments of which we are so proud to-day will be deemed by our posterity as little better than the higher efforts of an effete barbarism.'

"To these enthusiasms the Church of God replies in no narrow or unfriendly spirit, as if she were committed to a Manichean heresy on the subject of matter, and could see in its useful employment and development nothing but a triumph of evil. She has not so forgotten the blessing of Eden, 'Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it,' as to look with a jaundiced eye on the various and mighty products of the hands and brains of the sons of men. Nay more, we Christians do not grudgingly admit, we vehemently assert, on the part of Religion, that material progress does contribute real although indirect service to the higher, that is, to the moral interests of man. And it will be noted with especial thankfulness by those who have at heart something of their Lord's love of the poor and feeble, that the lower you descend in the scale of society, the more distinctly can you estimate the greatness of the debt which the soul of man owes to progressive improvements, whether in the ordering of society itself, or in the utilization of matter.

"But, at the same time, let us never forget it, society may be well organized, while man himself is barbarous and selfish. And yet more certainly, man's conquests over matter are no adequate measure of the true progress of man. For man, although dwelling in a material form and on the confines of a world of matter, is yet in himself an imperishable and spiritual being, linked by his higher nature to an immaterial world. Man can analyze, mould, and employ matter, precisely because he is superior to it. He cannot himself, in his inmost being, be raised by that which is beneath him, and which yields to the vigour of his thought and of his hands."

The other canons are, that it must embrace the whole of human nature, not a single power or faculty, as the intellect, to the prejudice of other sides or capacities of our complex being. And, third, it must embrace, or at least recognise, the attendant facts, the outlying conditions of human life—such as the Fall, the Grace of God, the fact of immortality.

On the question whether the creed of the Church is not, like other things, subject to the law of Progress, he speaks thus:—

"Our lot, brethren, is cast in an age of movement, when the pulse of life beats more quickly than in the days of our fathers. Be it so; it is the Will of God. Be it so; this restless, tossing, struggling, seething mass of life, whatever be its efforts or its direction, does but speak to us Christians of the deep yearning of the creature for its true end in God. And therefore we Christians have no prejudices against, we have rather every sympathy for, those generous aspirations of our time which are really reconcilable with the Law and with the Truth of Christ. Certainly all movement is not necessarily movement in the right direction; all that claims the name of Progress does not therefore necessarily deserve it. Yet in society, in government, in art, in education, in all strictly human fields of thought and speculation, there is undeniably room for Progress; precisely because man is finite and erring, and at no point of his work or of his history may truthfully and wisely presume that he has reached perfection. The living soul is ever growing in the Life of God. Again, the outward action of the Church upon the world, the incidental details as distinct from the divinely-ordered

principles of her Episcopal organization, the literature through which she impregnates an age or a country with Christian ideas, the methods by which she Christianizes education, the degree in which she commands the homage and the activities of art, the relations which she maintains with the political power, are all subjects in which progressive improvement is possible, and to be desired. For progress in love, joy, long-suffering, for progress in active intercommunion between separated sections of the Church, for progress in the great work of evangelizing the world, there is ample room. And if the essential faith of the Church were, as unbelievers assert, only a human speculation, it also would be subject to this law of Progress; it too might be expected to grow, or even to decompose, with the lapse of ages. But resting, as it rests, on the authority of God, it is exempt from this liability. It is a reflection in human thought of Him 'with Whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning' (St. James i. 17). The surface criticism of Scripture may vary from age to age, but the main lines of interpretation, like the main verities of the faith, are far less likely to undergo change than is the sun to fail in the heavens or the everlasting hills to melt. The Gospel as it was taught by the Apostles was a final and perfect revelation. Statements of doctrine may vary in different ages; new statements may be necessary to meet new modes of thought, or fresh forms of evasion, or virtual denials of the Original Truth. But the number of Christian doctrines cannot really be added to, nor can the area of any one Christian doctrine be in any degree enlarged. The Athanasian formulæ only unfold logically, they do not add to, that which was in the mind of the Apostles of Jesus Christ. In the true creed of His Church, as on His throne in heaven, Jesus Christ is the Same yesterday, to-day, and for ever (Heb. xiii. 8). And how *relatively* slight are the differences which separate the three great branches of the Church from each other, nay, even the Church herself from most of the voluntary and self-organized communities of Christians around her, is well understood by those who have stood on this or that side of the yawning abyss which severs the worshippers of Jesus, truly God no less than truly Man, from those who see in Him merely One, though it be the Highest of our human race. There are some, alas! who, in the name of Progress, would refuse Him that adoration which He has claimed from fifty generations of Christians. They would tell you that He, the Eternal Truth, could become the ignorant patron of worthless and even immoral legends. There are others, again, who, since no longer do they profess to bend the knee before Him, would fain stoop from their fancied superiority of knowledge or reflection, to re-fashion the Sacred Form of Him Whom we meet and worship in the New Testament. They offer to disentwine from His bleeding Brow that crown of thorns which is at once the sign of His redemptive love and of His sublime and severe morality. They would bring Him forth to the multitude crowned with laurel or crowned with roses; since the Christ of the new theology, like some pagan god, must smile an approval upon the unbeliefs and the immoralities of the modern world, which the Christ of the Gospel and of the Church has already condemned. What is this vaunted Progress but the very triumph of a real reaction? Surely it *is* reaction against the purest Light which can lighten the human understanding, against the kindest Love that can open and warm the human heart, against the truest Law by submission to which the human will may gain its strength and excellence. Surely it *is* reaction against the progressive work of Christ our Lord in human society, and in the human soul. A reaction assuredly, which, if it be not checked by the faith and love of Christians who hope to live and to die in the peace of Christ, will carry us back first to the uncertainties and the despair of a paganised philosophy, and then, in due time, when all that elevates man has been fairly swept away, to the ferocities and lusts of a paganised society."

One remarkable characteristic of these sermons is, their unsparing antagonism to modern antichristian thought. Several of them are almost wholly devoted to this polemical object. And it is carried out most ably and vigorously. Without ever rising into impassioned oratory, Mr. Liddon's style warms and sparkles with the earnestness of his persuasion and of his invective, until we pass into the fire of real eloquence before we are aware. Witness the following passage, from the sermon on "Immortality" :—

"It is characteristic of a large section of contemporary thought, more or less unfriendly to revealed religion, that it is at once scrupulously conservative and fiercely radical. Radical, in that its more logical and representative developments destroy nothing less than the very foundations of religious truth and life. Conservative, in that it often clings with tenacious and unaffected earnestness to the consecrated language of the faith. The unbelief of the last century attacked with iconoclastic zeal the terms which enshrined such truth as it rejected, no less than the truth itself. The motto of religious destroyers has generally been, 'Destroy the nests, or the birds may return. Leave not the feudal castle standing, or it may again be tenanted by its natural occupants.' Our own age is too archæological, too refined, perhaps too self-confident, to act on such a maxim. Catholic cathedrals are decorated, as in Scotland and Switzerland, with painted glass by their Presbyterian tenants; and some very advanced disciples of unbelieving teachers enthusiastically retain the formal language of theology, since, in their hands, we are told, it has become the expression of a higher truth than could attach to it when it was used by the theologians. Accordingly we hear of grace, together with elaborate arguments against the reality of Divine influences; of prayer, while the possibility of any real action upon the Will of God is formally denied; of the Incarnation, when nothing is less intended than the glorious truth that the Infinite and Everlasting Holy One took our flesh in the womb of Mary; of God, when God has been pronounced to be identical with nature, and when nothing more personal and living is meant than 'an abstract order of things, for which it is hard to select any other equally satisfactory designation.' Thus the old language is dismantled; it is emptied of its meaning and its life: it is kept up like a venerable ruin, to enshrine a sentiment, but not to give shape and impulse to a living conviction. We are inclined for a moment to resent the semblance of a cruel equivocation. We say that we would rather have to deal with a foe whose hostility to our creed was not masked beneath an appearance of formally confessing it. But this judgment must speedily give way to another more intrinsically accurate, and more welcome to Christian charity and Christian compassion. Remark, brethren, how in their use of the ancient terminology of the Church, men of decaying faith, or even men whose faith has perished outright, yet pay the tribute of an involuntary homage to the beauty and majesty of her Creed, while in the very act of renouncing its authority. It is a sad satisfaction to them to repeat the language, although they have lost the belief of their forefathers. Conscious of the aching void within them, they cling desperately, imploringly, to words which have been for ages, which are still to millions, which once perchance have been to themselves, the symbols of a living certainty, the framework of a heavenly truth, that brightens, warms, elevates the soul which really embraces it. Such men are in the position of the shipwrecked seaman, who is battling with the waves, and clinging in his strong agony to a timber of what was once his home, while moment by moment he is really drifting upon the surf or the rocks which will presently

mark his grave. Surely we do not tell him, as, powerless to help him, we watch him from the cliffs, that he ought to have kept off a dangerous coast, and that his last hope is a mockery. Rather do we fall on our knees and pray the good God in heaven to defeat our sad anticipations, and to bring help in a case where vain is the help of man. But at least, in the interest of humanity, we describe his misfortune; we investigate, as far as we may, its exact causes; and if need be, we erect a lighthouse, which shall help to save others from his fate. Those who from old affection misuse the language of the faith, may well have claims on our compassion and sympathy; but an explanation is none the less necessary, if we are to claim for Truth her ancient rights, and for human speech its ancient meaning."

This vain manner of talk is then forcibly exemplified in men who cling to immortality with a desperate tenacity which proves how, in spite of their theories, men shrink from resigning themselves to the naked idea of absolute annihilation. One believes in the immortality of matter; another, of force; a third, of the human race; a fourth, of thought; a fifth, of moral truth; a sixth, of the substance of the soul. The whole of this sermon is a masterpiece of apologetic preaching; and the Christian heart may well rejoice that the faith has found such an advocate where it is beset with such danger.

We are sorry to have set ourselves a task which will not permit us to go through these sermons *seriatim*, or to give at least an analysis of the most remarkable among them. Nor need any reader feel disposed to congratulate himself that he has escaped what he might deem an infliction. For Mr. Liddon's sermons are not the dry collection of commonplaces which commonly go by that name, but "living creatures with hands and feet," as was said of the Epistles of St. Paul. They are full of the questions of the day, and not seldom of allusions to its literature and events. We will close with a notice of perhaps the most striking, as it is certainly the boldest, sermon in the volume, that entitled "Conflict with the Pride of Intellect." The Church, which has no quarrel with intellect itself,—*i.e.*, with "the thought of man recognising at once its power and its weakness, its vast range and its necessary limits,"—is "in energetic and perpetual conflict with the undue exaltation of intellect." This, its usurped claim, is the consequence of the "ancient wound which has marred the harmony of the faculties of the soul, and has forced the mind of man into an attitude which instinctively disputes the claims of revelation."

"The Fall did not merely deprive human reason of the light of grace; it so disturbed the original structure of our nature as to make reason generally the slave of passion instead of its master. And therefore the intellect which exalts itself against revelation is often in reality not free intellect, but intellect working at the secret bidding of an irritated passion. Not that intellect is itself usually conscious that it is thus acting under orders. The passions, like some women, know how to disguise, and even how to recommend their despotism by the graceful movements and gentle courtesies of a

well-simulated obedience. Or at best, intellect is but half conscious that it is not free; and therefore it asserts its freedom with that passionate vehemence with which persons who feel their place in society to be a little doubtful are apt to insist upon their social claims. Certainly intellect never vaunts its freedom with such nervous eagerness as when it is in conflict with the Revelation of God. For instance, we do not say to ourselves again and again that we are the champions of free thought when we are engaged in the study of pure mathematics. Mathematics do not touch our moral nature; we suspect nothing; we solve an equation as dispassionately as if we were ourselves pure reason, and nothing else,—beings without passion, without conscience, without will, without a moral history. But revelation, by its every dogma and every precept, at once challenges the activity of will and conscience; and the passions, like those watchdogs who warn the inhabitants of remote country houses of the approach of a stranger, sound an alarm within the soul at the first signs of the coming of the Son of man. Thus natural intellect meets the heavenly Visitant, sometimes with a movement of sudden, sharp irritation, sometimes with a stern but unavowed resolution to resist Him, generally without frankness and real freedom of welcome. Natural intellect, when brought face to face with Jesus Christ, behaves at best like a person who feels it necessary to be upon his guard, and to maintain an attitude of secret if not of defiant suspicion.

“Look around you, my brethren, and mark the varieties of intellect which enter in various ways into this conflict with religion. There is, first of all, mercenary intellect. This intellect writes or talks at the rate of so much per annum, and on a given understanding. ‘You take so much, and you write up that minister, you advocate that line of policy, you denounce this institution, you attack that theory, you blacken that public man.’—‘Done.’ Necessity, it may be said, knows no law; and there is an inexpressibly sad proverb about poverty, to the effect that it cannot afford to have a conscience. We need not care to examine that saying too narrowly. Some of us perhaps have known cases in which really noble souls have bent to a degradation from which they shrank in secret agony, and from which, long ago, they would have torn themselves away, if the comfort and even the life of others near and dear to them had not been dependent on their sad, unworthy toil. Gladly indeed would I here be silent. But sometimes this hired intellect, in bondage to sharp necessity or to the mere spirit of gain, passionately asserts its monopoly of freedom. It even tells us, the ministers of Christ, who have freely entered His service, and who rejoice in what it calls our fetters, that we are not free. Here I cannot be surprised, because I understand the situation in which such intellect is placed: but I must be permitted to protest. Certainly we may admit that conflict with religion under the circumstances is sufficiently natural. It is an expedient for asserting the appearance of freedom, at little cost, and with considerable dramatic effect.

“Again, look at self-advertising intellect. Here is a vain man, who has a certain power of thought and expression. This intellect is bent on achieving a reputation, no matter how. It will write something startling, or, as it would say, original. It will deny all that has been affirmed, and depreciate all that has been held in reverence. When it asserts that this or that Book of the Divine Scripture is but a collection of foolish legends, it will take a certain pleasure in thinking of all the varied perplexity, and vexation, and distress, and bustle, and deliberations which it will cause among religious persons who chance to meet with its irritating production. Probably it has no wish to cause unnecessary pain. But its object is notoriety, and notoriety is only possible to it under these conditions.

“Again, there is sensualised intellect,—intellect under the guidance and command of animal passion. This is no fancy species. It would not be

difficult to point to whole literatures, characterized by the greatest fertility of thought, and power and beauty of language, whose entire drift and purpose is to rouse in the imagination and veins of man those fiery passions which are his worst enemy.

"Again, there is the self-reliant or cynical intellect, too independent to be mercenary, too proud to be vain, too self-respecting to be the slave of sense. Yet it is just as little free as the most mercenary, or vain, or sensualised thought; since in truth it is the slave of a sublime egotism. But its enslavement is well disguised, and its cold, clear, incisive energy passes among men for the very bloom and majesty of perfect intellectual freedom. We need not examine other varieties."

Some of this is bold language: especially when we consider that the mercenary press is tyrannical in proportion to its dishonesty. But Mr. Liddon was perhaps safe in St. Mary's pulpit. Anything uttered there is so far above the range of most of the writers whom he stigmatizes, that they probably would not even recognise their own likeness in his masterly picture. Or if they did, the mere fact of the portraiture occurring in a *sermon*,—a thing which they are paid to describe as wholly effete and destitute of power,—would place it beneath their contempt.

We would especially recommend this volume of Mr. Liddon's to the clergy, as full of suggestive thought. The most earnest-minded of our preachers need not so much power of utterance, as matter on which to speak. Strength in our conflict must be continually renewed by the touch of our mother earth. And in reading Mr. Liddon's sermons, we find ourselves in no exalted zone of the theological atmosphere, but walking on the ground and fighting among the crowds: combating, not the heresies of schoolmen and divines, but the fallacies of Mr. Mill, and the sarcasms of the *Saturday Review*: fighting, in other words, not an imaginary, but a real battle. We do not say that all are bound to do as he does: but all may take a lesson from what he does. He spoke in the great arena of intellectual quarrel; but as he fitted his words to his audience, so may others likewise. These are days when the clergy, if they mean to produce any effect at all, must come down from proprieties and precedents, and fight inch to inch against the fighting foe.

II. Mr. Jones is one of our most original writers. Shall we begin by saying that he is sometimes *too* original? If we do, it will be from no insensibility to the great value of his forcible and new ways of putting common things, but because we think that no style, as such, should challenge observation and criticism for itself, beyond the limits of due subordination to the matter of which it treats. With this little qualification, we are prepared to commend highly this volume of sermons. There is about them a hearty earnestness, which is determined to do its work, in whatever unusual way: which

spurns mere idle precedents and sleepy conventionalities. They furnish, in their way, no bad example of that practice which we wished others would adopt from the perusal of Mr. Liddon's sermons; except that we think it might be carried much further. We select a specimen which will amply illustrate that which has just been said:—

"We many of us remember a sudden special warning, which came with terrible force to this very spot in the centre of which your church stands. Was not the visitation of cholera felt to be a cry to this place, like that of John the Baptist, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!' How were the drunkards sobered, and the profane silenced! How many a mouth uttered the long-neglected prayer! How many a hand opened the long-forgotten Bible! How many a knee was daily bent in the long-forsaken church! The scene within this building was not unlike those which marked the summons of John. Numbers came day by day confessing their sins, and crying to the God of John the Baptist to deliver them from the scourge, and to tell them what to do. They were startled by no mere reed shaken in the wind, no messenger in soft raiment, no mere prophet; but a present spectral herald of God's wrath against impurity, intemperance, fearfulness, and defiance of his laws of life.

"We may well ask here what has been the result? Have the cowards, who sought to flee from the mysterious wrath to come, attached themselves to Him of whom John the Baptist taught? Or were they merely frightened and excited, like the people who confessed their sins on the apparition of John the Baptist on the banks of Jordan, and then, a few years afterwards, crucified Christ on Calvary?

"I fear that very many of them have gone back, and put Him to open shame. They had a mere flash of penitence, and then they sat down again in darkness and the shadow of death; letting the old devil of drunkenness and impurity drag them down into the old, careless, unclean life that now courts the visit of pestilence once more.

"It is true that much was done for the place from the outside. Much of what is called sanitary improvement was accomplished, and is still effective. But sanitary improvements do not save souls. A man may take the best measures to protect his mere animal life, and yet neglect that spirit which alone can make him live as a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

"Such a message as this place received might have taught us to look up to Him who causes, not only the birth of the body, but the birth of the soul. It was a message teaching something more than drainage, temperance, and ventilation. It taught the necessity of these things; but it warned us also of the presence of one who is Lord of the spirit as well as Lord of the flesh.

"But there are many summonses, strange voices from afar, sharp and unexpected, which visit families. A family has lived long in drowsy comfort. The elders have administered its affairs with punctual success. The young have grown up simple and careless; with a vague expectation, whenever they have thought at all, of finding the world a pleasant place, with some easy respectable occupation, and a good deal of enjoyment. All at once some crushing trouble brings the fabric of their happiness to the ground. Some heavy commercial loss, made worse by confident improvidence. Some great offence of one of the family, which lays shame upon their name. Some sudden death, which strikes down the head in the full maturity of guiding wisdom and successful work. Some sickness, which cuts off half the circle at a blow.

"Each of these is a special warning, which, though perhaps it stuns the

survivors for a while, leaves them with a new sense of labour and life. The old easy prospect is demolished, and they have to face the world and its ways in quite another state and mind. The message is from God, able, if they will receive it, to draw them closer to Him; but able also, if they fight against Him, to drag them lower down into the ranks of those who suffer because they rebel.

"There are, moreover, individual warnings, in which the voice speaks to the heart of a man, but is unseen and unsuspected by others. Some incident, unnoticed by the rest, pierces him to the quick. Something which addresses his affections, his spirits, his conscience. All at once the whole colour of his life is changed. A stray word dropped by an acquaintance in common talk; a sentence in a newspaper, or a book which is idly read; a narrow escape; a secret disappointment, or temptation, makes a sudden revelation of his own conduct and motives. He is not what he was. The stagnant air of his life has been parted by a flash from heaven. The bolt strikes him home. He has heard the voice in the wilderness; a call to thought, exertion, repentance, fresh from God Himself.

"There are some here whose experience tells them nothing of all this. They have never been tried and taught at first hand. They know nothing of those strange, fitful touches, which come from the unseen echoes of the herald's cry who tells us that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, that it is no mere appropriate subject of a sermon or religious book, but a fact which forces itself upon them with burning importunity. There are some who know nothing as yet of all this.

"But there are some who do. That sharp sorrow, that bitter disappointment, which came like a cloud over your life, though you did not betray its presence to another, was a special warning. That hair-breadth deliverance from death, when the stone or the wheel missed you, or when the footgrip gave way, and your heart came into your throat; that was a warning. So was the narrow escape from the commission of a shameful deed, or a shameful exposure; when your soul sickened afterwards to think what might have been the case with you; when you were delivered from a mistake or reproach which would have marked you through life.

"These were voices from afar, telling you how thin is the shell of the ship in which we sail; how close we are to the great mysteries and changes, even when all looks plain and safe."

We cannot forbear transcribing the following most striking passages in the sermon on the perseverance of Bartimeus in crying to our Lord:—

"Let a man once dare to be in earnest about religion, and seek for the truth himself, he will offend the propriety of some quiet commonplace Christians.

"He may do this in several ways. Suppose he is awakened in the matter of Christian practice. He knows nothing of Christian finesse and pious diplomacy. The newly-opened heaven and hell are to him most real, and not to be dallied with. He is shocked at much questionable business among professing Christians—the semi-deceit, the little deviation from straightforwardness, the coquetting with the unclean thing, which the established thriving Christian too often permits.

"The new-born soul resents all this, and is rebuked, chilled, cried down.

"Oh! let him keep his sensitiveness and his freshness; lest he become one of those feebly cautious men who, under the pretence of avoiding party, commit themselves to nothing but the safest truisms. Who are neither cold

nor hot ; which is the worst, the most hopeless temperature of the Christian atmosphere.

"This leads us on to another view of the same thought. May be, the awakened soul has great searchings of heart about the form in which the truth has hitherto been offered, though in vain, to his notice. He presses ordinary professors of religion with close questions about the faith, and they do not like it. They have gone on in the old way for a long time. They have accepted without inquiry the usual statements about the Bible, the Church, and the Gospel, and when asked for a reason of the hope that is in them, they find it difficult to reply, except by censure.

"Probably they find that they really have nothing to say. In this case they check the learner with some saws about the presumption of human reason and the folly of attempting to search out the things of God.

"Oh! how often it happens that the eager soul which asks with apparent fearlessness about the deepest and most sacred things, is far from presuming; is indeed longing with true spiritual thirst to fill his little cup at the fountain of truth! Believing in a God, a living God, who is the source of truth, with a deep and trembling consciousness of the reality of His great presence; he pushes wildly, one might say rudely on, to fling himself at his Father's feet.

"Now it is evident that so eager and vehement a procedure must disturb the still air and decorous procession of quiet Christian life. And not unfrequently the disturber is silenced, sometimes far worse, is changed into a bitter controversialist and railer; is soured and made into an infidel from the very abundance and excess of zeal with which he first began to inquire about the faith.

"Well for him if, like Bartimeus, he goes on. For Jesus will not overlook the rude and struggling beginner. Let him but go on; let him cry again, and use honestly all the means and faculties God has given him to receive the truth, and not allow himself to be overawed even by grey-headed reproaches of impertinence and presumption.

"But perhaps when the newly-touched soul, roughly clutching at anything within his reach and crying aloud in the most unseemly way, quite putting out the company of the faithful who are gathered round the Lord, as Bartimeus offended the people round Jesus, with his shouts—perhaps he does more than startle the stolid ignorance of some Christians. It is very possible for him to alarm them seriously.

"The spiritual Bartimeus, who sits by the side of the road of truth, not only interrupts the drowsy hum of the commonplace Christians, but effects some entrance into their minds. There is that in his cries which may make mischief. He puts questions which find an entrance, but produce no answer. He not only creates alarm, but he causes dismay. And the crowd which surrounds Christ rebuke him that he should hold his peace.

"In this case they are like bad swimmers, who hope to keep their chins above water till their feet touch ground, but dread the clutch of a struggling, perhaps a drowning man; and rather than save him, rather than try to help him, thrust him away. Thus there is nothing more disagreeable to some Christians than the earnestness of an awakened soul. They would decline the risk of inquiry. But perhaps there are times in which the truth is being sought earnestly even by those who are accused of opposing it. No doubt such men will stumble and err. But better for men to stumble and err, than to sit still with their eyes shut. Better for religion to be a subject of inquiry than of mere polite conversation. Better for the most sacred things to be handled earnestly with a deep, determined, even a desperate purpose to know more about them, than for them to lie clean and packed up upon the shelf. Better for a Bible to be roughly thumbed and scored by eager truth-seeking men, than bound in velvet and gold, be blindly bowed to as a volume of magic.

"There is a demand for religious knowledge in the present day, which will not be put down by mere official cries for silence in the courts of the church. Men will ask the meaning of the most sacred awful things. They will question the sense of the words hell and heaven. They will try the authority of the Bible and the divine.

"And it is well that they should. If we believe in our Christianity, let it be assailed. The sailor in a rotten ship alone will turn pale as he sees the wind-streaks on the waves, and the storm-heap piled up upon the plain of the horizon. But if we believe our ship to be sound, we shall not pray for a continuous calm.

"And in the same way, if we are sure in our faith, we shall not fret at assaults, nor at blundering help. We shall recognise the spirit of earnestness in cries which sound unseemly to the Church at large.

"For there is often a search after Christ, a genuine crying out to him, which is sought to be repressed by the multitude who press around his words.

"They say all manner of hard things of the daring inquirer. They call his desperate struggles to tear off the bandages which have been wrapped about the truth, irreverent. They call him names. What! will he not be content to take things as they are given to him? Must he needs inquire for himself? Will he not be satisfied with what has satisfied others? Thus they clamour, and bid him hold his peace.

"Some of course shrink under this treatment; they suspect themselves, and subside into a silence which is decorous to the multitude, though it be burning torture to the man.

"Others are encouraged, strengthened, made supple, hardy, and healthy by opposition, and redeem the nation's faith in the great growth and progress towards truth. I will try and make this plainer by an illustration.

"When a tree grows, there must be some branches which bear the weight of the wind, and the sting of the hail. Curiously enough, it is the thin twig, and slight leaf, the weakest, the last born, which pushes itself out, risking the sun-stroke, frost, and the storm.

"The whole growth of the tree is heralded by these extreme inquiring twigs. They feel for the light and the rain; they convey these to the central reservoirs of life. When the tree ceases to put them out, its period of fulness is come, and thenceforth there is nothing but decline.

"When they fail, everything fails; when the leaf and the root-point, which are the pores and the palate of the tree, are dull and stale, the tree dies.

"And so when the freshest, furthest-reaching members of the Church, which seem to be most distant from the centre, are inactive, the Church fades. The main body and trunk, the fixed and heavy limbs, are dependent upon the slight presumptuous twigs, which stretch themselves up towards heaven their own way, and feed upon the free air which plays around. Nip them with frost, cut them off, prevent them discharging their natural functions, following their natural aspirations, and you change the living tree into dead timber, of which there is only one question—how soon it will rot."

We give just a few examples of shorter sayings which appear to us worthy of being noticed. On the spirit of an hireling as contrasted with devotion to duty:—

"A man who will never do an inch or stroke more than he is obliged to do, who spares himself every possible exertion, who calculates to a nicety how near he can cut down his labour so as to keep within the letter of his directions; the man who throws down his tools the moment the clock begins to strike, is an hireling. He has the spirit of a slave, who is driven to the field by the lash. He works only to escape pain."

On harvest thanksgiving in London:—

"We miss all this. There is an incongruity about an harvest service in London. These little scraps and handfuls of unthreshed corn, wheat, barley, and oats, which are stuck about the church, touch the fresh memory of no abundance familiar to the eye. There are, I fear, some in this great city who never saw a field of corn, never saw the loaded waggon creep along the lane, brushing the hedges with bright yellow wheat, never trod the slippery stubble, never heard the cry of 'harvest home!'"

"Would that they had. Would that more could get out in the country, and keep there when once they had reached it; instead of growing up here with only such second-hand knowledge of so much that God gives and shows as can come from a poor print book, or a conceited lecture; where they can look around them outside their doors and see nothing but stone and brick, and gas, and shop fronts, and stucco; where such sights as there are, are all labelled and shown for a fee, where even the face of the blessed sky itself is soiled with floating dirt.

"It is not likely that we can enter into an harvest service with the hearty consciousness of the country Christian.

"Still, let us thank God who giveth us fruitful seasons, filling our heart with food and gladness."

On "the Root of Joy:"—

"In the bitterest grief, in the sharpest period of agony, in the dullest, most hopeless prospect, there is a source of joy which none but the spirit of Jesus can find or use.

"St. Paul calls it rejoicing in the Lord. Then we go out of ourselves as it were, and leave the last trial like a cloak that is thrown off. We pass from the sharpest and most disappointing trouble into the presence of the Spirit of the Lord. We move in by a mental flash, as it were, and there see the source of life unshaken, undimmed; steady, like the shining of the moon above a battle-field; calm and quiet, as the sunlight amid the shrieks and tumult of a pillaged town."

In the same sermon, he speaks of—

"Those short sentences which mark the Apostle's most earnest moods; as if the pulse of inspiration were beating hard, and he had no breath to speak long."

"'Strangers and pilgrims.' That is the Christian view of life. Christians are all travellers, through a country they cannot stay in; travellers, blessed be God, towards a home, but all travellers; some seemingly going through swiftly, buoyantly, with a high head and an open eye; some foot-sore, jaded, sleepy. Some with a chariot of fire, as if the horses of God were whirling them onwards before the eyes of an admiring Church; splendid saints, the tune of whose worship goes manly. Some heavy-hearted, heavy-limbed, but still crawling onwards, feeling perhaps no less than the others that here they have no continuing city, but that they seek one to come. Limping by the wayside, but still creeping humbly and bravely on."

"Christianity has nothing to do with forms of government, or social rank. Christians cannot belong to any one institution or age. The Gospel is not an accompaniment to monarchies or republics; but a mighty power of God unto salvation, touching, converting, sanctifying the soul of man quite irrespectively of all the shapes of a kingdom. The Spirit of God knows nothing about established churches or particular sects. The recording angel of truth

waits not, pen in hand, for the result of a division among voters. The grace of God flows down into the solitary faithful soul, undeterred by authoritative interdiction, and unaided by the most sumptuous invitation."

"We need not fret at or deplore this or that influence seemingly hostile to religion. We need not have our consciousness of God's great love dwarfed or checked by thinking that this, that, and the other law, measure, custom imperils it. We need not be distressed at the croaking of religious politicians, and theological proselytizers, who prophesy evil because this and that is not done, or this and that is done. Above all, no one need be distressed about the truth itself; it is ungrateful, small, and impertinent to be so; we may be sorry that more do not care to search for it, sorry that there is grumbling and bitter controversy about matters which are sublimely superior to all strife and dispute; but we need not join in the senseless cry that the truth is in danger, *i.e.*, the Lord in danger. There is something almost grotesque in the air of important anxiety with which some people run to the rescue of the Holy Spirit, and pretend to prop up God."

"The diligent are not always successful as the world counts success, and yet their substance is precious. There are some who grind on year after year at full strain, and meet with no response whatever; they work, as it were, up to high pressure, but no one regards them; nothing seems to follow from their anxious toil; and yet their substance is precious, and they know it. They have the rare faith which can look beyond immediate results, which can steadily bear witness to truth and righteousness in spite of indifference, which does not depend upon the artificial stimulus of praise or opposition, but draws its life from a divine and invisible spring, bearing up buoyantly in the still deep waters of isolation, holding fast to noble godly principles in the midst of petty stratagems and ephemeral expediency, still blowing at the little spark of right in the great black heap of wrong, and aiming high though those around be mean, suspicious, or unconcerned."

"Humility is the child of power, not of weakness. To be truly humble, you must have force enough to be proud."

We have now given abundant specimens of Mr. Jones's power, and, some may think, of his occasional abuse of it. Let those who would be eager at proclaiming warnings against the latter, not grudge the working of the example of the former.

III. Dr. Vaughan's Essays may fairly be brought in under the head of Sermons; for that was evidently their original form. We place them on our list, that the name of their respected author may not be wanting in our review of Church of England preachers.

Dr. Vaughan needs no praise of ours. He has foregone the highest rank in the Church, that he might give himself immediately to the Church's work among the souls of men, and to influence society for good by more direct contact than is possible for a bishop. In the course of this his life of toil, he has made considerable use of the press, to spread more widely the effect of those ministrations which would else be confined to his own flock. His success in this attempt has been great. There is something in his earnest, familiar style, which gains the interest of many who do not read sermons in general. There is something also in feeling that his exhortation is thrown off from a life which is itself an example. And besides this, Dr.

Vaughan, without affectation of originality, betrays no shrinking from putting truth in an unaccustomed garb: is no votary of the great idol conventionality. But there is nothing startling in his sermons; all is quiet, all is smooth, even, some may think, to a fault. The absence of passion is beyond doubt a derogation from the possible power of Dr. Vaughan's grasp of divine truth, and of the sensibilities of his hearers. Men refuse to believe till they are convinced in spite of themselves, that so much calmness can be where a living spring is welling up within.

We are really ashamed to seem to be gliding into fault-finding; but as this is so, we will finish with this lesser and less pleasant part of our criticism before we begin the other and more welcome portion. Shall we say then, that we detect here and there something in Dr. Vaughan's original ways of putting truth, which we feel to be out of keeping with the general faultless equilibrium of his theology? Some of the *idola specûs*, which, however beautiful and sparkling with crystals the cave may be, yet do not seem to bear the light when placed in the face of day? We will give but one example of this idiosyncratic method of explanation and suggestion. In the present volume, p. 10, Dr. Vaughan maintains that the cup which our Blessed Lord, during the agony in Gethsemane, prayed might pass away from Him, was not the human dread of any impending suffering, but the present bearing of the sin of the whole world.

"He was then, consciously and most fully, being 'made sin for us.' He was bearing upon His holy soul the transgressions from which He revolted. The sins of this country, the sins of this generation, the personal sins of each one of us, were then hanging like a black cloud over Him, or eating like a venomous poison into His soul. It is to this hour of agony, even more decisively than to the cross itself, that we would point for a sign and proof of the atonement. He prayed not that a future hour, but that this very hour—not that death, but that this conscious sin-presence and sin-bearing—might, if it were possible, be excused Him. The incorporation with the whole body of sin, the contact and identification with the sinful in its sinfulness, the consequent hiding of His Father's countenance as of that which could not look upon One so intermixed and commingled with the abominable thing which He hateth—this was the agony—this was Gethsemane—yea, this was Calvary, the cross, and the grave!"*

Far better, surely, is the ordinary acceptance of that agonized prayer; the immense difference in His case being, that He knew,

* May we suggest that the sentence which precedes this passage is capable of an ambiguous interpretation:—

"We do not allow our Saviour's fortitude to sink below that of His own confessors and martyrs, by supposing that the cup from which He prayed to be delivered was the cup of bodily suffering or bodily dissolution."

For "we do not" manifestly ought to be read "we will not," or "we will not consent to." As the sentence stands, it may mean that there is nothing in the hypothesis mentioned which sinks our Lord's fortitude below that of confessors and martyrs.

and by anticipation bore on Him, ALL that was to come upon Him. Far better, surely, to hold that the cross saw the consummation of the Great Sacrifice, and that the hours of darkness and desertion were the actual time of the mysterious expiation. The shield of the Church's belief, dented and battered though it may be, is our best shelter from doubt and conjecture on mysteries all too vast for our weak and erring frames; and, to deal with the matter on its own ground, we may say that the question of degrees of fortitude is one which is altogether beside the purpose, in the presence of unprecedented suffering. Even were it not so, what fortitude was ever so glorious as that which in the full knowledge of such suffering could say, "Not My will, but Thine?"

It may seem presumptuous to question for a moment the opinion, on such a matter as home and school education, of a writer who is himself an example of the one, and has given our time almost the best example of the other. Yet, amidst the undoubted truth and force of the following passage, we think we again detect the somewhat too strong bias of cherished individual opinion as against the truth of circumstances in our own time:—

"Nothing is so common as to speak of evil as if it came only from without.

"Some systems of education have been framed on this supposition. In a Jesuit school—indeed, in some Protestant schools—it has been the endeavour so to watch a community of boys or young men through the twenty-four hours of the day and night, that any contact or contagion of evil may be rendered physically impossible. It has been thought sufficient to show that a master's eye, or a priest's eye, was always present, always observant; that no school-hour, and no play-hour, and no sleeping-hour, was allowed to escape that lynx-eyed vigilance; and then it was inferred, almost without the trouble of an argument, that of course evil was excluded from that paradise; that no disease could exist where there was no possibility of contagion. A perfect education has been supposed to be that in which all evil was driven in upon itself; in which sin had no outlet, no vent, and therefore (it was argued) no corruption. There was a show of reason in the attempt, and sometimes a shadow of plausibility in the performance. Men have been trusted, and schools admired, in proportion to their success in this experiment. In the face of all such theories our Lord says here, 'From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts.' Shut up a young person within the four walls of a solitary cell; watch him even there with an unswerving, unsleeping, unwinking eye; and yet evil shall be present, because 'out of the heart proceed evil thoughts.'

"And Christian parents have sometimes carried this idea of education further still. They have said, 'If all this vigilance is needful to exclude the possible contagion of evil, I will begin one step higher up: I will never expose my child to the evil against which this vigilance has to guard. I will keep him at home. He shall grow up there, safe and uncontaminated, free from the very knowledge, much more from the presence, from the suggestion, from the temptation, of evil.' And then it has been found, as years rolled on, that somehow and from some quarter, evil has not been shut out: a Christian home has been stained by vice—and Christ's words have been bitterly remembered, when it was too late to act upon them, 'From within, out of

the heart of men.' The safeguard of a mere exclusion of evil and corrupting influences, has been found all too weak to bar out that corruption which a Christian ought to have suspected and expected from within. Or, if not before, yet at least when manhood came, and the world must be faced; when college life must be encountered by one who had been guarded and fenced from school; it has again and again been found that no victim was so ready dressed and equipped for the sacrifice as the merely home-bred and home-nurtured youth; no fuel so duly laid and dried for the application of the first spark of evil, as he in whose case the absence of contagion had been trusted to, and to whom now the knowledge of evil and the strength of passion must come at once and together: again and again there has been a sad reawakening, in memory, of the warning words of Christ, 'From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts.'"

Very striking were some remarks by Mr. Jelf in one of our recent Numbers on the altered circumstances of home and school, owing to facilities of intercourse and travel, which in enlarging the horizon of home, have removed much of its isolation, and thrown the home-bred youth more into responsibility and collision with the world; and which, on the other hand, in enlarging the horizon and promoting the independence of boys, have infused into school life new and most dangerous elements of demoralization. If we are not mistaken, this change will go on working, opening the world to the home-boy, and loosening the ties of home and of principle to the school-boy, to an extent which, before another generation has past, must considerably modify our data for determining this great question.

Some of the best sermons in this series are those on the "Consecration of Common Things," and among those, that which deals with the Christian use of society. Let us give a specimen or two.

"Whatever glimpses are permitted to us in Scripture of the life of heaven, are glimpses not of a solitary devotion, but of social charities and common joys. We read not of single angels going apart to meditate; of separate 'spirits of just men made perfect' seeking to be alone with God in luxurious isolation; but always of a worship as multitudinous as it is united: 'an innumerable company of angels,' 'a general assembly and church of the first-born.'"

"The very subject implies that society (in this sense) is lawful, and has a use. I know that it has an abuse too. But so have all God's gifts. Food, exercise, toil, affection, speech, influence, genius itself, each has its abuse in a thousand forms of evil: yet none but a madman therefore proscribes it: to regulate is not to discard. Nay, we cannot if we would. What God gives we must take; the only question is, how? in what spirit? for use, or for abuse? A man who pretends to discard really uses, but uses amiss. The talent in the napkin was put there by human hands; hands which chose to use it in this way, when they ought to have used it in that. It is so with the matter before us. When a Christian man says, 'I do not think it right to go into society,' he often means, 'I choose my society differently: I live in a little select circle: I visit only congenial persons; persons with whom it is no effort to be good, because they are already serious, already pious, already exemplary.' Few men are wholly out of society: it may differ in extent, in kind, in opinion, as much as in rank or wealth; but you will generally

find, the man goes somewhere, and some one comes in to him. That is the essence of society. And therefore, I say it again, the subject is for all, and all know that society has its use as well as its abuse."

"The Christian use of Society.'—Much harm is done by pitching too high the note of discourse on such a subject. Let us rise gradually. God, who gave us food, God, who gave us society, designed each for a humbler as well as for a higher purpose. 'Wine to make glad the heart of man; bread to strengthen man's heart'—this first: and then out of this, wine to make man thankful; bread to make man bountiful: and then out of this, wine to commemorate the outpoured blood; bread to show forth the Saviour's body, and to invest the commonest necessity of existence with something of a sacramental glory. Even so with this other thing—the use of society.

"It was ordained, first of all, for simple relaxation. Yes, we have missed the point of all, if we would make social converse laborious. It is the rest, it is not the work, of life. A busy brain must have its remission. The bow cannot be always bent. Grudge not, for God grudges not, to a working man, of high or low estate, his hour of simple refreshment, while he partakes of his Maker's blessings, and practises those lower charities which are the solace and the brightness of a Christian home. A man who goes into society bent upon innocent relaxation, will seldom be a mischievous man there: he will soften down harshnesses and smooth away roughnesses, he will alleviate gloom and exorcise ill-temper, if he does not actually raise a thought towards God, or speak one word directly in a Saviour's praise."

"A whole evening has been spoilt, sometimes a friendship has been sacrificed, by reason of a little slight (often a mere oversight) in the marshalling of the guests. 'Such a person went out before me.' This, in one who goes to church, and hears his Saviour say, 'When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room!' Beware of those false disciples, who love the foremost seats in church, and the chief places at feasts."

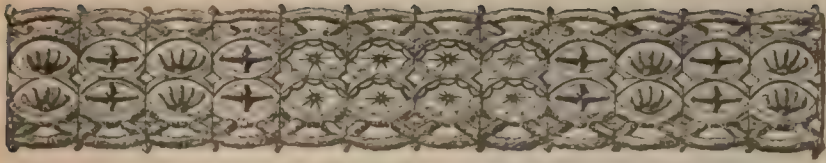
These extracts will show how Dr. Vaughan would have this important subject treated; will prove to our readers that he is not one of those preachers who would divorce religion and common life—whose taking eloquence has about as much to do with our daily temptations and habits as a sonata of Beethoven.

The following is an important testimony respecting that idlest of all talk which is known as religious conversation:—

"With a conscience free from any yoke of bondage as to the subjects of converse, the Christian man dreads especially that kind of religious discourse which he has found by experience both delusive and mischievous. In days of doctrinal controversy, when the solemn topics of Regeneration, Inspiration, or the Life of Jesus, are made the property of every social table, he studiously keeps himself from bandying argument on matters which ought to be, because sacred, secret. He knows that it is not thus that truth is sought, nor, if sought, found. These things are of the closet, not the banquetting room; and if men even wonder why he is silent, perhaps that very wonder may have in it the germ of reflection and of reverence. In short, he suspects the reality of religious conversation almost in proportion to its profession. He has so often found it, on examination, to be nothing more than the discussion of a preacher, or the analysis (seldom favourable) of a character, that he has learnt to adhere for the most part to matters humbler in pretension, but perhaps on that very account more Christian in their tone."

There is much good sense in the following not very common view of the most practical exhortation wherewith to address the young:—

“It is a common exhortation which warns the young not to expect long life; which draws its examples from the oft-repeated experience of careers suddenly cut short and expectations early blighted. And that exhortation can never be unseasonable, so long as there is one child or one youth amongst us, presuming upon length of days, and deferring, at least until to-morrow, the consideration of an eternal interest. But I am sure that there is an exhortation scarcely less solemn and even more persuasive. No one believes in his heart that he, he himself, will die young. That gambling spirit which is in all of us by nature, and which has its uses (in the things that are seen) in giving the energy of a personal hope to the hands which must work the machine of this world, makes us all calculate upon extended life even while we accept as a truism the warning of its possible curtailment. I do not believe that the uncertainty of mortal life weighs practically upon the young. I have more hope of being listened to if I say to a young man, ‘Very probably you will live to be old—very probably you will go to the grave an old man and full of years—and what then! Have you considered how far that probability justifies you in your present trifling? Have you ever so calculated the duration of the longest life, as to settle the amount of its encouragement to a postponement of the thoughts of eternity?’”



BISHOP HORNE'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

The Works of the Right Rev. George Horne, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Norwich; to which are prefixed Memoirs of his Life, Studies, and Writings. By WILLIAM JONES, M.A., F.R.S. : one of his Lordship's Chaplains, and long his most intimate and confidential friend. In six volumes. 8vo. London. 1809.

Aphorisms and Opinions of Dr. George Horne (late Lord Bishop of Norwich), with Notes and a Biographical Sketch. Small 8vo. London. 1857.

WE cannot justly estimate the character of any man without taking into consideration the influences exerted upon him by the age in which he lived. The turn of thought and the habits of society which prevail at any particular period, although they may not absolutely mould every man whose lot is cast in that season, cannot fail in some degree to affect all. Men who appear eminent also in one age might be less distinguished in another, while others who live in an age prolific in greatness, are often rated much lower than they ought to be.

The age in which Dr. George Horne lived was rather unfavourable to greatness of any kind. It may be that after two centuries of intense excitement—the periods of the Reformation and the Great Rebellion—the body politic needed, like the physical frame of man, a season of repose; and other causes probably contributed to produce the same effect. From whatever cause it arises, we can scarcely think of the middle portion of the last century without perceiving that it was as dull and stagnant as the preceding centuries were sparkling and brilliant. The romance of history is gone; the heroes have disappeared from the scene, and have left nothing to supply their places. The only incident in that portion of the century which

touches the heart is the episode of the Pretender. His romantic expedition, short and unfortunate as it was, showed the generous side of human nature, and proved that in a season of still life and stagnant waters, there are always hearts ready to dare, and hands to execute, high deeds of daring, if there is a cause capable of calling forth enthusiastic sympathy. In Scotland peculiar circumstances invested both sides of this cause with a deep interest, and stirred the very life-blood of the people, and thus the last struggle of an expiring dynasty broke the monotony of an age of dull routine. But this was an exception to the general character of the period, and when the rebellion was quelled, the spirit of dulness seemed again to spread its leaden wings, and to cover the world with its lethargic influence.

Now, seasons of repose may be as disastrous to the Church as times of persecution—nay, they are often more fatal. Mr. Newman,* in the well-known passage in which he has enumerated the trials of the Church of England, has hardly defined the particular trial to which it was subjected in the last century. To his enumeration we may add that it awakened, like a giant refreshed with sleep, from the slumber of the eighteenth century, a trial perhaps as formidable as any of those set forth in the striking language of Mr. Newman. For this reason, and because the vitality of the Church was so severely tried, we listen with very deep interest to everything which may serve to show how the life, which was certainly dormant, escaped extinction.

We know that it was no human power which saved it, and that it was entirely the work of God; but it is interesting to mark the higher agencies and the better influences constantly working within this period of dormant vitality, and to estimate the blessings they conferred. And when we look closely at the life of many of the clergy of that season, we shall find more of earnest piety and quiet devotion than we should at first have imagined. The "seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal," escape the eye of those who only look through public events at the amount of corruption and faithlessness in the land. The prelate whose life and works we propose to review was one who served in a quiet unobtrusive manner, within a limited sphere, to leaven the general mass of society with principles of piety and practices of devotion. We mean Dr. George Horne, formerly Dean of Canterbury and afterwards Bishop of Norwich.

* "If ever there were a Church on whom the experiment has been tried, whether it had life or not, the English is that one. For three centuries it has endured all the vicissitudes of fortune. It has endured in trouble and prosperity, under seduction and under oppression. It has been practised upon by theorists, browbeaten by sophists, intimidated by princes, betrayed by false sons, laid waste by tyranny, corrupted by wealth, torn by schism, and persecuted by fanaticism. Revolutions have come upon it sharply and suddenly, to and fro, hot and cold, as if to try what it was made of."

The first few years of the last century were illuminated by the last rays of the galaxy of learning which adorned the Restoration. Bull, Beveridge, Stillingfleet, Lloyd, and others reflect no common lustre on the commencement of that century; but its middle years, though blessed by the acquisition of a *κρίμα ἐς ἀεί* in the "Analogy" of Bishop Butler, were dull and heavy, while its close was enlightened by the brilliant confutation of the Unitarian heresy by Bishop Horsley. It was in the murky interval between the last rays of sunshine from the former day and the rising beams of a new dawn that the lot of Bishop Horne was cast, and although he was not calculated to shed brilliancy upon an age so dark, yet he was able to throw upon his times a steady cheerful light, with great advantage to the Church at large. We should entirely miss the mark if we attempted to put him forward as a man of commanding talent. But he was a man of very considerable abilities, of highly cultivated mind, and of constant application. The world was not then too busy to study. Since that period the recluse of the cloister has almost disappeared from college life. Delegacies at Oxford and Syndicates at Cambridge, and the busy idlers lionizing the Universities,* with the thousand interruptions of modern life, have very much diminished the amount of *bonâ fide* study among fellows of colleges. In the days of which we are now speaking, there was more time for meditation. Men were not able to manage a trip to Rome in the short Christmas vacation, nor were they so impatient to leave the walls of the college the moment lectures were over.

It is remarkable if we look to the date of Horne's election to the presidency of Magdalen, that no less than eighty-three years were passed in that college under two successive presidents! How great the changes must have been, which took place during the period in which these presidents held their office in Magdalen (from 1768 to 1851), it would be difficult to ascertain. Indeed it is said that Dr. Routh on one occasion complimented a young man on his becoming dress, who had just been ordered to leave the room at collections for audaciously wearing a cut-away coat! The words of Horace are very true—

"Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere,"

and the learned Doctor evidently recognised the costume of his own early days!

But as our work lies with his predecessor, we must leave all speculation on the long reign of Dr. Routh† and turn at once to Dr.

* Last year some wit observed at Oxford that the clergy were like the martyrs, "*Christianos ad Leenas*."

† We have reason to hope that a Memoir of Dr. Routh, which has long been in preparation by Mr. Burgon, of Oriel, may soon appear.

Horne. The story of his life is soon told. It was not an eventful life. It was one of those calm and happy voyages along the stream of time, which afford scarcely any incidents to the biographer. It was not crowned by any very brilliant success, nor saddened by any peculiar trial. It was a dignified and useful career from the first. He glided quietly from the studious ease of a fellowship to the high position of President of his College, and although there were stirring contests in the University during his residence there, they do not seem to have ruffled his temper or disturbed his peace of mind. Indeed, if we were asked to name a man whose life was the exact answer to the question "*Quid pure tranqillet ?*" we should at once fix upon Bishop Horne. His mind was cheerful in its tone, and the troubles of life—if he was tried by them—appeared to have glanced from his heart, like pistol-shots from a cuirass, without being able to make much impression.

The outline of his life may be given in a very few words. He was born Nov. 1st, 1730, at Otham, a small village near Maidstone, and was the son of the Rev. Samuel Horne, Rector of Otham, and also of Brede, in Sussex. His father was a man of learning and integrity, one of whose sayings has been thought worthy of being recorded, viz., "that he would rather be toad-eater to a mountebank, than flatter any great man against his conscience."

In this family there were four sons and three daughters. The eldest son died very young; George was the next. The third son died a Fellow of University College, and the fourth succeeded his father in Otham and Brede. The education of George Horne was conducted by his father during the early days of youth, but he was afterwards sent to Maidstone School, under the Rev. Deodatus Bye, who taught him a little Hebrew, besides the usual course of Greek and Latin. At the age of fifteen he went to college on a Maidstone Scholarship, and his academical career now commenced. After taking the degree of B.A. he was elected a Fellow of Magdalen in 1750, and in 1752 he took the degree of M.A. He proceeded B.D., 1759; D.D., 1764; and on the 27th of January, 1768 (not 1764, as sometimes stated), he was elected President of Magdalen College. He was appointed Chaplain to the King in 1771, and became Dean of Canterbury, Sept. 22nd, 1781. On the translation of Bishop Bagot to St. Asaph, he was consecrated Bishop of Norwich, June 6th, 1790; and on the 17th Jan., 1792, he exchanged the trials of this life for the reward of a faithful servant of God. His health had been much broken before his elevation to the Episcopal office, and he was never able to hold even a primary Visitation of his diocese.

Such is the simple outline of his life, and from the mere inspection of its details, it is clear that all the interest of his biography must

arise from the history of his own mind rather than from his participation in any great events.

Shortly after his elevation to the presidency of Magdalen he married the daughter of Philip Burton, Esq., of Eltham, in Kent. She was a cheerful companion, and graced with the qualities which shed a pleasing lustre upon domestic life.

In one of Dr. Horne's letters about this period of his life, addressed to his intimate friend Dr. George Berkeley, son of the great Bishop Berkeley, he speaks of his approaching marriage in a very sprightly mood; after apologizing for his long silence, because he had been engaged in that serio-comic affair called courtship, he adds that "on this occasion I have followed the favourite maxim of the great De Witt, '*one thing at once*;' " and having stated that he had eschewed all delays, he hopes "in three weeks more to settle Mrs. Horne in the old Lodgings till the Society provide us with new, which they talk of doing speedily."

The Lodgings at Magdalen, Oxford, received only a very small addition during the presidency of Dr. Horne, and it was only after the death of Dr. Routh, that the rooms in that portion of the Lodgings which are over the cloisters received the splendid decorations with which they are now graced. The very handsome room over the gateway called the President's Chamber, in which so many of our monarchs have been entertained, and which has been recently painted, was a bedroom in the time of Dr. Routh—indeed, it was the room in which that venerable scholar died.* This event having been happily accomplished, and the lady brought to the Lodgings, Dr. Horne's life was passed chiefly in Magdalen until he became Dean of Canterbury, when he divided his time between the Deanery and the Lodgings in Magdalen.

Although his life was thus uneventful, his memoirs derive a certain interest from his literary work and the theological discussions of the days in which he lived. In these latter he bore honourable part, but the controversies themselves have not left their mark upon the world. It is curious enough—and valuable also, as a proof of the constant recurrence of the same questions under slightly varied forms—to observe that during the earlier days of Dr. Horne questions, if not identical, at least very much akin to those between Professor Mansel and his opponents were very earnestly debated. A few pamphlets, however, and small publications, single sermons, &c., were the fruits of this controversy, which related to the primary source of our knowledge of Divine things. Dr. Patten, who was a

* The name "Lodgings," as applied to the Master's House, is peculiar to Oxford. At Cambridge the word is "The Lodge," or the Master's Lodge. At Oxford "The Lodge" is simply the Porter's Lodge.

much esteemed friend of Dr. Horne, was the chief writer in regard to the questions then debated. The principles of Hutchinson, which at that time were rather in favour with many young men in Oxford, were also discussed in some of the controversial pieces which passed on this occasion. Dr. Horne has always been thought an adherent of this system of philosophy, and he published a defence of it in his earlier days, but we find in his later writings very little allusion to the subject. He appears also to have been misled in regard to Hebrew by the followers of Hutchinson, as, *e.g.*, that excellent man Parkhurst, the author of the well-known Hebrew Lexicon to the Old Testament, and of the better known Greek Lexicon to the New Testament. The question could hardly be entertained in the present day; but about the middle of the last century etymological science, and especially all comparative philology, was almost unknown. The notion of deriving all languages from the Hebrew had in it something which was calculated, however wrong it might be philologically, to attract a devout and religious mind, and although Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon is entirely laid aside, his Greek Lexicon to the New Testament has twice been re-edited by able scholars—the late Hugh James Rose and Dr. Major. The Hutchinsonian controversies, whether in regard to gravitation or to Hebrew roots, are now so obsolete that it is hardly worth while to give any account of them. The work on which Bishop Horne's fame rests, is his "Commentary on the Psalms," and it is to that, as compared with or supplemented by later commentators, we shall chiefly confine our remarks. But before we enter on the consideration of this work, we will call attention to a most interesting series of MS. letters* in our possession, chiefly addressed by Dr. Horne to Dr. George Berkeley, one of his most cherished and intimate friends. They seem to have been united as much by circumstances as by their mutual esteem and their congenial dispositions. The correspondence ranges from about 1759 to 1790, a period of about thirty years, and the letters are numerous, and of the most miscellaneous kind as to their subjects; but there is one circumstance which gives extreme pleasure in the possession and contemplation of these numerous letters—there is not, in the midst of the utmost freedom of intercourse, a sentiment in the whole correspondence which does not give its testimony to the high Christian feeling—the dignity, the purity, and the charity—of the writer. A cheerful and playful spirit also breathes through all the letters, as will appear from some of the quotations we are about to make.

* These letters are a portion of the papers belonging to Dr. George Berkeley, Prebendary of Canterbury. He was son to the great Bishop of Cloyne, and this collection contains a considerable amount of MS. matter from the pen of the great metaphysician.

The following letter will be read with interest as relating to the great work of Dr. Horne's life—his "Commentary on the Psalms":—

"I am much obliged to you for the political *scale of beings*, as classed by Mr. Pitt. And really, Mr. Chancellor, I begin to flatter myself, that the glorious era cannot be far off when the principles of liberty will be carried to the utmost perfection of which they are capable in the present state of things. Poor England! aptly represented by the *quondam* state of Merton College—four and twenty *wardens*, and *one fellow*! Surely we shall have enough of Whiggism before we have done. In a dream last night I beheld your worthy Curate deep in thought over a collection of old English proverbs. I peeped over his shoulder into the page open before him; but methought I could make out only one of the venerable adages that had engaged his attention, which was, if I remember right, to this effect—'When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own.' Do ask John what he was thinking of last night. . . . As to your information touching the Psalms, it is true that I am endeavouring to give an evangelical comment on them, and have now by God's blessing made some progress in the work. Nor will I deny that a prospect of the truly great and glorious things contained in those wonderful hymns does sometimes give me sensations, to which I believe most of the persons both in the administration and opposition are strangers. In the midst of these, I found sensations of another nature raised in my mind by the following learned and ingenious Diatriba of Bp. Patrick, in his argument to Ps. 67, now lying open not six inches from my spectacles. 'What difference there is (says y^e good Bp.) between a *Song-Psalms* and a *Psalms-Song*, I am not able certainly to resolve. For some think that a *Psalms-Song*, or *Psalms of a Song* began with voices, the musical instruments following after; and a *Song-Psalms*, or *Song of a Psalms* begun with instruments, the voices following after: others give a quite contrary account; for taking a *Psalms* to be properly the sound of instruments, and a *Song* to be the voice of singers, they will have a *Psalms-Song* to be that where the sound of instruments preceding, the singing voices followed; and a *Song-Psalms* that where the voices preceding the instrumental music followed. But Kimchi ingeniously confesses, that their nation can give no account of such things.' In this Diatriba the importance of y^e subject, the solemnity of the introduction, the accuracy and impartiality with which the question is discussed, and the arguments on both sides stated, with the strong and clear light thrown upon the whole by Rabbi Kimchi, are in their way inimitable.—With comp^{ts} to y^e ladies and friend John, I am,

"Dear Mr. Chancellor,

"Most sincerely yours,

(Signed)

"G. HORNE."

This letter appears appears to have been written in 1763, although the date of the year is omitted. From some cause, however, the day of the week is added as well as the day of the month. "Friday, 16 Sept." is the date. This requires that the Sunday letter should be B, which is the case in 1763. Another letter written about the same time proves the point completely, so that this letter was written about thirteen years before the *Commentary* was published. The first edition came out in 1776. The work was, therefore, unlike too many of the hasty publications of our own day in theology, the result of very mature reflection. And this consideration leads us to

examine the great principle on which Dr. Horne has conducted his "Commentary on the Psalms," although the commentators of the last sixty years have been far better prepared in all that relates to hermeneutics than the writers of the eighteenth century. There is one preliminary remark which it is, perhaps, worth while to make—that this preface, or introduction, besides its value as an essay on Exegesis, is one of the most beautiful pieces of composition in the English language.

The great principle then which Dr. Horne enunciates is this—that a large part of the Psalms which *appear* at first sight to relate only to David and his contemporaries are really cast in such a mould that they adapt themselves to the circumstances of the Christian Church, and have a distinct reference to the author and finisher of our faith, even Jesus Christ Himself.

The argument on which he bases this principle is that such explanations of the Psalms are adduced in the New Testament, and that, too, so frequently as to establish a strong presumption that it is a mode of instruction and edification of which the Holy Spirit commonly makes use, and that they only read the Psalms in the true spirit, who find such references in them. He adduces about twenty instances of these explanations. He argues that—

"No one can attentively review the above-made collection of New Testament citations from the Book of Psalms, as they have been placed together before him, without perceiving that the Psalms are written upon a divine, preconcerted, prophetic plan, and contain much more than, at first sight, they would appear to do.

"It would be unreasonable," he adds afterwards, "to suppose that no parts of the Psalms may by us be spiritually applied but such as are already expressly applied for us by the inspired writers."

He advises the reader to consider attentively a New Testament citation, and read the Psalm from which it is taken, and then see whether it is not a kind of key which unlocks the treasures of eternal wisdom, stored up in God's Word. He then points attention to the Commentary of Augustine—

"Who pursues this plan invariably, treating the Psalms as proceeding from the mouth of Christ or of the Church, or of both, considered as one mystical person. The same is true of Jerome, Ambrose, &c."

And then, after alluding to Chrysostom and Theodoret, he adduces the very early testimony of Tertullian, who says—

"Almost all the Psalms are spoken in the person of Christ, being addressed by the Son to the Father, that is, by Christ to God."

This chain of evidence, reaching to so early a writer as Tertullian, constitutes another strong ground of recommendation to this method.

It is true these writers have no special authority, but their united example is of considerable weight.

But the argument, from the reason of the thing, is, we think, of overwhelming force. When we consider the incidental nature of these quotations, we cannot think that they were intended to exhaust all the portions of the Psalms in which there was any prophetic reference to Christ. This is really a fundamental position in the argument, and it is all which it is necessary to claim. The application of the principle requires discretion and caution, as well as a deep sense of the great mysteries of Scripture. It must also be remembered that, whilst the application of these passages to the Messiah, as indicated in the New Testament, is simply the Holy Spirit explaining to man its own prophetic utterances, every additional such application of other passages must commend itself by reasonable arguments and just inferences. The former lie beyond the range of man's criticism; the latter are its legitimate subjects. There is one further remark which we would make in this portion of our subject, which is this, that many parts of Scripture lend themselves to an use of them by way of comparison or analogy, without being considered as direct prophecies. Some parts of Augustine's Commentary may perhaps be thus explained. They are a transference of the language to Christian themes, which originally belonged to a different phase of religion, and for their justification do not need that we should explain the original as directly conveying that meaning. In fact, the commentaries, both of Basil and Augustine, often carry this principle too far, if we are to look upon them in the light of strict exegesis, although considered as pious meditations on the subject of the Psalm itself, they contain thoughts of very great beauty and value. They are a series, as it were, of brilliant variations on a theme supplied by the simple words of the Psalm they are interpreting. If any one will take the trouble to read the three pages of Basil on the Inscription of Ps. xlv. (xlv.), he will see that a critical knowledge of Hebrew would probably have saved the effusion of much Christian ink, although it must be acknowledged that Jerome himself, who was well acquainted with Hebrew, falls into the same error.* But he gives also the other translation, and therefore is, by no means, walking in the dark like the others. He mentions two interpretations, but adheres to that which is clearly wrong, while Basil, Chrysostom, and Augustine comment upon the *translated* word, as if it were certainly the inspired word of God. It

* Hieron. "Ep. ad Principiam Virginem," Ep. cxl. The Commentary on the Psalms under the name of Jerome is not genuine, but in this epistle Jerome comments on the whole of Psalm xlv. He translates the word *sosannim* by *lilies*, but his comment is adapted to the other supposition, which is an evident error, "*De iis qui immutantur.*"

is the word *Sosannim* or *Shoshannim*, which is probably the name of a musical instrument, or of the tune to which the Psalm was to be sung, but which these fathers translate "*Concerning those who are to be changed*" ("De iis qui immutabuntur"), deriving this word from the root שנס, *to change*, to which it has some affinity in sound, though none in sense. This is the class of commentary against which we must sometimes be on our guard in the works of these great masters. Where devotional thoughts are to be excited, when noble speculations on the mysteries of the Divine nature are to be expected, where piety, devotion, and lofty thoughts are to be expected, these great writers shine out with a brilliancy before which the puny efforts of modern critics may well be content to pale. But where there is a question of the exact meaning of a Hebrew word, there we must turn to the criticism of modern days. Dr. Horne had the advantage of studying the ancient fathers as well as the critics of later times, and thus in some degree he combined the merits of the two methods of exegesis, by uniting the pious vein of holy meditation practised by the ancients, with the more exact criticism of Hebrew scholars. But it must be added that since the time of Dr. Horne, Hebrew criticism has made considerable progress, although its results are still a battle-field of contending views.

Among the more recent commentators, two are of great eminence as Hebrew scholars, Hupfeld and Delitzsch. They are very opposite in their views. Delitzsch, who is perhaps sometimes rather too subjective, is reverent in his handling of the Word of God; and his view of the Christological character of the Psalms may be inferred from these words at the close of his Preface:—

"I hope thus that I have clearly laid down my position in reference to the typical (literally *future-historical**) element of the Psalms. In consequence of this ethical and Christological character formed with reference to the New Testament, which belongs to the Psalms, it is easy to be explained that, next to Isaiah, no book is so frequently cited in the New Testament as the Psalter, and Christian exegesis is distinguished from Jewish and Judaism, because it does not carp at these quotations, but seeks rightly to understand them and use them as guiding stars for itself." — *Delitzsch* "Vorbericht," p. xx.

With Hupfeld all is the reverse of this disposition. Cold and critical, he can seldom admit a Messianic sense in any of the Psalms, and he endeavours to confine the meaning of these Divine hymns to the lowest possible type. As an instance of the difference between these two scholars, we have only to look at their observations on the latter part of Psalm xvi.

Hupfeld observes that "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell," *may* mean merely that God will save him from some danger which

* = anticipative.

threatens his life; but almost immediately afterwards, as if he were ashamed of this absurd explanation, he reluctantly admits a higher sense, but not the prophetic sense attributed to the Psalm by St. Peter. He says:—"On the other hand, it is impossible to deny the *possibility* of understanding the hope of the Psalmist in that higher sense—that the holy man will not become entirely a prey to death, but will have everlasting communion with God"—which notion is found in several of the Psalms, as in Ps. xlix. 16; lxxiii. 23." He then briefly observes that not only the whole sentiment of the Psalm, but also the phrase "the way of life," are arguments in favour of this higher sense of the passage. It will easily be observed that this confession is very reluctantly wrung from an unwilling mind, and it is as limited as possible. On the contrary, Delitzsch looks upon the quotation of the words in the Acts as a *direct* proof that the Psalm had a distinct reference to Christ. He says:—"The Apostolic thoughts are these: that the hope of David that he should not become a prey to death, was not realized in David in the extent in which it is proclaimed in the Psalm, but that it was fulfilled, as St. Peter can testify, in the name of all believers, in Jesus Christ, who was not left in the grave, and whose flesh suffered no corruption in the grave; and that the Psalm was a prophecy of David looking towards Jesus Christ, who was promised as the heir to his throne, and whom he had before him in his prophetic consciousness, as the real foundation of the promise . . . But his reference to Christ does not exclude himself," &c. And he further explains how it means that when the prophecy is fulfilled in Christ, it will be fulfilled in him; that as Christ is raised from the dead and from the grave, "*sta et nos per Christum et in Christo.*"

We are happy to find that Mr. Perowne, who is very favourable to German criticism, is perfectly firm on this point. There are many admissions in Mr. Perowne's work—as, *e.g.*, the probability that there are Maccabean Psalms in the Book of Psalms—which the writer of this notice is entirely disinclined to admit. And again, although he supports the Anglican Version of Psalm ii., "Kiss the Son," against the band of Neologists, he makes them a gratuitous gift of the authority of Jerome. It is true that Jerome, to stop the cavils of the Jews, admitted the words "Adorate pure" into his version; but he expressly prefers the other version in his Commentary, as he mentions in another part of his works. But this judgment of Jerome, Mr. Perowne appears to ignore, although it has acquired some notoriety from the use made of it by Dr. R. Williams in "*Essays and Reviews.*" We are not, however, reviewing Mr. Perowne. His book has its undoubted merits as a kind of middle term between a devotional and a critical commentary, which with one class of readers may probably

be popular. Many portions of it have considerable merit, especially in the introductory essays, although the writer dissents from some of the conclusions.

Among the recent commentators in Germany on the Psalms, some have introduced the custom of separating the Messianic Psalms from the rest of the Book, and commenting on them by themselves. Thus we have "A Commentary on Twelve Messianic Psalms," by Dr. E. Boehl. But of all the works of this kind, that which is published by Dr. Reinke, of Münster, under the title, "*Die Messianische Psalmen*," is the most learned, the most elaborate, and the most valuable. Dr. Reinke is a Roman Catholic, but extremely mild in his doctrinal views; and the amount of patristic and oriental lore which he collects on every part of Scripture on which he comments, renders his books the most valuable storehouses of information which can be imagined. The points are also discussed with great good sense, but the very lengthy nature of the notes precludes our quoting them in a passing notice like the present. Indeed, his commentary on verse 10 of this Psalm extends to fourteen octavo pages. He discusses very elaborately the question whether the singular, "Thy Holy one," or the plural, "Thy Holy ones" (the former being the *k'ri* and the latter the *k'tib*), is the correct reading; and determines (as Mr. Perowne also has done) that the Masoretic correction of the text—*i.e.*, the singular number—is the true lection here. At the end of Reinke's annotations on this Psalm he adds a sort of *excursus*, in which he gives reasons for attributing a Messianic sense to this Psalm, and examines the reasons alleged by each of the chief modern critics against such an interpretation. He usually commences his commentary on each verse by an examination of the various ancient versions. In some of his writings also he gives a kind of patristic catena on the text which he is illustrating. In fact, we scarcely know any commentary, in which materials are more diligently collected, from which a judgment may be made. It is quite true that a commentary on Scripture, which should be on the scale of his commentary on Malachi—*i.e.*, 629 8vo. pages on four chapters—would be a library in itself. But this does not diminish the value of the commentaries which he has published, of which we think very highly.

With regard, however, to the Psalms—on which the Christian Church has laid its hold as its storehouse of prayers and hymns—a truly devotional commentary is a great aid and help to the Christian soul, and this Dr. Horne's work supplies. No doubt it must be conceded that he has sometimes carried his principle to too great excess; but in the main his principle we believe is true, and where it is injudiciously applied we may consider his commentary as a holy meditation on the subject of the Psalm, rather than an exegetical

explanation of it. It is very profitable as a devotional work; and if a new edition were published, which supplied the results of modern criticism, so that each might be read separately, the union of the two methods would be of very great advantage to all who desire to read the Psalms with edification. We believe that this work, although not adapted to the wants of critical scholars in the present day, has such a basis of truth, that it is not likely ever to be obsolete.

We have spoken now of the great literary work of Dr. Horne's life—his "*Commentary on the Psalms*." But this was by no means his only publication. We find also seventy-five sermons published in his works by Jones of Nayland, who prefixed a life of Bishop Horne, in one volume, to this collected edition of the works of Bishop Horne. For Jones of Nayland—the author of that beautiful little volume, "*The Book of Nature*"—we have a very great respect, but he is about the worst biographer that can be found. His life of Dr. Horne is miserably arranged, the story as ill-told as it can be; no list is given of the books published in his lifetime, no account is given of his course as Dean of Canterbury—one of the chief dignities of the Church of England; and altogether it is one of the most unsatisfactory specimens of biography which it has ever been our lot to meet with.

It is probably well for all parties that Jones of Nayland did not obtain the post of Astronomer-Royal, which, it appears from letters in the possession of the writer, there were some attempts to obtain for him. It is the first scientific position in England, and its occupant ought to be, like the present Astronomer-Royal, a first-rate mathematician. Jones would hardly have been fitted for this post; and if he had obtained it, he would have been drawn aside from more spiritual and more congenial studies.

The works of Horne, as published by him, contain (besides the biographical volume) the *Commentary on the Psalms* in two volumes, three volumes of *Sermons* (seventy-five sermons in number), and a volume of small miscellaneous pieces, such as the "*Statement of the Case between Hutchinson's Philosophy and that of Sir Isaac Newton*," the "*Letters on Infidelity*," &c.; but, however excellent some of these pieces may be, the fame of Dr. Horne will always rest on his *Commentary*.

Many of the letters of Bishop Horne, now before us, belong to the later portion of his career; and several of them are quite worthy of publication for their beauty of composition and for the cheerful playfulness of spirit which they exhibit. The following letter, although it relates only to a domestic event, is so touching in its graphic description and its playful spirit, that it cannot fail to interest every reader. It was written after a journey to Bristol, in order to place

his youngest daughter under the care of Hannah More and her sisters :—

"*Mag. Coll., Apr. 28, 1786.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You have heard me mention my late worthy friend, Mr. Alderman Bates, who had in his cellar, when I viewed it with philosopher Jones and treasurer Stevens, 500 doz. of port—all—as he was pleased to express it—for the sons of y^e clergy. The Alderman, alas! is gone, but his partner that was, Mr. Smith, succeeded him, and the house keeps its full credit. Writing this day for a parcel of the best old port, fit for immediate use, I have taken the liberty to order a couple of hampers of the same to be addressed to the Vice-Dean, of which his acceptance is requested; and I doubt not but that we shall be able to give satisfaction to *AB^r & Bp^r*, as well as to other inferior pastors and curates.

"I do not find it is absolutely settled who is to accompany the Metropolitan; but the angel of the church of Bristol, being much subject to fits of the gout, may decline; and the odds are in a manner nine to nothing on the angel of the church of St. David's. The circumstance of an angel in the gout, reminds me of Hawes's giving that appellation to Joy y^e taylor; on which, John Allen exclaimed—'The first angel, I think, I ever heard of with a wooden leg!'

"We had charming weather for our excursion. Your friend, Sarah, showed great fortitude, tempered with a due mixture of sensibility. She preferred three petitions—1. That she might see Bath, before she was shut up at Bristol. 2. That on the evening preceding her admission, we might play a pool at commerce; and 3. That we might drink a glass of punch together, as you know, papa, said she, you promised me. We came, on the last morning, from the inn at the Hot-wells—the coach stopped at the bottom of the hill—I got out, and walked up with her, after she had taken leave of her mama. I asked her, how she felt? 'A little uneasy, while you are all in Bristol: when I know you are gone, I shall compose myself and set to business.' Coming to the house, and looking up at it: 'This house does not look so pleasant to-day, papa, as it did yesterday!' Here it was almost over with *me*. We entered, and after some cheerful chat with the good ladies (who seem to be very excellent ones indeed), I kissed her, and took my leave. She came to the door with me, and desired she might look at y^e coach, till it was out of sight. Her countenance was steady, but pensive; and a calm chrystal drop stood in each eye, which probably fell at the instant when the carriage disappeared. I rejoined my companions, and through the oval glass at the back of the coach, we gazed on the little figure at the door, as long as we could, till we turned a corner, and—all was over.—Our journey was rendered pleasant by an agreeable and lively friend, Mrs. Kennicott, who kindly accompanied us. But when we came back to the old house, we found we had lost our *fiddle*, and were dull enough—a cloudy sky, and a cold blast from the North, ever since. We may see our daughter, growing up to be, I hope, a good girl; but, as my wife observed, we shall see *Sally Horne* no more. It is not, however, fit that she should continue always a child, or I—what I am at this present writing, and what Mrs. Berkeley, I know, will give me great credit for being—

"Your mournful friend,

"G. H."

We have a little postscript to add to this letter. It is an extract from a letter written by a lady who was intimate with "*Sally Horne*" in after-life. It was written in answer to an inquiry whether the

daughter of Bishop Horne with whom she had been intimate bore the Christian name of Sarah. The answer, among other pleasant traits of character, contained the following account of her friend the daughter of the Bishop, who had more than once gone to Lausanne to pay her a visit:—

“I do not know what information your friend requires concerning my very dear and highly valued friend, Mrs. Hole, but I can most truly affirm that I never knew or more truly loved, respected, and admired any one than *Sarah* Hole [the *Sally Horne* of the letter]. I never knew a more perfect character—*highly* religious, but cheerful, lively, frank (beyond any one I ever knew), charitable, liberal, and the most delightful companion I ever knew. When she entered a room she seemed to bring joy with her. I never saw her but with delight, nor parted from her but with regret. She was remarkably well informed. I think I hear the cheerful tones of her voice while thinking of her. I do not know where to stop on this subject; but tell your friend that she was the best and the most charming woman imaginable.”

This lady—“*Sally Horne*” in her youth—was the wife of Mr. Hole, and mother of the Rev. G. Hole, Prebendary of Exeter, who died about three years ago.

It is very pleasant to be able to place on record such charming remembrances. The biographer is often compelled to reveal weakness and wickedness; but it is, or ought to be, always a more agreeable task to set before the world bright examples of godliness, combined with those other qualities, which cast such cheering light upon the ordinary routine of daily life. Many of the letters which it is the fashion now to publish, detail the scandal of past generations, which it would be a mercy to the world to forget. It may be true enough that men are not heroes to their valets; but it is not always necessary to introduce the public to their dressing-room, that it may delight itself with pulling down the lofty to its own level. We could wish that some letters, repeating the foolish things said by Nelson when under the influence of wine, had been suppressed. We do not wish to excuse moral evil; but to drag forward and particularize the weaknesses of so great and noble a servant of his country, can hardly do any real good, and is certainly calculated to lower the taste of the public.

The next letter which we propose to print relates to a subject of considerable interest towards the close of the last century—the liberation of the Scottish Episcopal Church from the bondage in which it had been kept from the time of the unfortunate attempt of the Pretender until the year 1788—when the Scottish bishops agreed to acknowledge the sovereignty of George III. and to submit to the Government. In 1792 an Act was passed, which permitted the clergy ordained by the Scottish bishops to minister in public in their

own churches, without fear of fine, imprisonment, or transportation, to which they had been previously liable. They were, however, prohibited from ministering in English churches until the year 1840, when a modified permission was given, which would enable them to officiate for two successive Sundays, under permission in writing from the bishop of the diocese. The great enemy to any amelioration in their condition was Lord Thurlow, but his opposition was at last withdrawn.

The letter which we here print gives a little episode in the history of this case—

“Heddington, July 17th, '89.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“It was my hap to reach the great city just at the time when our poor Scots friends were routed, horse and foot, by the single arm of the giant Gogmagog in the House of Lords, through the fault, as I suppose, of *Hary Dundoss*. Messrs. Stevens, Bouchier, and self called upon them in the hour of distress, and apprehending the immediate application of a cordial might be expedient, invited them to a good dinner and a bottle of claret, at the ‘Crown and Anchor.’ The angel of the Church of Dundee had strained the back sinew of his right leg, and was in bed. The other two came, and the day went off extraordinarily well indeed. Abernethy was in good spirits, and Skinner said as many shrewd and arch things as one could wish from any one man in the time given. We adjourned, for our tea, to that house in Thavie’s Inn, where Tories are always well received by Glasse, Bacon, Stevens, and Co. The next day they were to see Mr. *Pett*, and *Hary*, and some other friends, and then march for Oxford, in their way to the *Noord*. I took the shortest way down before them, to be ready for showing Oxford on the day following (I think Friday y^e 10th). We did what we could by the assistance of my leathern convenience, but it rained as if heaven and earth were coming together: and about two o’clock, they all three set off in one chaise, from (their proper sign) the ‘*Cross*,’ having received the warmest assurances from their friends in town that *their business should be done* next year, without their having the trouble of another journey—and thus ends the chapter of *Episcopacy Protestant* for this season.”*

There is among the MS. letters, &c., from which we quote, a great deal of correspondence between the Scottish bishops and Dr. Berkeley, who took a very lively interest in promoting their cause.

The reputation of Dr. Horne as a preacher was very high during his lifetime, but his sermons, although many of them were very excellent, and most of them abound in practical good sense and a very devout vein of thought, would probably in the present day hardly sustain the very high reputation enjoyed by their author, who was considered one of the very best preachers of his own time. But they will always have a sterling value for those who love holy thoughts and devout meditations, and they were in advance of the general views of the age.

* As a postscript to this letter we find the following words, which are a kind of pun on the word *gala*. “We have a *gala* here every evening—three-and-thirty cows go to be *milked*, besides the bull!”

The letters we have hitherto quoted are those which are written in that lighter vein of innocent mirth so happily adopted at times by Bishop Horne, but it must not be supposed that the whole correspondence was of the same character. There are other letters in a very different tone. One of these is a very remarkable letter, and well worth quotation. It was written on the appointment of Dr. Berkeley to the vicarage of Bray.

" Otham, Aug. 27, 1759.

" MY DEAR GEORGE,

"I was just about to fulfill my promise of giving you a line from Gotham when *Lloyd's Chronicle* suggested an additional reason for doing it immediately, by informing me of your being presented by the AB^p to a piece of preferment, of which I sincerely give you joy, as it will contribute to my happiness if it contributes to yours. The AB^p, I fancy, has a mind to vindicate the honour of the place by showing that the *versatile ingenium* of a predecessor of yours, was not owing to any quality peculiar to that air, but that there may be a *Vicar of Bray* of inflexible integrity. For y^d nothing this vain world can bestow will ever prevail with you to swerve from the sound principles you have formed, I think I can assure myself from what I know of you. You are now launching out into an ocean whose rocks and quicksands you are not unacquainted with, however a good spring tide may for y^e present conceal them from sight. Your situation and connections will expose you to many and great temptations, which others, whose lot it is to creep with their little barks along the shore, are free from. Obligation naturally follows favour, and dependance is the necessary consequence of promotion. Nor is anything more certainly commendable than gratitude to our benefactors. But the sad misfortune of these our times is, that patrons think they have a right to command what we have no right to bestow, and post a man as an ingrate who cares not to make a compliment of his conscience. And the wise and powerful of the earth know that nothing stings a generous mind like the brand of ingratitude, rather than submit to which a man will be strongly tempted to step a little way out of his duty to God and the Church for once. And when he has done it once, he will find less reluctance in doing it y^e second time, still less the third, and so on till a conduct the reverse of his former becomes habitual and natural to him. And then, as new practices will not agree with old principles, a fresh set must be looked out for, that a decent conformity may be preserved. Thus a man is gradually seduced and allured into sentiments and actions, which had they been bluntly proposed to him in *puris naturalibus*, he would with pleasure have gone to the stake rather than adopt and perpetrate. These temptations I confess may appear bigger than the life to me as viewed through the magnifying glass of a temper timid and irresolute, which makes me often, on my bended knees, to bless God that I am not exposed to them, and most earnestly to beseech him that I never may, but rather be confined all my life to the lowest room, than hazard my integrity by going up higher. Nor can I help admiring and adoring the wisdom of God in appointing you to this conflict, whom he has blessed with an holy courage and boldness in the cause of truth that I scarce ever saw in any one. Go on then, my dear brother, as you have begun, and persevere to the end; lay not the crown you have already obtained in the dust, by any compliances unworthy a son of the Bp. of Cloyne, but be continually adding new brilliants to it. Let no preferment prove a sop to lay your zeal to sleep, but an opportunity of exerting it, and showing the world that in every station you are still the same strenuous advocate for the faith of the Church, unaltered, unalterable.

Your friends, the University of Oxford, the Church of England, the spirit of your departed father, with his fellow saints now shining in glory, the holy angels, and Jesus Christ at the head of all, expect this at your hands, and long to have their eyes blessed with beholding it. God Almighty prosper you in all things, and preserve you a fixed star in the firmament of his Church, till having shone all your appointed time below, you shine for ever above.

"Make my compliments acceptable to Mrs. Berkeley, and believe me to be, with entire affection, ever yours,

(Signed)

"G. HORNE."

The tone of this letter reflects the earnestness and the simplicity of the character of Dr. Horne, of whose deep piety and true devotion no reader of his "Commentary" can doubt. He there speaks evidently from the heart, and this will always endear that book to the true Christian.

In regard to the Vicar of Bray, Mrs. Berkeley, in the preface or introduction to a volume of "Posthumous Sermons of Dr. Berkeley," published by her, tells a very different story from that which forms the foundation of the old song. The latter story, being found in Fuller, can certainly boast of some antiquity. But the story told by Mrs. Berkeley, which is the tradition of the place, relates to some other occurrence. It is this: that James I., having been separated from his suite in hunting, rode up to the Bear Inn at Maidenhead, and, entering the inn as a stranger, asked for some dinner. This happened on a Wednesday in Lent,—and at that time it was not considered Popish to fast in Lent,—but the Vicar of Bray and his curate, having secured all the fish to be obtained at this inn, were dining up-stairs. The king begged to be permitted to join their party, which was allowed; but when the time of reckoning came, the king professed to have no money to pay his share of the score, and requested the vicar to pay for him. The Vicar of Bray was hard upon his Majesty, but the curate said that his company was so pleasant that they could only rejoice that he had joined them, and would not think of asking him to pay any share of the dinner! During this conversation, the suite arrived in the inn-yard, the king was recognised, and the remainder of the scene scarcely needs description. The vicar apologized, &c., but the king pointed the attention of the curate to Windsor, and promised that he should soon look down upon Bray from a canonry at Windsor; and turning to the vicar, he said, "And you, mon, shall still be Vicar of Bray."

The two stories evidently have little in common but the locality to which they are attributed.

The introduction to this volume of Dr. Berkeley's sermons, which was written by his widow, evidently shows that her mind was partially off its balance, which appears from many indications in the MS. letters, from which we have already quoted so largely, to have been the case.

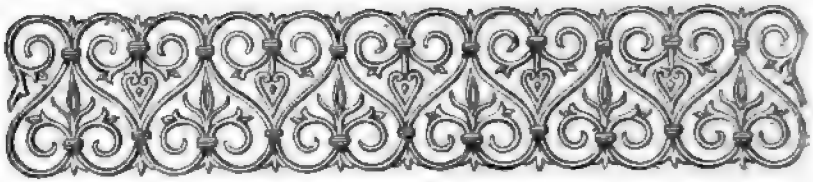
Whatever eccentricity she may have exhibited, it is quite clear that she became partially deranged, and all her eccentricities must be attributed to this source. She appears to have been very amiable until this visitation afflicted her. It was a source of great misery to her husband and to all around her, but as it was from a visitation of Providence, no moral blame can attach to her. Indeed, no one can read the concluding sentences of her introduction without perceiving this. After informing the public that, being determined that the pastry-cooks shall not have her husband's sermons, she has had only 200 copies printed! she adds that she is not of the opinion of the witty Mrs. G—v—l, who said that sermons, like potted meats, are all alike; "for," adds Mrs. Berkeley, and they are the last words of her preface, "I prefer potted lamprey to potted char!"

The friendship between her husband and Dr. Horne appears to have continued without abatement for more than thirty years, and their correspondence is worthy of the high and honourable positions they respectively occupied—the one as Dean, the other as Prebendary of Canterbury. Among the correspondence in our hands there is a very beautiful letter from Mrs. Horne, describing the religious calmness of the last hours of this excellent prelate, but as it adds little to that which has been already published, we forbear to quote it.

It will be needless now to prolong this little supplement to the existing biographies of the late Bishop Horne. We can only hope that the partial withdrawal of the curtain from the private life of this eminent prelate may have the effect of increasing the love and reverence with which he has usually been regarded. We neither think it right to parade imaginary virtues before the public, nor, on the other hand, do we think it desirable always to publish everything good, bad, or indifferent, which can be raked up about every person of eminence; but as in the course of a long correspondence which came accidentally into our hands, there is not a word which either of the writers need desire to obliterate, if we can impart to others the great pleasure we have derived from the perusal of some of these letters, we feel that in publishing such charming compositions, we are raising, and not diminishing, the fame of a prelate whom we deeply reverence, while, at the same time, we are ministering to no unworthy curiosity, and no love of mere trivial gossip.

The "Commentary" of Bishop Horne will be prized by Christian hearts as long as learning and devotion can command respect and love, and if we have assisted in making known some of its special merits, and throwing a little new light upon the life of its honoured author, our labour will not have been altogether in vain.

HENRY J. ROSE.



PROPOSED LEGISLATION ON CLERICAL VESTMENTS.

The Ornaments of the Minister. Case submitted to Counsel on behalf of several Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland; together with the joint opinion thereon of the Attorney-General, &c. London, 1866.

Disputed Ritual Ornaments and Usages. A Case submitted on behalf of the English Church Union; with the opinions thereon of Her Majesty's Advocate, &c. London, 1866.

IN two previous articles in this Journal certain positions of the Ritualists were examined in relation to the existing law.* The progress of events has now made it necessary to consider a different question, viz. the propriety of legislation in connection with Ritualism. Being of opinion that the law as it stands is against the Ritualists on other points, we prefer to treat this question chiefly in relation to vestments.† It is well known that lawyers are divided on the point whether our present usage can be reconciled with the Rubric, which seems to send us back for the ornaments of ministers to the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI., where albes, copes, vestments, (i.e. probably, chasubles), and tunicles, are expressly mentioned. Moreover dicta are to be found in "Westerton v. Liddell" (though the question of vestments was not directly in issue in that case), which tend to throw doubt on the legality of our present practice.‡

In this state of things great uncertainty (to say the least of it) prevails in men's minds, and there is a wide-spread feeling of apprehension as to the consequences of a conflict between an obsolete and forgotten law, and long and continuous customs, not

* See vol. i. p. 1; vol. iii. p. 313.

† Our former articles did not profess to investigate this point.

‡ Moore's "Report," pp. 157, 159.

likely to be abandoned without a struggle. For the contention on both sides has its roots in deep religious grounds—Ritualism being in this matter emphatically the outward expression of dogma. Under these circumstances it is not unnatural that it should be deemed by many that the case has arisen, which, if it arose in any temporal matter where far less interests were involved, would warrant and demand the interposition of Parliament. The question is, is there anything in the fact that the point at issue is ecclesiastical, not civil, which takes it out of the ordinary rule? And this question may be considered either on general grounds, as to the abstract propriety of Parliamentary legislation in Church matters, or on the more restricted basis of the propriety of such legislation in the case before us.

In the following pages we propose to deal with the latter and narrower of these issues alone. We shall, therefore, admit for the sake of our argument, without desiring on this occasion to express any opinion thereon, the position that Parliament is not in general a very fit body to settle Church questions, especially when dogmatic considerations are involved; and that if it should ever do so, it would be proper that it should only be called in to give effect to what has already been sanctioned by the Church. And further, though the Convocation of Canterbury cannot be said adequately to represent the Church,* yet that its opinion should at all events be first had as a sort of presumptive evidence of the judgment of the Clergy on the proposed measure.

Taking this position for granted, for our present purpose, we proceed to make a brief historical survey of the subject.

At the end of the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI. (put forth by 2 and 3 Ed. VI. c. 1), the use of the surplice is enjoined, "in the saying or singing of Matins and Evensong, Baptizing and Burying," but by a rubric in the Communion Service it is said—

"Upon the day, and at the time appointed for the ministration of the holy Communion, the Priest that shall execute the holy ministry, shall put upon him the vesture appointed for that ministration, that is to say: a white albe plain, with a vestment or cope. And where there be many Priests or Deacons, then so many shall be ready to help the Priest in the ministrations as shall be requisite: and shall have upon them likewise the vestures appointed for their ministry, that is to say, albes with tunicles."

By the second Prayer-Book, put forth in 1552 (by 5 and 6 Edw. VI., c. 1), the albe vestment and cope were abolished, and Priests or Deacons were to use a surplice only at all times in their ministration.

* It does not represent the clergy of the Northern Province, nor of Ireland, nor the laity of any part of the Church. In a practical point of view, however, it is not probable that any of these bodies would be more favourable to Ritualism than the Convocation of Canterbury.

The reign of Mary overturned everything; but when Elizabeth came to the Crown, the following rules were adopted :—

Her Act of Uniformity (1 Eliz. c. 2) re-established the second Prayer-Book of Edward, with one or two small alterations not bearing on our present subject; and, had this been all, the albe, vestment, and cope would have been discarded. But there was a proviso—

“That such ornaments of the Church, and of the ministers thereof, shall be retained and be in use, as was in this Church of England by authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth, until other order shall be therein taken by the authority of the Queen’s Majesty, with the advice of her Commissioners appointed and authorized under the Great Seal of England for causes Ecclesiastical, or of the Metropolitan of this Realm.”*

And in the Prayer-Book of 1559 a rubric was inserted, which seems to have been intended to express the effect of the proviso, though it does not agree with it with perfect exactness :—

“And here is to be noted, that the Minister at the time of the Communion and at all other times in his ministration, shall use such ornaments in the Church as were in use by authority of Parliament in the second year of King Edward VI., according to the Act of Parliament set in the beginning of this book.”

Soon afterwards the Queen issued a set of injunctions, but they do not expressly mention the vestments in public worship.

However, the Archbishop and Bishops drew up certain “interpretations and further considerations” of them,† one of which runs—

“That there be used only but one apparel, as the cope in the ministration of the Lord’s Supper, and the surplice in all other ministrations.”

Four or five years later appeared the document called the “Advertisements,”‡ which dealt directly with the question as follows :—

“Item, in ministration of the holy Communion in the cathedral and collegiate churches, the principal Minister shall use a cope with Gospeller and Epistoler agreeably; and at all other prayers to be said at the Communion table, to use no copes, but surplices.”

“Item, That the Dean and Prebendaries wear a surplice with a silk hood in the quire, and when they preach in the cathedral or collegiate church, to wear their hood.”

“Item, That every Minister saying any public prayers, or ministering of the sacraments, or other rites of the Church, shall wear a comely surplice with sleeves, to be provided at the charges of the parish; and that the parish provide a decent table, standing on a frame, for the communion table.”

The precise authority of this document has been much disputed. Professing, upon the face of it, to be in the Queen’s name, it has been contended that it must have been issued in exercise and execu-

* There is some ground to believe that this proviso came from no ecclesiastical source, but from the Queen, or her lay councillors. See Harrison, “Hist. Inquiry into the Rubric,” p. 64; and Mr. Milton’s pamphlet, “The Sacrificial Vestments, are they Legal,” &c., p. 12. † “Card. Doc. Ann.,” 1, 236. ‡ Ibid., 1, 321.

tion of the power reserved to the Crown by the proviso in 1 Eliz. c. 2, and had the force of law. But, on the other hand, it is urged that some doubt exists whether it ever actually received the royal sanction.* The question is one of subordinate importance for our present purpose. There seems little ground to question that the compromise to which the Advertisements witness, was in fact acted on as a *maximum* from thenceforth.†

The Canons of 1571 hardly go so far. One of them says—

"No Dean or Archdeacon, nor Residentiary, nor Master, nor Warden, nor head of any college, or cathedral church, neither President, nor Rector, nor any of that order by what name soever they be called, shall hereafter wear the grey amice, or any other garment which hath been defiled with the like superstition. But every one of them in their churches shall wear only that linen garment which is as yet retained by the Queen's commandment, and also his scholar's hood according to every man's calling and degree in school."‡

These Canons are not, of course, quoted as authoritative, but as showing the view taken by Convocation at that time.§

Not only are visitation articles extant showing the practice of the Bishops,|| but the Royal Commissioners acted in a like manner.

Thus, in 1577, Barnes, Bishop of Durham, and others his associates, "the Queen's Highness' Commissioners," inquire—

"Whether there be any . . . that refuse to wear the surplice in the church at ministration of sacraments and using of divine service; or that neglect the same. Item, whether your several parish churches and chapels be furnished with, and have all necessary books and other furnitures requisite, and which by the laws and injunctions ought there to be had; and whether that any be known or suspected to have or keep any vestments, tunicles, mass books, grailes, &c., images, crucifixes, pixes, or any other such cursed and execrated abominable monuments of superstition, popery, and idolatry."¶

Sometimes they seem to have gone beyond the Advertisements in

* The document is cited as "the Advertisements published anno 7 Eliz.," in the Canons of 1604; and as the "Advertisements of Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory," in those of 1640; which, though afterwards disallowed, were confirmed by the Crown at the time, and are evidence of the way it was looked upon at that day.

† It is indeed probable that nothing more had been generally used since the new Prayer-Book came into force, and in some places not so much.

‡ Given in Latin in "Card. Synod.," i. 115; and in English in Perry's "Lawful Church Ornaments," p. 245.

§ They were cited in "Westerton v. Liddell," on the question of Communion Tables. The Court said—"Although these canons, not having received the Royal assent, were not of themselves of binding force, it is probable that they were generally acted upon, and they sufficiently show what was at that time understood to be the proper material of the table," &c.—*Moore*, p. 185.

|| See those of Sandys, Grindal, Whitgift, Piers, cited in Robertson's "How shall we Conform," &c., pp. 97, 109, 110; and of Parker, in Harrison's "Hist. Inquiry," p. 123.

¶ Quoted in a pamphlet entitled "Vestments: What has been said and done about them in the Northern Province since the Reformation." By James Raine, M.A. London. Rivingtons. 1866.

hostility to vestments. Thus, the Queen's Commissioners at Oxford in 1572 command the authorities of a college—

"Utterly to deface, or cause to be defaced, so that they may not hereafter serve to any superstitious purpose, all copes, vestments, albes, ~~ministers~~ ^{missals}, books, crosses, and such other idolatrous and superstitious monuments whatsoever." *

Indeed, it does not appear to be seriously disputed by any that the case was much what we have described. Mr. Perry gives a list of "the authoritative changes made during the reign of Elizabeth, and the consequent description of those [ornaments] legally in use at the end of her reign;" and in this list we find as follows:—

"Ornaments of the Minister disused.

"As the interpretation to the Injunctions directed only but one apparel, viz. 'the cope' for the Communion, 'the surplice' for all other ministrations; so, of ornaments of this class kept in Edward's second year, there would be disused, though not abolished—

"1. The chasuble.

"But the Advertisements by their dispensations permitted further the disuse of—

"2. (Probably) in cathedrals and collegiate churches the tunicles worn by the Gospeller and Epistoler.

"3. In parish churches, the cope, and the surplice which had *no* sleeves, or only *small* sleeves.

"4. In all churches (perhaps) the albe and its girdle, and (possibly) the stole."†

In the next reign we find that Canons avowedly based on the "Advertisements" received the formal sanction of the Crown. The 24th of the Canons of 1604 says:—

"In all cathedral and collegiate churches, the holy Communion shall be administered, &c., the principal Minister using a decent cope, and being assisted with the Gospeller and Epistler agreeably, according to the Advertisements published anno 7 Eliz."

The 38th runs thus:—

"Every Minister saying the public prayers, or ministering the sacraments, or other rites of the Church, shall wear a decent and comely surplice with sleeves, to be provided at the charge of the parish. And if any question arise touching the matter, decency, or comeliness thereof, the same shall be decided by the Ordinary."

And graduates are to wear their academical hoods. The usage in the reign of Charles I. was, as a rule, of a like nature.† On Lambert's trial he was charged with sanctioning the cope in his own chapel and in

* "Calendars of Writs," vol. ii. Oxford, 1753. Attention seems to have been first directed to this order in a letter to the *Guardian*, March 22, 1886. Compare also *Documents*, "How shall we clothe us to the Liturgy?" p. 47.

† *Notes &c. of the Liturgy*, "Church ornaments," p. 206.

‡ It may be that contemporaries can produce from this or other periods no instance not only of a contrary application, but *just* that within the main "accepts" great regularity.

Winchester Cathedral, but it was not alleged that he had encouraged its use in parish churches; chasubles, albes, and tunicles are not named at all. In fact, Laud justified himself by the Canons of 1604.

At the Restoration, our present Prayer-Book was set forth under 13 and 14 Car. II. c. 4, when the Rubric was finally moulded into the form which it still retains, and on which the dispute has arisen.

Let it be assumed that the letter of this rubric is in favour of the Ritualist view. Still, we are not now constructing a legal argument, but are seeking to bring out all those facts which may have weight with a deliberative body on the question whether the letter of the law needs revision in order to harmonise it with the spirit and usage of the Church. It is to be observed then, that the settlement of the Prayer-Book was preceded by the Savoy Conference, when the objections of the Puritans were put forward. And it seems clear from what then took place, as well as from the previous communications between the King and the Nonconformists, that the *practical* objection in the matter of vestments related to the surplice only. Exception is taken—

“Because this Liturgy containeth the imposition of divers ceremonies which from the first Reformation have by sundry learned and pious men been judged unwarrantable, as, 1. That public worship may not be celebrated by any Minister that dare not wear a surplice.”

And then the sign of the Cross in Baptism and kneeling at the Lord's Supper are mentioned, and there follows a dissertation on the unlawfulness of ceremonies, but no notice is taken of any other vestment. (See Exception xviii. against the Book of Common Prayer, “Card. Hist. Conf.,” p. 310, 3rd edition, and “Documents relating to the Settlement of the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity of 1662.” London, 1862, p. 119.)

Subsequently, the objectors proceed to criticise the words and phrases of various parts of the Prayer-Book, and cite the rubric on ornaments, which then ran as above stated (p. 546.) They except to this—

“Forasmuch as this rubric seemeth to bring back the cope, albe, &c., and other vestments, forbidden by the Common Prayer-Book (5 and 6 Edw. VI.), and so our reasons alleged against ceremonies under our 18th general exception, we desire it may be wholly left out.”—“Card. Conf.,” p. 314; “Doc. relating,” &c., p. 123.

The very wording of these two objections appears to indicate that the surplice was treated as an existing grievance, the other vestments as something which it was feared advantage might some day be taken of the letter of a rubric to revive and restore. The bishops answer the eighteenth exception by a general defence of the right to impose ceremonies, and then (following their opponents) specially

defend the surplice, the kneeling, and the Cross. But when they come to the rubric on ornaments, they merely say:—

“For the reasons given in our answer to the 18th general, whither you refer us, we think it fit that the rubric continue as it is.”

It is difficult to believe that under this brief sentence they could have cloaked a deliberate intention to restore the vestments of Edward's first book, which (with the exception, at most, of the cope in cathedrals and collegiate churches) had been so long disused with the express consent of James I. and the Convocation. Nor does their practice accord with such an intention.

The Visitation Articles of Cosin, Bishop of Durham, in 1662 (after the Act of Uniformity had re-established the Prayer-Book), demand—

“Have you a large and decent surplice (one or more) for the Minister to wear at all times of his public ministration in the church?

“Have you in your vestry a hood or tippet for the Minister to wear over his surplice, if he be a graduate?

“Doth (your Minister) always at the reading or celebrating any Divine office in your church or chapel constantly wear the surplice and other his ecclesiastical habit according to his degree?”

Frewen, Archbishop of York, also in 1662, inquires for no other vestment than a surplice, and asks whether the Minister—

“Doth read the Book of Common Prayer? . . . and doth he wear the surplice while he performs that office or other offices mentioned in the Common Prayer-Book?”†

In 1670, Archbishop Sheldon wrote to his officials to enforce conformity. He requires of parsons, vicars, and curates—

“That in their own persons in their churches they do decently and solemnly perform the Divine service by reading the prayers of the Church, as they are appointed and ordered in and by the Book of Common Prayer, without addition to or diminishing from the same, or varying, either in substance or ceremony, from the order and method which by the said book is set down, wherein I hear and am afraid too many do offend; and that in the time of such their officiating, they ever make use of, and wear their priestly habit, the surplice and hood.”—“Card. Doc.,” Ann. 2, 329.

It may be said that the Communion is not expressly named here, but the object of the letter was to enforce conformity, and it can hardly be maintained that those who neglected or scrupled the surplice were likely to wear albes and chasubles. The passage,

* Cited in Raine's “Vestments: what has been said and done about them in the Northern Province,” p. 31. The last words of the concluding question seem to show that the “other ecclesiastical habit” means the academical hood.

These Articles of Visitation are public acts, and it is with such we are concerned. We shall not go into the controversy as to Cosin's private opinions, as gathered from MS. notes, as to which, however, see the able paper on Ultra-Ritualism in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1867, p. 186.

† Harrison's “Historical Inquiry into the Rubric,” p. 176. !

therefore, seems a distinct authority that all the conformity which the Archbishop thought of, was the use of the surplice and hood. It has, indeed, been argued that this was to be enforced as a *minimum*; but this is a gratuitous suggestion, for which, so far as we know, there is no evidence. In fact, however we are to account for it, it seems that both now and previously, conformity with the Rubrics of the Prayer-Book was not thought to require the eucharistic vestments. Thus the very canons of 1604, which, as we have seen, mention the surplice only for parish churches, exact conformity with the orders of the Book of Common Prayer (Can. 14); while at the same time came out by the king's authority a revised edition of the Prayer-Book, in which the rubric on ornaments was retained just as in the book of Elizabeth. No conflict seems to have been suspected between that rubric and the canons.

Sparrow, a great ritualist, and one of those who afterwards took part both in the Savoy Conference and in the final revision of the Prayer-Book ("Card. Synod," ii. 658), published in 1657 a book called "A Rationale of the Prayer-Book," and under the head of "Ornaments to be used in Divine Service," he says:—

"The Minister in time of his ministration shall use such ornaments as were in use in the 2nd Edward VI., Rubric 2, viz. a surplice at the ordinary ministration, and a cope at the Holy Communion in cathedral and collegiate churches.—Queen Eliz., Artic. set forth anno 7."

From the period we have now reached down to the present time there is no dispute as to the usage. Bishop Gibson, who published his famous "Codex" in the middle of the last century, sets out the Communion Rubric of Edward's first Prayer-Book as to vestments, and speaks of it as *obsolete*.

In our own day there has, as we know, been a movement to revive what are called the "eucharistic vestments." In the course of last year the lower House of Convocation named a committee to report on that and other points, and in June, 1866, that committee presented a report, in which they summed up their views thus:—

"On the whole the Committee are of opinion that the use of the vestments in parish churches cannot be regarded as binding upon the consciences of the clergy, and that the use of the surplice by the parochial clergy at all times of their ministration is sufficient compliance with the rule of the Church of England."*

The report was adopted *nem. con.*, and communicated to the Upper House,† which, on Feb. 13th, 1867, resolved as follows:—

"Our judgment is that no alterations from long sanctioned and usual ritual ought to be made in our churches until the sanction of the Bishop of the diocese has been obtained thereto."

In which the Lower House subsequently concurred.

* See *Guardian* newspaper, June 20, 1866.

† *Ibid.*, July 4, 1866.

It would be needless and wearisome to prove that the Bishops have individually discouraged in their charges the revival of the vestments in question, and we shall therefore only refer our readers to the *Guardian* of Feb. 7th, 1866, for the reply of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the English Church Union on this subject.

There is, however, one more point which may fairly find some mention, viz., the case of the Irish Church. Not only has the use of eucharistic vestments never prevailed there, but the Irish Exemplar of the Prayer-Book, solemnly adopted by Convocation and sanctioned by an Irish Act, in 1664 (17 and 18 Car. II. c. 6), actually *wants the famous rubric on ornaments*. What is the legal effect of this, it may not be easy to say, but when coupled with the fact that the vestments are unknown in the Irish branch of the united Church, a serious question arises. If they should turn out to be legal here, but not there, a singular and anomalous state of things would arise. Upon the other hand, if they are legal there as here, any attempt to introduce them would probably meet with resistance and create extreme scandal.

Collecting then the results of our inquiry we find—

- + 1. That there is not, and since the accession of Elizabeth* never has been, any usage worth speaking of in favour of the eucharistic vestments. The use of copes here and there in cathedrals seems the utmost that can be traced.
2. That on the whole there has been an all but universal custom to the contrary—at all events in parish churches.
3. That the Bishops have never made any movement for their restoration, but by their public acts have discouraged it.
4. That in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Convocation has by formal acts ignored them.
5. That any general restoration of them at this time could hardly be effected without violent dissensions, while their partial resumption would lead to marked breaches of uniformity in this country, and yet more in Ireland.
6. That in the present day both Houses of Convocation must be taken to have pronounced against any general attempt to revive them, and against any supposed obligation in conscience upon the clergy to use them; thus dissolving, so far as it lies in the power of Convocation *per se* to dissolve, their canonical authority *in foro conscientiae*. ✕

Under these circumstances then, we cannot be surprised if it be argued that the Church must be taken to have expressed its mind beyond the possibility of mistake, and that consequently all that remains in favour of the vestments is the dry letter of a law, which even its framers never thought of enforcing in practice. In other

* It is by no means clear that even under the first book of Edward the vestment were always used in practice. ¶

words, that nothing remains but a statutory technicality which it is the appropriate office of Parliament to repeal.

On the other side it will perhaps be said that Convocation ought to be formally consulted; but the reply will be that it has already bestowed more time and attention on the subject than has sufficed to pass many an ancient canon, and untainted by any suspicion of royal dictation, has pronounced its unbiassed opinion.

Still, however, it will, no doubt, be urged that the opinions of Convocation must be taken together, all being entitled to equal weight, and that by another resolution it has deprecated any parliamentary interference with Ritualism, proposing to leave the matter in the hands of the Bishops. But it will be replied that, though it be assumed that it may fall within the province of Convocation to discuss in a spiritual and ecclesiastical point of view the objects of proposed measures affecting the Church, and (so to speak) to inform the conscience of Parliament thereon, yet it by no means follows that it has the function of dictating to Parliament as to the method by which such objects are to be carried out, especially when the statute law is in question. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the legal construction of the Rubric is clearly in favour of the eucharistic vestments, it follows that a law exists on the statute book at variance with uniform custom and not sanctioned by the voice of the Church. This is an incongruity at which statesmen may justly be offended, and which they may insist on removing. Parliament is the author of statute law, and the body charged by the constitution with the duty of keeping it in a state adapted to the requirements of the community. More especially in the case of a national Church, it is bound to see that the law accurately represents the position of affairs as received and acted upon by the executive authorities.

Moreover, the scheme of leaving the whole subject to the Bishops, if plausible in theory, is hardly safe in practice. The Bishops, no doubt, may resolve not to issue a commission under the Church Discipline Act against any clergyman for not wearing the vestments;* but it seems to deserve consideration whether resort might not be had to an indictment upon the statutes of uniformity in order to raise the question, or proceedings might possibly be taken by any parishioner against churchwardens for not supplying the vestments for the use of the minister.† As to the possibility of such proceedings the legisla-

* And in *Reg. v. Bishop of Chichester* (2 El. and El. 209), the majority of the Court of Queen's Bench intimated that mandamus does not lie to compel a Bishop to take proceedings. It must be observed, however, that the case can hardly be considered as a direct decision on this head, because there was another point, which would alone have sufficed for its determination, and upon which Hill J. exclusively founded his judgment.

† *Comp. the Canon of Winchester*, Burn's "*Eccles. Law*," vol. i. p. 374 b., and Lyndwood, 251.

ture is bound to judge, and to protect innocent parties from the risk of molestation and of costs. Besides, what is to be done where the vestments *are* worn?

Once more, the opponents of legislation may contend that it would furnish a precedent capable of being used hereafter for purposes dangerous to the Church. But it would be open to its advocates to insist, by way of answer, that these questions must be looked upon by statesmen in a practical point of view, and that the proposed legislation is not to alter, but to maintain the existing order of things. For change of any kind, they would say, it cannot fairly be cited as a precedent, nor indeed can it form a precedent at all, unless some future instance should occur where, as now, the general usage of the Church for three centuries, the repeatedly expressed opinion of the clergy in Convocation, and an urgent demand for prompt measures on the part of the laity, concur and combine. Nor could we feel much surprise if they were to subjoin that if these three conditions *should* ever again be combined, it would be a benefit and not an evil that a precedent should exist to justify some effectual remedy.

And as regards any practical argument against touching the ecclesiastical system under which so many blessings have been enjoyed, they would naturally remark that these blessings cannot be connected with the observance of a Rubric which (in the sense recently attributed to it) has never, in fact, been observed; and that the real risk to these blessings rather lies in the introduction of what, historically considered, are unquestionably innovations.

It is therefore submitted that, even on the principles of those most opposed to Erastianism, the interposition of Parliament in this matter is open to no just objection. Whether it be right that it should be preceded by the labours of a Royal Commission—a step not unlikely to be adopted—is a detail into which we shall not enter, because we have sought to deal with the subject only under its most general form. It is enough to say, that as the object of appointing such Commissions is that they may recommend legislation and suggest its nature, there is nothing therein at all necessarily inconsistent with what has been here advanced.

BENJAMIN SHAW.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Lectures on Greek Philosophy, and other Philosophical Remains of James Frederick Ferrier, B.A. Oxon, LL.D., late Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews. Edited by SIR ALEXANDER GRANT, Bart., LL.D., Director of Public Instruction in Bombay, and E. L. LUSHINGTON, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. 2 vols. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1866.

THE late Professor Ferrier was undoubtedly a powerful thinker and an excellent writer. Few men have had more mastery over the airy abstractions of the higher metaphysics: few have had in the same degree the rare faculty of making these abstractions attractive by the charms of a lucid and vigorous style. His principal work, the "Institutes of Metaphysic," is in those respects a masterpiece. Self and Not-self, Absolute Knowing and Absolute Being, and suchlike high and dry generalisations, are certainly not calculated to recommend a book to English readers; and the deductive and *a priori* character of the reasoning accords ill with the national idea of a scientific method. Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, we believe that few persons can begin to read the book without being tempted to read on, or can lay it down without regret at parting with a pleasant companion. As a mathematical demonstration of the author's doctrine, we cannot help regarding it as a failure; and by a very simple test, namely, that it is possible to follow the reasoning without being convinced by it, which we cannot do with Euclid. Yet he must be a zealous mathematician indeed who would regard Euclid as charming reading independently of what he proves: whereas many by no means zealous metaphysicians may read the "Institutes" with pleasure and profit, even while conscious or suspicious that the demonstrative method has been perversely applied to undemonstrable matter. The first part of the present volumes, the "Lectures on Greek Philosophy," have, we must admit, somewhat disappointed the expectations which the author's previous work had raised. They contain many striking thoughts and sayings, which, had they come from a writer hitherto unknown, would have stamped him at once as a man of mark in philosophy; but, as the last work of a veteran thinker, they contrast unfavourably with his earlier publication. Professor Ferrier was greater as a philosopher than as the historian of philosophy: his power lay more in putting forth his own thoughts than in giving an account of the thoughts of others. And the reason of this is not far to seek. He was a thinker thoroughly possessed by his own system, convinced that he had discovered the absolute truth and the absolute method of expounding that truth, and judging of other philosophers by reference, conscious or unconscious, to this

standard. Wherever he sees, or fancies he sees, an anticipation of or a departure from the fundamental principle of the "Institutes," this feature is forced into prominence as the main characteristic of the author in question, and the test by which his philosophy must stand or fall: wherever this feature is not discernible, the philosopher, however noteworthy in other respects, is left in comparative insignificance. The philosophy of the past, thus treated, assumes the appearance of a desert, with here and there a green oasis in the midst of an expanse of barren sand: the position of its successive representatives is estimated, not by their relation to each other and to the problems which were actually before their minds, and which they consciously attempted to solve; but by their approximation to an imaginary standard, which, though it may be perhaps elicited by modern distillation from a general survey of past philosophy as a whole, was certainly not distinctly presented to the several philosophers in detail as the object of their inquiries.

"Philosophy," says Professor Ferrier, "is the pursuit of absolute truth, or of the absolutely real; that is, of the true and the real as they exist for *all* intelligence; and this pursuit is conducted under the direction of the universal faculty in man, or, in other words, is conducted under the direction of necessary thinking" (p. 26). Aristotle, in his sketch of the history of philosophy up to his own time, speaks of its aim as admitted by all to be a knowledge of the first causes and principles of things (*Metaph.* i. 1). The difference between these two statements is the difference between Greek philosophy as it appears in Mr. Ferrier's revival, and the same philosophy as it appeared to the philosophers themselves. Greek philosophy in its early stages was objective, not subjective. It did not trouble itself so much with absolute truth as with absolute existence; and its definition of absolute existence was not existence for all intelligence, but existence original and universal, subsisting under all varieties of form and appearance. This was the character of the first epoch of Greek philosophy, down to the time of Socrates; and if a new and more subjective method was introduced by Socrates and developed by Plato, it still appears in relation and subordination to the earlier conception, and is to be estimated with reference to it. It is in relation to the pre-Socratic philosophy, in which the objective view chiefly prevailed, that Professor Ferrier's survey is most liable to mislead. His principal favourite among the thinkers of this period is Heraclitus; his principal antagonist is Parmenides. The former first enunciated the great philosophical principle that absolute truth is the combination of Being and not-Being; that everything is and is not: the latter was the most distinguished champion of the philosophical heresy which maintains that Being and not-Being are separate conceptions; that that which is is, and that which is not is not. The most important dissertation in this portion of Professor Ferrier's Lectures is that in which he attempts to show the truth of the former and the error of the latter system.

This dissertation we cannot regard as strictly accurate, historically or philosophically. Hegel, indeed, claims Heraclitus as the precursor of his own philosophy, and Professor Ferrier has worked out this idea with much ingenuity and happiness of illustration. The verbal affinities between the two systems are, no doubt, striking. But Plato, with far better means of judging than have descended to us, regards Heraclitus as the philosophical parent of Protagoras; and the doctrine that nothing is but all things become, as identical in principle with the assertions that man is the measure of all things, and that knowledge is nothing but sensation (*Theæt.*, pp. 151, 152). Heraclitus, it is true, did not regard the senses as the source of all real knowledge; but only because they were not sufficiently acute to discern completely the truth which they discerned partially: they could detect change at intervals of time, but not in each successive instant. Yet the perpetual flux of being is a flux of sensible things, and suggested by the perceptions of sense; and in elevating this flux into the law of existence, the philosopher did but call in the aid of reason to improve the hints furnished by sense. Logically developed, the system of Heraclitus would result rather in a material pantheism which recognises no existence save that of a world of sensible objects in perpetual growth and decay, than in a Hegelian idealism which commences with the highest possible abstraction of pure being, equivalent to pure nothing, to develop the universe according to an ideal rhythm. The one system in fact proceeds from the affirmation of motion and the denial of rest; the other attempts to deduce motion from abso-

lute rest. The ancient philosopher regarded diversity as the only reality; the modern was ultimately compelled to fall into the opposite system of the Eleatics, and proclaim diversity to be an illusion.

But if Mr. Ferrier's exposition of Heraclitus is questionable historically, his estimate of it from a modern stand-point is, we think, more questionable philosophically. He considers that the system of Heraclitus carries with it a solution of the problem of change, by showing that the antagonism between the two contradictory conceptions of being and not-being is "essential to the very life and essence of reason itself;" the contradiction being but two moments or elements implied in all conception. Is change then the eternal law of existence, implying no reality beyond itself? Is, then, God identical with the changing world? Is the absolute existence itself an existence only of relation and change? If change itself is conceived as having had a beginning—if the unchangeable One is before and independent of the changeable many—we have not solved the problem of change by commencing with it as the first principle of existence and the first law of thought. If change had no beginning—if the union of being and not-being be the very condition of absolute existence—our system leaves no room for the Deity, save as a name for the aggregate of the ever-shifting phenomena of the universe.

In dealing with Socrates, who commences the second epoch of Greek philosophy, Mr. Ferrier frankly confesses that he has drawn his portrait to some extent from his own reflections. "In attempting," he says, "to give a consistent and intelligible account of the Socratic system, I shall be obliged to attribute to him opinions which even Plato does not articulately vouch for as belonging to Socrates." He admits that there are some things in his exposition for which no exact historical authority can be adduced; but he considers that "it is better to be intelligible by overstepping somewhat the literal historical record, than to be unintelligible, as we must be, if we confine ourselves slavishly within it" (p. 213). We hardly think that the historian is necessarily reduced to this dilemma. We believe that it is possible to produce an intelligible sketch of the character and teaching of Socrates, without going beyond the fair warrant of the historical record; but Mr. Ferrier has at all events produced a vivid and interesting portrait, if not of Socrates as he was, at least of Socrates as he might have been. The very deficiency, however, of the historical data renders it difficult to judge of the accuracy of the exposition; and we may therefore pass on to cases in which that deficiency does not exist. Plato and Aristotle are the earliest of the Greek philosophers who can be fairly estimated by any of their own writings in a complete form. The tone of Mr. Ferrier's own mind and the character of his philosophy are far more Platonic than Aristotelian; yet his exposition of Plato is far less trustworthy than that of Aristotle. Of the ethical system of the latter he has given a clear and accurate account, interspersed with some excellent illustrations and explanations: of the ideal theory of the former he has attempted an exposition which is admirable as a piece of original philosophy, but which, whatever its other merits may be, is not Plato. The fact is, that Mr. Ferrier is most easily misled where his mental affinities are strongest. His great temptation, as the historian of philosophy, is to find his own opinions in the writers he is expounding. We might almost say, using the word merely in its etymological, and not in its offensive sense, that his exposition is in fact *imposition*: he places in the writers the doctrines which he believes himself to have found in them. We have seen this already in the case of Heraclitus; and we may see it again in the case of Plato. In his chapter on Socrates, speaking, however, in his own name, by way of episode to his main subject, he has given a very interesting and valuable philosophical exposition of the difference between sensation and thought. In his account of Plato, he discovers that this exposition of the nature of thought is identical with Plato's theory of ideas. "The Platonic ideas," he says, "were the universality of ideas as contrasted with the particularity of sensations, the activity and freedom of the mind, its emancipation from the bondage of sensation, evinced in its rising into the region of ideas even in its lowest and most ordinary cognitions" (p. 329).

"Ideas," he continues—

"Are absolutely indispensable to the operations of thought, and to the very existence of intelligence" (p. 330). "Thinking is in fact nothing else than the application of ideas or universals to the sensible phenomena of the universe. And the theory which

declares this to be the case (as Plato's theory does) is not so much a theory as a fact; a fact which it is impossible to dispute or deny without falling into the grossest absurdities and contradictions" (p. 332). "There is thus a contrast in thought between two elements, the universal and the particular, and both of these are essential, I conceive, to the process of thinking. The particular element is usually a sensation or sensible thing. The universal element is called by Plato an idea" (p. 337).

This theory, which identifies ideas with universals in thought, appears to be entirely refuted by two short sentences of Aristotle. "Socrates," he says, "did not regard his universals or definitions as having an existence separate from sensible things; whereas they (the Platonists) separated them and called such entities by the name of ideas" (*Metaph.* xii. 4). And again, "Without universals it is impossible to obtain knowledge; but the separation is the cause of the difficulties which meet us in the theory of ideas" (*Metaph.* xii. 9). Socrates, the master of Plato, held universals to be necessary to thought; but Socrates did not hold the Platonic doctrine of ideas. Aristotle, the disciple of Plato, held universals to be necessary to thought; but Aristotle was distinctly opposed to the Platonic doctrine of ideas. Mr. Ferrier, in his subsequent lecture on Aristotle, refers to this criticism, but hints that the Stagirite may have misunderstood his master. It may be so; but on this point a great majority of critics have hitherto agreed with Aristotle, in understanding by *ideas* in the Platonic sense, not elements of thought within the mind, but distinct entities without; and Mr. Ferrier has not adduced a single passage from Plato's works to show that the generally received interpretation is wrong. Mr. Ferrier had given us an earlier hint of this exposition of Plato, admitting at the same time that he was aware that he stood almost alone in maintaining it. In his "Institutes," p. 277, he says, "The whole philosophical world has been hunting, day and night, after these elusory phantoms through eighty generations of men." Surely when a man, by his own confession, sets himself in opposition to the whole philosophical world for eighty generations, we have a right to expect something more than his own *ipse dixit* in support of his dissent. And this we consider to be the great deficiency in these able lectures. While abounding in original and sometimes startling comments on the various philosophers who pass under review, they are almost wholly destitute of those references to original authorities which in such a work are indispensable to enable the reader to judge how much is due to the philosophers themselves, and how much to the imagination of their historian.

We have been compelled to find fault with the general plan of these lectures. We will endeavour to make some slight amends by calling attention to their merits of detail. Take the following admirable illustration of what is meant by relative truth:—

"A relative truth is a truth which is true for one mind, or for one order or kind of minds, but which is not or may not be true for another mind, or for another kind of minds. All sensible truth is or may be of this character; indeed, all truth which the physical organism is instrumental in bringing before the mind is merely relative. It is merely relative, because with a different organism a different truth would be presented to the mind. This may be readily understood without much illustration. If our eyes were constructed like microscopes, the world would present to us an aspect very different from that which it now wears; if they were formed like telescopes, the spectacle of the starry heavens would be wonderfully changed. If the sensibility of our retina were either increased or diminished, the whole order of colours would undergo a corresponding variation. So, too, in regard to sounds and tastes: alter the organism on which they depend, and what was once true in regard to them would be true no longer; the thunder might sound softer than the zephyr's sigh, or the lover's lute might be more appalling than the cannon's roar. So, too, even in regard to touch: if our touch were strong and swift as the lightning's stroke, the most solid matter would be less palpable than the air. So purely relative is the truth of all our sensible impressions; and many other truths with which we have to do may be admitted to be of the same relative character—to be truths merely in relation to us, and to beings constituted like us, but not necessarily truths to other orders of intelligence" (pp. 7, 8).

We quote the above passage for its happy illustrations of the nature of relative truth in certain departments of knowledge, without entering on the controverted question, how far the domain of merely relative truth extends. In like manner, we accept, as true and well expressed, his definition of its

opposite, absolute truth, without entering into the question whether any, and if any what, human truths are absolute in this sense:—

"As relative truth is truth which is true for one mind, or for one order of intelligence, so absolute truth is truth which is true for all minds, for all orders of intelligence. It is plain that absolute truth cannot mean truth placed altogether out of relation to intelligence, for that would be equivalent to saying that the highest truth could not be apprehended by the most perfect intelligence, not even by omniscience" (p. 9).

It is delightful to turn from the first volume of these "Remains" to the second, containing those writings in which the author's genius has free scope for its own speculations, unfettered by the trammels of history. Of these, the longest and most important is an "Introduction to the Philosophy of Consciousness," first published in a series of papers in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1838-39. Were it not for this date, one might have imagined the dissertation to have been written within the last few years, so completely does it grapple with and overthrow the most pestilent philosophical heresy of the present day—that which regards mental science as having for its object to collect and systematize the phenomena of mind, just as physical science collects and systematizes the phenomena of matter. Against this heresy, Professor Ferrier wages war to the knife: he regards it, and justly, as destructive of all liberty, and, with liberty, of personality and the whole moral nature of man; and never were blows in a philosophic contest more vigorously dealt or more thoroughly deserved. Truly, as he says—

"Surely all the ready-made phenomena of man have been, by this time, sufficiently explored. Philosophers, undisturbed, have pondered over his passions; unmoved they have watched and weighed his emotions. His affections, his rational states, his sensations, and all the other ingredients and modifications of his natural framework have been rigidly scrutinised and classified by them; and, after all, what have they made of it? what sort of a picture have their researches presented to our observation? Not the picture of a man; but the representation of an automaton that is what it cannot help being; a phantom dreaming what it cannot but dream; an engine performing what it *must* perform; an incarnate reverie; a weathercock shifting helplessly in the winds of sensibility; a wretched association machine, through which ideas pass linked together by laws over which the machine has no control; anything, in short, except that pure and self-sustained centre of undervived, and therefore responsible activity, which we call *Man*" (p. 195).

This perverse distortion of man's nature is traced by the author to its true source—the assumption of a false analogy between physical and mental science, and the attempt to prosecute both by the same method and in subservience to the same laws of causality. Physical science has to do with objects which obey the same laws, whether we contemplate them or not. "The number and character of its facts continue altogether uninfluenced by man's study of them. His science merely enables him to classify them and to bring them more clearly and steadily before him." In mental philosophy, on the other hand, we have to deal with a different order of things, with facts known not merely as phenomena, but as states of *my* being, of which *I* am conscious. What then is this *I* that is conscious, and how is it related to the phenomena of which it is conscious? This is the great question of mental philosophy; and the possibility of asking it destroys the whole assumed analogy between mental and physical science. In prosecuting this idea, upon which his whole system is based, it cannot be denied that the author's fervid genius and somewhat one-sided devotion to a great truth have betrayed him into some paradoxes, which he regards as necessary to his system, but which, we venture to think, could be dispensed with to advantage. But our limits will not permit us to enter on an examination of these details. We close the book with an ardent admiration of the author's penetrating insight and single-hearted love of truth—qualities to the very excellence of which may in some degree be attributed the deficiencies which we have noticed in his exposition of the opinions of others. His mind is like a burning-glass, capable of bringing the rays of light to an intense focus on a single spot, but losing its power, though not its brightness, when compelled to spread them over a larger surface. As a speculative philosopher—and this is his true character—we may fairly speak of him and his writings in the words with which he concludes his own review of Sir W. Hamilton's edition of Reid:—

"We heartily commend the volume to the student of philosophy, as one of the most important works which our higher literature contains, and as one from which he will derive equal gratification and instruction, whether he agrees with its contents or not."

Translations into English and Latin. By C. S. CALVERLEY, late Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. Deighton and Bell. 1866.

IN an earlier volume entitled "Verses and Translations," scholars found enough of the latter sort of exercise to convince them of the fine taste and exquisite scholarship of Mr. Calverley, albeit the bulk of that volume consisted of verses of a lighter calibre and in a more trifling vein. In the present volume he has done well to dis sever the component parts of his first edition, and, while relying on past favour to befriend his mock-heroic verses, his riddles, and *jeux d'esprit* in the style of Præd, will doubtless, when launched on a distinct venture, find that he has obeyed a sound instinct in giving the classical reader larger and less interrupted facilities for estimating his powers of translation. Much of what lies before us is new matter. The first two books of the "Iliad," and the Eclogues of Virgil, would in themselves be an important addition to his table of contents; since the former invites comparison with the goodly array of scholars who have of late years spent much nightly oil in translating "Homer," and the latter takes possession of a yet half-cultivated field, seeing that little to speak of has been done of late years for the Bucolics. Besides, there is more to lay hold upon, and a fairer trial-ground, in whole books and separate works of the ancient poets than in fugitive versions of an ode here and an ode there, which lay an author open to suspicion of choosing the smooth and flinging away the rough and distasteful. It is satisfactory, therefore, to find Mr. Calverley making these nearer approaches to substantial and consecutive work; and when doing so, sustaining the credit which his exertions in turning Horace into the metres of Tennyson, and Tennyson into those of Horace, bespoke for him some four years since; nor would it now be premature to augur high popularity for his completer labours, should he hereafter gird himself to thorough reproduction of one or more authors of antiquity. Enough is in our hands to prove his possession, not only of a taste thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Greek and Latin poetry, but of a wonderfully exact and singular gift of imitation. The "Iliad," indeed, has been so traversed of late that most of us have made up our minds upon all its vexed passages. But there are bits in more than one of the Eclogues which are still of doubtful signification, couplets and triplets that commentators are still, as of old, divided upon; and it is a sure test of happiness in translation when a scholar's treatment of such passages not only makes clear the sense he attaches to them, but also goes some way towards assuring us that such sense is right. We propose to show by one or two samples of Mr. Calverley's rendering of the Eclogues, and other Latin passages, that he has nothing to fear from the application of this test, and afterwards to venture a remark or two on the distinctive features of his Homeric translation.

To go no further than the first Eclogue, Mr. Calverley's thorough sympathy with the mind of his original makes itself felt in a score of minutiae. No one could have put the disaster of Melibœus' goats more like life before us: no one have given better the contrast between "ago" and "duco," in v. 13, or the force of "speciem gregis," in v. 15, more clearly and speakingly:—

"Lo! feeble I am *driving* hence my goats;
Nay, *dragging*, Tityrus, one, and that with pain.
For yearning here amid the hazel stems
She left her twin kids,—on the naked flint
She left them: and *I lost my promised flock.* (p. 86.)

When the same Melibœus, in v. 38, recalls his past wonder at certain tokens of a sense on the part of Amaryllis that Tityrus was away, no other translator has caught all the significance of the possessive pronoun in the line

"Cui pendere suâ patereris in arbore poma,"

which Mr. Charles Kennedy contents himself with rendering, "For whom the fruit leave hanging?" We are not careful as to what the fruit was, which the fair one would have no hand but that of Tityrus gather, but we do assert for

Mr. Calverley the credit of giving full point to every item of the picture, when he translates—

“For whom the peach
Hung undisturbed upon the parent tree.”

That puzzling passage, *Ecl. i.* 68-70—

“En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines
Pauperis et tuguri congestum cespitem culmen
Post aliquot mea regna videns mirabor aristas,”

has been, and perhaps to the end of time will be, an unsolved problem with commentators. It is little blame to Mr. C. Kennedy to endorse the interpretation of “post aliquot aristas,” which seems to have approved itself to the later Latin poet Claudian. In his *Cons. Honor. iv.* 372, he takes “aristas” to be equivalent to “messes” or “annos;” and Kennedy turns the words “scarce some summers since.” We agree, however, with Professor Conington that this is harsh, awkward, and tautological, and are glad to see that Mr. Calverley does not scorn a hint from the banks of the Isis, which refers the difficult words italicised to the bad farming of the Roman soldiers. We may still debate about particulars: still hesitate to pooh-pooh Thomas Campbell’s more poetical than classical interpretation, which makes the cot stand behind a few ears of corn; but acceptance of Calverley’s version is the sole prudent course, pending definite solution through some light of a convincing nature thrown upon this hazy passage. It is as follows:—

“Shall I e’er see
In far-off years my fatherland? the turf
That roofs my meagre hut? See, wondering, last,
Those few scant corn-blades, that are realms to me?”

And any one who refers to Dryden, and the older class of translators, in his desire for elucidation, will at once see, how much more helpful are the modern version-weavers. In the sixth Eclogue there is a contest of authorities touching the sense of Silenus’s words to his captors,

“Solvite me, pueri: satis est potuisse videri.” (*v.* 24.)

And this extends itself to the translations. Mr. Kennedy takes the meaning to be that which the direct construing of the words as they stand would yield, and translates “Enough that ye have spied me;” and for this interpretation it must be allowed that a previous verse, “Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem,” *v.* 14, and the superstition about harm attending the sight of a god, go far to confirm it. Still Mr. Calverley may have right on his side, in taking “potuisse” as dependent on “videri,” as in the line in the “*Æneid*,” *v.* 231, “Possunt quia posse videntur,” and certainly there is persuasion in his English rendering,—

“Wherefore weave
These fetters? Lads, unbind me: ’tis enough
But to have seemed to have me in your power.”

But even more striking than the definiteness of interpretation which in translation Mr. Calverley throws into doubtful passages, is the felicity of expression, with which in numberless places he matches Virgil’s “curiosa felicitas.” His is the happy thought, so far as we know, of varying the blank verse, in which he represents the most part of the Eclogues, with strings of rhyming couplets, when Damaetas and Menalcas contend in Amœbean verses in the third Eclogue, and with elegiac quatrains, when in the seventh Eclogue Corydon and Thyrsis institute a singing-match. There is as much successful study of parallelism in the way of metre as in that of language, when the four verses iii. 72-5 (“O quotiens et quo—ego retia servo”) are thus reproduced, as nearly as they could possibly be in another age and tongue and country:—

D. Oft Galatea tells me—what sweet tales!
Waft to the god’s ears just a part, ye gales.
M. At heart Amyntes loves me. Yet what then?
He mates with hunters—I with serving-men.

We should like to know what commentary could more lucidly explain the latter couplet; or what translation could exceed in spirit and truth the quatrain which we set after its original, as follows, from the seventh Eclogue, 49-52:—

"Hic focus et tædæ pingues, hic plurimus ignis
Semper, et assidua postes fuligine nigri:
Hic tantum Boreas curamus frigora, quantum
Aut numerum lupus aut torrentia flumina ripas."

"Warm hearth, good faggots, and great fires you'll find
In my home: black with smoke are all its planks:
We laugh, who're in it, at the chill north wind,
As wolves at troops of sheep, mad streams at banks." (p. 120.)

Not to take up further space with the Eclogues, let it suffice to say that those of them which are grand and quasi-epic in tone—the fourth and the tenth—suffer little loss in Mr. Calverley's conversion of them into English. It is little surprise to us to find that the hand which so closely reproduces the splendid outburst, "*Quæ nemora aut qui vos*," &c. (x. 9–15), as Mr. Calverley has done in p. 134, has done like justice to his translation of Milton's "*Lycidas*" into Latin, and produced a version in Latin hexameters, which every would-be weaver of graceful Latin verse will do well to study. But in truth nothing has been overlooked, that could enhance the vraisemblance of these translations. The goats as in this version they "crop the tart willow and the clover bloom," the hills,

"With gradual bend down-sloping to the brook,
And those old beeches, broken columns now,"

and hundreds of such-like minute pictures, bespeak for it the praise of a liberally faithful version, without the least suspicion of servility, and call up to the scholar's mind the pleasantest classical reminiscences. About the translations from Horace in this volume it is needless to say much, as many of them have appeared before. One of those which is now given for the first time—the fifth ode of the third book—is, however, worth an attentive study, as a specimen of the *bonâ fide* working-out in translation of all that is hinted, as well as expressed, in the Latin. For instance, the antithesis between "*coli*" and "*populata*," in v. 24, finds more vivid expression in the translated language, than to many minds it would present in the original. Professor Conington contents himself with translating

"Et arva
Marte coli populata nostro."

"The fields we spoiled with corn are green."

And Theodore Martin hits the words off more effectively—

"Ay, Roman troops I've seen disgraced
To till the plains they had laid waste."

But it is reserved to Mr. Calverley to give the most complete image of present degradation as set against past glory, when he turns the passage,

"And through portals now
Flung wide, our soldiers *troop to plough*,
As once they *trooped to waste*, the lands."

Most happily, too, does he render the close of this glorious ode, the Latin text of which we will not suppose any reader can have forgotten:—

"Yet knew he what wild tortures lay
Before him: knowing, put aside
His kin, his countrymen—who tried
To bar his path, and bade him stay:
"He might be hastening on his way—
A lawyer freed from business—down
To green Venafrum, or a town
Of Sparta, for a holiday." (p. 168.)

We need have the less scruple in referring readers to the book before us for some idea of the neatness of Mr. Calverley's versions into Latin, because we have bestowed some pains in establishing his possession of the concurrent gift of turning Latin into English. It might have sorely puzzled Pope to write a copy of Greek hexameters; and Dryden would have been less at home in Latin than in English heroics and elegiacs. But where modern translations evince such nice appreciation of the sense and meaning of particular clauses, as well of the general scope, as is manifest in Calverley's Eclogues and Conington's

"Æneid," it is a perfectly safe course to go bail for these authors' grasp of the kindred and collateral talent.

A remark or two must be made on Mr. Calverley's Homeric translations. Their characteristic feature, distinguishing them in a very appreciable degree from most of the versions of the "Iliad," with which the press has teemed of late years, is what Professor Arnold would call their "Bibliolatry." We are apt to regard that sprightly writer as one who, to use the words of the writer of "Friends in Council," might drive his carriage on a "dogma," while others could scarce maintain a gig upon it. And a good portion of the lectures on translating Homer was a splendid sample of "fine, fluent, unhesitating dogmatism." But never was truer truth enunciated, than by Matthew Arnold where he suggests that "the Bible is the grand mine of diction for the translator of Homer," and that "there is one English book, and one only, where, as in the 'Iliad' itself, perfect plainness of speech is allied with perfect nobleness, and that book is the Bible" (Lecture iii. pp. 86, 87). Now, whether at his own proper motion, or because he has taken heed to Mr. Arnold's hint, Mr. Calverley has certainly illustrated the position, that the language of our English Bible adapts itself in force, simplicity, and general tone to the English translation of Homer, with more success and effect than any of his compeers. One sees this in innumerable little snatches from the body of his translation,—e.g.,

"*ἐήδετο γὰρ Δαναῶν ὄρε' ῥα θνήσκοντας ὀρέσσο*" (i. 56).

"For she saw,
Achaians dying, and it pitied her."

"*ἀλλ' ἴθι, μή μ' ἱριθίζῃ, σώπτερος ὥς κε νέηαι*" (i. 32.)

"But go; provoke me not,
So peradventure may we part in peace."

"*ὅς κε θεοῖς ἐπιειθήναι, μάλα τ' ἔκλυον αὐτοῦ*" (i. 219.)

"To him that heeds them will the Gods give ear."

And so much, indeed, has Mr. Calverley availed himself of the Biblical turn of expression, that if one were illustrating the religious tone of Homer's mind by passages from his "Iliad," we should feel our case strengthened by citation of him from Mr. Calverley's version. Nor indeed is his imitation of scriptural modes of expression always discoverable in the use of particular and familiar phraseology. Often it is in the tone, often in the simplicity of diction and construction. When he renders the finishing lines of the speech in which Achilles tells Agamemnon of his purpose to return home to Pthia, it is astonishing how well a familiarity with the English Bible helps him to turn the phrase "*οὐ μὲν γὰρ σοὶ ποτε ἴσον ἔχω γέρας*" (i. 163—71).

"*My gifts are not as thy gifts, when the Greeks
Lay low some goodly peopled town of Troy:
My hands the burden of the weary war
Must bear: but thy share when we part the spoil
Is greatest. I some small secret morsel take
Back to my ships, when I am faint with strife.
But now I go to Pthia. Beat to wend
Back with my beaked ships. And scarce wilt thou—
Say I, disdained I—fill high thy cup,
With treasure and with wealth abiding here.*" (pp. 10, 11.)

And when he has to turn the sacrificial line (i. 317)—

"*ενίσση δ' οὐρανὸν ἱκιν ἐλισσομένη περὶ καπνῷ,*

his rendering is the more effective and welcome because the Englishing of *ενίσση* is another echo of Scripture,—

"Up to heaven
Went the sweet savour, with the curling smoke."

Sometimes the sole debt that he contracts at the source we have indicated, is one of simplicity of tone. Yet what a happy borrowing it is, when it renders Mr. Calverley's Homeric translations so answerable to the original, as in the following instance (i. 472-4):—

“οἰδὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο
καλὸν αἰδούντες παιήονα, κούροι Λακων, ἰ
μύλωντες Ἐκάρπῳ ὃ δὲ φρίνα τίρπετ’ ἀκούων.

“With songs the livelong day they soothed the god,
Those Grecian warriors. Sweet the hymns they sang.
The Far-destroyer listened, and was glad.”

We have been accustomed to think much of Mr. Calverley as a Latin scholar, and unquestionably there is abundant proof of his claims to this distinction; but such is his success in the instalment of Homer's “Iliad,” which he has now for the first time printed, that were it not for the crowded state of the field, we could wish him to let the Latin laurels he has won in time past suffice his ambition, and to devote himself to the translation of the king of Greek bards. To whichever language, however, he applies his unquestionable powers of translation, it is certain that he will find few contemporaries to match, and fewer, if indeed any, to outvie him.

Yo, et les Principes de '89. Fantaisie Chinoise. Par H. PESSARD. Préface de M. PREVOST-PARADOL. Bruxelles: A. Lacroix et Cie., Editeurs. 1866.

LIBERALISM in France is hopeful. The opposition has just gained one important point—it has made itself felt, and has carried with it a certain number of the steady Government supporters. This, which M. Rouher, that “sonorous provincial advocate,” denounces as treason, looks very like the awakening of some sort of independence in the Assembly. When this feeling has once gained ground, no one knows what may happen next; for then may come on at any moment the trial of strength between the executive and the deliberative, between the Emperor elected by universal suffrage and the members chosen in the same unexceptionable manner; indeed, when the Chamber has got to feel that it is something more than a body meeting *pro forma*, nothing but the most consummate wisdom, aided by a spirit of concession on both sides, will be able to prevent a collision. However, for the present, certain small concessions have been gained. The gain is so small that those who have hitherto been working patiently in the face of such wearying opposition, will of course not think of relaxing their efforts. They must go on as they have done, pursuing much the same tactics, for no others are as yet possible. Though M. Thiers may go on talking for four hours on end, to the delight of all independent hearers, the Duc de Persigny is still able to sneer at the “prodigious infatuation of orators who think they are influencing the course of events.” But, since more is often done in France by an epigram than by an *ordonnance*, since light literature has always had there a more appreciable power than (despite what Dickens and others have done in that way) it can be said to have among us, we may well believe that M. Pessard's book, with M. Paradol's preface, will do some good. “Labienus,” and M. Assolant's Quaker in Paris, which gave last summer such a striking picture of the gross bribery and intimidation at French elections, and many of M. Paradol's own writings on kindred subjects, have doubtless not been without their effect. It would, indeed, have been strange if this kind of writing had not done a great work; for it is the form to which, for a long time, French genius has been tied in dealing with public questions. Juvenal's line has been parodied among our neighbours. “Since the powers that be forbid fine writing, indignant genius satisfies its conscience by condescending to satire.” Hereby, as M. Paradol says in his preface, Genius proves that it has not lost its rights in France. *Castigat ridendo mores*. And French genius does not complain overmuch that its scope is thus narrowed. This style of thing suits the national temperament, as well as the existing state of affairs. Only, says M. Paradol, laughter does no good unless reflection follows. We have now been laughing these eighteen years and more, laughing a little constrainedly—nay, somewhat timidly, at times. Surely it is time to come to something serious; to ask ourselves whether the contrast between the principles which we profess and those on which we act is really as good a joke as it can be made to appear; whether the future, nay the honour of France is not compromised by such an outrageous discrepancy; whether it is not the right thing that our Government and the principles on which it is based should be at one. But the French Liberals are too really patriotic to wish for any sudden changes. They are willing to make every allowance; they only ask for sincerity in the execu-

tive, and for successive instalments of freedom, to be given as it is presumed they can be borne, but affording in the distance, the prospect, at least, of a state of true political liberty. As M. Paradol says, the state of things in France has for a long time been exceptional. In '89 the country made at one step a gigantic stride: "it passed from the *régime* of privilege to the most absolute equality;" and this part of the work of the revolution still remains untouched. France is a pure democracy, although it is not free. In fact, freedom has never had time to develop there since the days when the reign of terror drove all men wild, and led them almost to curse the very name of liberty. Even at the Restoration, there were, on one side, the prejudices of the king and the *émigrés*, on the other, the rancorous indignation of a humiliated people. How could free institutions have any fairplay between the two? Louis Philippe, a petty Walpole, acting on the dictum that every man has his price, hastened on the crisis of '48, about which M. Paradol (referring to the communist views so prevalent then) says:

"On the one hand, it is disgraceful that the most noble-minded people on the face of the earth should have dreamed of solving the problem of the distribution of riches by violence or by laws interfering with property, and should have fancied that the final utterance of the great French Revolution was merely the broaching of a scheme for getting hold of other people's goods."

On the other hand, he says, it was equally absurd for us to have lost our *sang-froid* in sight of a mere bugbear like this, and to have cried out for repression as the only means of saving us from the "reds," instead of feeling that the best way to defend our possessions was clearly not first to surrender our liberties. Freedom, moreover, has never been won in a day in the way in which the men of '89 hoped to win it. No other state in the world has both liberty and equality, except, perhaps, the great Transatlantic republic, whose founders had brought freedom, already full-grown, with them from the mother country, while, of course, equality was with them a necessary condition of the establishment of their new states. Freedom will come if we labour hopefully for it. But if we go on as we have been going, France will be like a beacon-light among the nations, enlightening others without profit to itself. That is M. Paradol's statement of the case. "Our practice and our principles are thoroughly sundered; they must be brought together, and that without any violent shock." We may remark, however, that inconsistency is not confined to the French Government. Even we, as Frenchmen are always very ready to point out to us, are shockingly inconsistent. "Our glorious constitution" is drunk with three times three by men who have always done their best to make it a dead thing, to kill out that wonderful vitality which has gradually developed it into what it is, and which is still working to make it better than it is. "The glorious and immortal memory" is hailed with howls of delight and rounds of "Kentish fire," by the Orangemen who have consistently opposed the policy of him who beyond doubt was impartially desirous that all his subjects should be equally free. Never mind; bad as we are, if Yo comes to travel among us, he will find "the principles of '89" much better acted upon over here than in their own country. Look, for instance, at the Reform procession—there is the very privilege which '89 secured, and which "le pouvoir" so unhesitatingly refuses. Well, M. Pessard's story is simple enough. A Chinese *servant* gets hold of a French chasseur who was severely wounded at the taking of the Summer Palace. He brings the soldier home and nurses him carefully. The Frenchman tells him something of what has been and is going on in the European world; and Yo gets out of his friend's kit two or three old newspapers, in reading which he often comes upon the phrase "the immortal principles of '89." He is puzzled, and can learn nothing satisfactory from his military guest. What he reads in a note at the foot of one of the columns puzzles him still more. But at last he gets some dim notion that France is a glorious country—the chosen home of freedom and of the virtues. Now Yo is rather a suspected person in his own neighbourhood; he has been punished more than once for writing political and social essays; so he suddenly makes up his mind to migrate, and goes off to Paris, *via* London, with the full intent of naturalising himself in the land which gave birth to the heroic defenders of the Bastille. In London he cuts off his pigtail, dresses himself in European costume, and buys "the Declaration of the Rights of Man," which he at once gets splendidly bound, and hangs round his neck by a gold chain. At Calais he is welcomed ashore by a custom-house

officer, a police inspector, and a gendarme. His book is of course impounded; but he buys another in Paris, and contents himself with reading it night and morning, instead of risking another charge of *colportage* by hanging it about his neck. When he begins to walk about the public gardens he finds Frenchmen much more reserved than he expected on the topic of the "immortal principles." In fact most of them fight a little shy of him. Of three gentlemen whose conversation he overheard, the two who do speak freely about the blessings of freedom and education are, the one a German, the other an American. The Frenchman who is with them cannot think there is anything to complain of in things as they are. It is true that not a dog can bark throughout the length and breadth of the land without the Emperor; but still the Emperor has raised France in the estimation of all Europe—made her, in fact, before a new Germany sprang to life from the field of Sadowa, the most powerful nation on the Continent. "So long as he does this (says the Frenchman) we don't trouble ourselves very much about petty restrictions." Here is just the danger; the Emperor is not doing this now. He is losing *prestige*. There is Mexico; there is the disgrace of having given way to Bismarck. And if the French get no compensating glory, ugly mistakes abroad and vexatious interference at home will not, we may be sure, be criticised so tenderly as they have hitherto been. Hearing the Frenchman utter such very despotic sentiments as those cited above—sentiments which make him cry out, "You a Frenchman? I should have taken you for a Turk"—Yo thinks he may get some light as to the real state of things if he reads the newest history. He is all the more anxious to be set right, because one civil old gentleman with whom he had several times had a chat, takes him for a spy, and tells him as much, when he is beginning to talk about his beloved "principles;" walks away from him, in fact, with a very ugly expression on his face. So he hires a hackney coach, and drives to a bookseller's; and during the drive he finds out that in the land of freedom drivers are not allowed to smoke, nor to have a lash to their whips, nor even to enjoy a chat with their "fare" when the drive is over.

"Dear me (is the philosopher's entry in his diary), the French hackney coachman must be one of the dangerous classes, for the police never give him a moment's rest, and enforce rules with regard to them which could be of no use in the case of free citizens. Ah! I remember, among us, prisoners after condemnation are deprived of their tea and tobacco. How strange it is that certain customs are common to the whole human race."

It is hard to choose a history, for, as the bookseller points out, history differs according to your point of view; and an author, too, differs in his estimate of events, according to whether he is young and unsettled, or quietly ensconced in a "place" which he has no intention whatever of giving up. The end is that Yo orders a great many books, and hires a history professor to read them with him. The professor is not a success; he turns out to be a cynical grumbler, and Yo astonishes him by asking him one day, "Ne seriez-vous pas septembriseur?" Our Chinaman's next instructor is his porter, who tells him the sad story of his life—how, being then a young man, just home from foreign service, he was carrying a bunch of violets to his betrothed, when he accidentally came upon a barricade (it was in 1832), and got wounded and taken prisoner. From that day forth he has been *suspect*; and the shadow of suspicion dogs him all his life through, no matter who may be in power. The merest rumour is enough to get him arrested; and, the moment he is brought before the authorities, be they '48 men or Napoleonists, his "dossier" is taken down, and the Crown prosecutor reads with due emphasis that Jeauron had been taken at the foot of a barricade with a Bonapartist "favour" in his pocket, and had only escaped by the leniency of his judge. Yo takes the story very much to heart, writes it down, under the title of "a freeman's history," and wants the papers to publish it. A Government paper will take it, with alterations, provided he will change the title to "Improbable Story," and will add a note, saying that the whole is pure fiction, and enables us to judge of the average value of such trumped-up tales. The opposition paper won't have it in any shape; and recommended the author to take it to Brussels or Geneva. Yo gets angry, and says, "Well, I'll start a newspaper on my own account; it will be something to amuse me, and I can drop it at any time; besides, it may do good by keeping people in mind of those seemingly half-forgotten 'principles of '89.'" But it is not so easy to start a newspaper in France, even for a native. So Yo, not being able even to get his book printed in pamphlet-shape, gives up the idea, and comes home

to be arrested, the moment he gets inside his room, for the debt to his bookseller. He is taken to Clichy, where there seems much more freedom than there is in the outer world, and where a real parliament that can stop the supplies, and not the poor ghost of one, sits and debates. He is not there long; his porter goes to his banker's, and they send a cheque up to arrange matters; and Yo, free again, is carried off to Auvergne by a friend who takes an interest in the forthcoming elections. The account of what goes on at the glass-blowers' village of B... les Verriers is the choice bit of the whole book. It is very well to talk of Totnes and Lancaster and Great Yarmouth; but our bribery is the work of the candidates themselves. Government never interferes, except (they say) among the dockyard men. In France the Government candidate has the run of the *mairie*, and is honoured with a gendarme to go about with him. Nay, on this occasion, the opposition man is seized at the entrance of the village, and would be "taken up," but for Yo, who talks a lot of his "principles of '89" to the rural policeman, and so puzzles him that he thinks he must have misunderstood the *consigne*, and actually lets his prisoner go. The Government man, a great coal proprietor in the neighbourhood, enters the place with quite a little triumphal procession. First goes the gendarme, sword in hand, and very drunk, making demonstrations against the lookers-on on each side. Then come a couple of calves with the foil in which chocolate is wrapped round their horns; then a big lump of coal to roast them with; then a party of miners; and lastly a great tun of wine labelled "Vin de M. J'approuve." The worst point about M. J'approuve is that he stutters terribly; whenever there is any speechifying going on he "has a very bad sore throat," and all the talk devolves on M. Subtil, a clever Government agent. The fun of the thing is that at the mayor's dinner, Yo makes one of his '89 speeches, expressing his feelings rather strongly about Government bringing forward its own candidate, and about the unscrupulous use of power in forwarding his election. Now, a mystery attaches to Yo in the eyes of every one at B. His friend has purposely said as little about him as possible; and, as nobody but an Englishman is supposed capable of travelling for fun, or merely to see what is going on, he is set down as "some great one" who has been sent down by Government to play the spy on prefect and sub-prefect, even as they do on the different mayors. This feeling is strengthened when the drunken gendarme, who had alarmed all "the friends of order" by telling them that, nobody knows how, the village had got filled with opposition "posters," and who had been told to go and tear them down as fast as he could, pulls down the wrong ones. Hereupon everybody thinks there must be new orders from head-quarters. Else how could the mayor have taken such a step? M. Subtil, the agent, is the first to come to Yo, and beg his pardon, at the same time expressing his feeling that it was rather unkind not to have given him a hint of what was in the wind. The whole scene is irresistibly comic. The poor mayor is in a terrible state; thinks everybody is plotting against him, and leaving him in the lurch. Indeed, it all gives us a sad picture of the state of suspicion in which our neighbours live; a bad preparation, by the way, for that freer political life after which M. Paradol hopes they are aspiring. Well, the result is that the opposition man comes in. B... les Verriers votes for him *en masse*, and the votes of B. turn the scale in the whole electoral division. All does not end here, however. The mayor sends a dispatch to the prefect, congratulating him on everything having gone on as it ought to have gone; and gets an answer—his own dismissal, the dismissal of the blundering gendarme, and an order for "Yo, a meddling Chinese doctor," to quit the country within eight-and-forty hours. The indignant philosopher sails away from Marseilles; and the last figures he sees on shore, just as he has flung the "principles" which had got him into so many scrapes into the water, are a custom-house officer, a gendarme, and a policeman.

There: the book must speak for itself. It does not need, nor indeed will it bear, much criticism. If it cannot, by reason of its size, be called a squib, it is, at any rate, a good heavy rocket. Yes, undoubtedly heavy here and there; that is just its fault. But here and there, on the other hand, it breaks out into thorough fun; and if M. Paradol's estimate of it, when he says, "It would be hard to joke in livelier style on so serious a subject, or to give a more piquant turn to such a melancholy truth," is rather high, still the book is worth reading. Yo does not get in for everything which might have befallen an inexperienced foreigner; he escapes many of the official pitfalls into which even English people occasionally tumble. Neither is he a very original character. Long before the

Lettres Persanes and Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, the plan had been adopted of making an outlandish foreigner the medium for criticising one's social or political state. Why even Aristophanes, in some of the scenes of his *Acharnians*, introduces his Boeotian and Megarian, as the mouthpieces of his political discontent. But, original or not original, M. Pessard has written a useful book; and though his Chinaman is often a good deal like a lay-figure, and becomes a great bore when he maunders over the hard fate of the poor *concierge*, Jeaumon, still we cannot part from him without wishing that the next time he comes to Western Europe he may find France governed far more truly according to his "immortal principles," than it has been ever since the *coup d'état*. Meanwhile, let us hope that if the Chinese philosopher sends over any letters to his friends in Paris, they will fare better at the hands of the authorities than letters in general have during this last post-office "raid." Fortunately for Yo, neither the Count de Chambord nor any other notable were supposed to be sending about circulars during the time he was in France; and therefore he was able to write quite freely to his correspondents at home, and to get their answers in due course. Else we can well fancy he would not have waited to be turned out, but would himself have left the country in disgust.

H. S. FAGAN.

The Laryngoscope in Diseases of the Throat. By MORRELL MACKENZIE, M.D. Lond., M.R.C.P. Lond.: Robert Hardwicke.

THE rapid exhaustion of the first edition of this work, its reprint and favourable reception in America, and its translation into French, sufficiently indicate its general importance.

Those only who have witnessed the operations of the laryngoscope at the throat hospital in Golden Square, can realise its wonderful power and simplicity.

The laryngoscope is an instrument for examining the lower part of the throat during life. The patient having opened his mouth, a small mirror is introduced to the back of the throat so as to face down the throat, and just turned sufficiently for the operator, on looking into the mouth, to see any image reflected on the surface of the mirror. But where does the light come from? Close to the operator is a strong lamp. The operator catches the light on a polished steel plate fastened over his own eye, but pierced in the centre so as to allow him to see through. The light thus reflected is easily concentrated on the little mirror passed to the back of the patient's throat. The light from the mirror shines down the throat, and the illuminated cavities with their various diseases appear reflected brightly on the surface of the mirror.

This seems simple enough, and yet it was not till the middle of last century that any one thought of applying the long-known dental mirror used for examining cavities in the teeth, to the back of the throat; and it is as strange, with Dr. Mackenzie's simple instrument before us, to read the long list of clumsy and hopeless attempts which preceded it, as it is with our present knowledge to look at some of the incredibly awkward old steam-engines. Here, as elsewhere, simplicity, and with it power, has been attained only at the cost of repeated failure and patient experiment. Is it not incredible that the simple use of artificial light never, until quite recently, occurred to those who were seeking to improve the laryngoscope? or, again, that the early attempts to reflect the interior of the throat upon a mirror placed inside the mouth were long hampered by the extraordinary delusion that one mirror was needed to shine down the throat and another to reflect the throat so illuminated, when it is now obvious that one mirror will illuminate, and at the same moment reflect what it illuminates?

Thus one mirror in the mouth, and a lamp instead of sunlight outside, are the two important simplifications which it has taken the lives of many scientific men to arrive at, and thus made the laryngoscope the means of saving the lives of many thousands of patients.

A whole class of diseases connected with the voice now yield to medical treatment simply because in a moment the vocal cords, never before seen in any living subject, become visible upon the laryngeal mirror.

The mirror is introduced, the patient says "A," the vocal cords appear to open and shut like doors at each utterance, and the whole state of the surrounding cavity can be leisurely examined. The first thirty pages, containing a history of the invention, are most interesting and readable; the last 123 will be valuable to the profession, and seem to be lucid and exhaustive.

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